



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3433 07479044 9

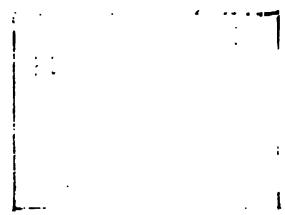


7

Emily, Mc. Neill Smith
Wife of the Minister General

N B Q
Appleton,







Yours ever
E. H. Appleton

~~BY THE AMERICAN LIBRARIES~~

IN MEMORY

OF

ELIZABETH HAVEN APPLETON

IS PRINTED

THIS SELECTION

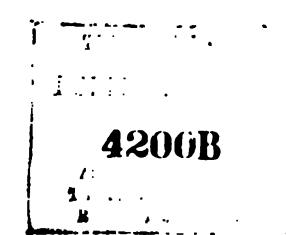
FROM

HER LECTURES

*

CINCINNATI:
ROBERT CLARKE & CO., PRINTERS.
1891.

NE



PREFACE.

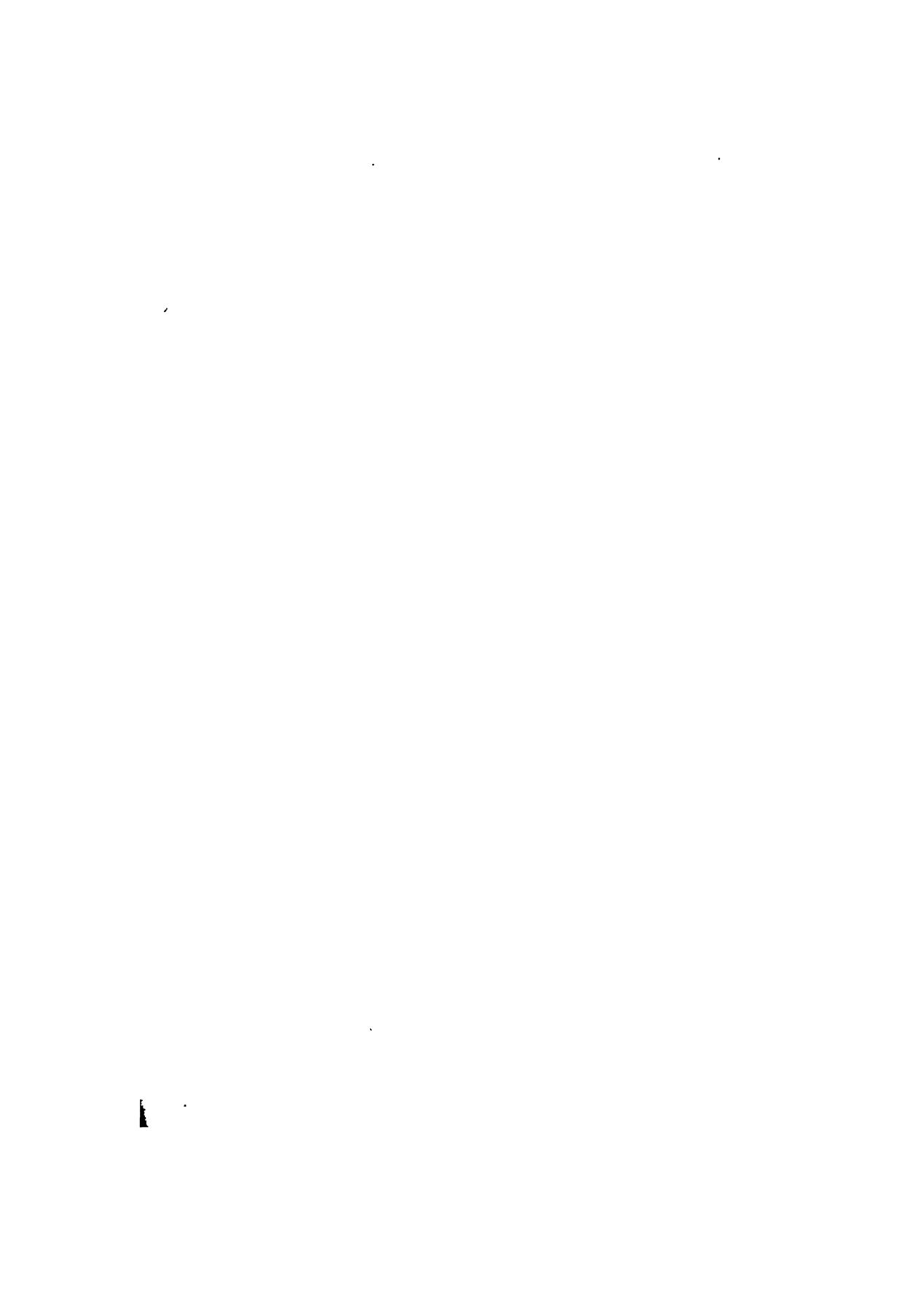
“The preface of a book is very often nothing more than a respectable cloak, allowed by the conventionalities of literature, in which an author may wrap his excuses and apologies for troubling the public with his lucubrations.” Thus wrote Miss Appleton in the preface of a book, published nearly forty years ago. Certainly this present volume needs neither excuse nor apology. The “Public,” for whom it is prepared, is made up of persons who, for the greater part, have had personal acquaintance with the author and with her lectures. They know that Miss Appleton did not write these lectures for publication; that she read them not as a teacher to scholars, but as a friend to friends; that under these circumstances a certain familiarity of address and freedom in quotation were permitted, hardly to have been expected in a book intended for publication.

Miss Appleton’s portrait is reduced from a pencil-drawing made in October, 1888, by Mr. Joseph Linden Smith, of Boston, and presented to the Historical Society by Denman W. Ross, Esq.

A brief sketch of Miss Appleton’s life was read by me before the Historical and Philosophical Society of Ohio, at its annual meeting, December 1, 1890. The “Memoir” in the present volume is that sketch, somewhat enlarged.

EUGENE F. BLISS.

CINCINNATI, *May 8, 1891.*



CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
Memoir,	5
Meeting of Pupils,	17
Appleton Fund,	20
 LECTURES—	
I. Alexander Pope,	25
II. The Novel of the Eighteenth Century,	45
III. The Kemble Family,	69
IV. The Trollope Family,	97
V. The French Female Novelists,	121
VI. Madame de Maintenon,	145
VII. Louis XV. and his Family,	171
VIII. The Puritan Minister,	199
IX. Ohio,	219
X. Cincinnati,	245

MEMOIR.

Elizabeth Haven Appleton was born in England, at Wavertree, a suburb of Liverpool, October 16, 1815. Her father was William Greenleaf Appleton, in the sixth generation from that Samuel Appleton whose name first occurs in the records of New England in the year 1636. Her mother was Ann Hall Adams, a cousin of John Quincy Adams, sixth President of the United States. Of the Appleton family Mr. W. H. Whitmore says in the American Genealogist, Albany, 1875: "The Appletons rank among the few of our settlers who were of the recognized gentry of England. Many of the Massachusetts colonists were of gentle blood, but only as the junior branches of such families. A few of the leaders in the immigration were of position and importance at home, and among these was Samuel Appleton. He was the fourth son of Thomas Appleton, of Waldingford, who represented a family which had been settled there from at least the year 1499. There is no question either as to the identity of the emigrant or his pedigree. . . . The family has since

maintained its position and has furnished many able members of the community."

At the time of Miss Appleton's birth her father was resident in Liverpool as agent or factor for several merchants of Baltimore. He did not remain abroad very long, but, returning to this country, he settled in Baltimore, where were born his other five children. His eldest child received her name, Elizabeth Haven, from her mother's mother, daughter of Dr. Samuel Haven, minister at Portsmouth, N. H., for more than a half-century. From Baltimore in 1829 her father removed to Wheeling, and three years later, in the fall of 1832, he came to Cincinnati, when his eldest daughter was seventeen years old. Here he remained nearly two years. He was engaged in the manufacture of white wax, having left the East under the impression that the climate of the Ohio Valley, with its larger number of fine days, would be more favorable to his business. On account of the haziness of our climate, however, he found that the total actinic force of the sun was less here than in the East, this too before the era of smoke. It may be interesting to observe that her father's house, still standing, which Miss Appleton pointed out to me several years ago, was in Bank street near the canal, with garden and orchard running back to what is now Dayton street. She has often spoken to me of walking to town by the tow-path. Her cousin, Mr. Cranch, tells me that to visit her father's house in the evening was somewhat of a daring feat, so fierce were the dogs to be encountered upon the way.

In her education I think Miss Appleton was little influenced

by any school she attended; of her teachers I have heard of only one, Caroline Lee Hentz, whose novels were in repute forty years ago, and who for a time had a school for girls in this city. I am not aware that Miss Appleton was in any way much affected by her. For her education she was indebted to herself alone.

In 1833 her mother died, and the care of the household with its younger children fell upon Miss Appleton. The sense of duty, always the strongest point in her character, became at once apparent, and so far as she could she tried to fill her mother's place. This was no easy task, but she surprised her friends by her skill and tact. At this time she was about eighteen years old. I have not learned why Mr. Appleton left Cincinnati. Perhaps disappointment in business, or grief at the loss of his wife, or both combined, induced him to go to Boston. There in 1835 he married his cousin, Miss Greenleaf. In time there was friction perhaps between the step-mother and the eldest daughter. At any rate about the year 1840 Miss Appleton left home, and for a year or two, with Miss Abbey Osgood as partner, taught school in New Bedford, Mass.

In 1842 she was invited by Nathaniel Holmes Morison, of Baltimore, to teach in his school for girls, and with him she remained until 1848. By a singular coincidence Mr. Morison's death preceded Miss Appleton's by ten hours only. What other acquaintances she may have made in Baltimore I know not, but Mrs. Mowatt, at the time a famous actress, became her warm friend. Several years afterward Miss Appleton was bridesmaid for Mrs. Mowatt, at her marriage in Richmond to

Mr. Ritchie. During this visit she met Henry A. Wise, who a year later, was chosen governor of Virginia; he talked to her upon the right of secession, when she exclaimed, "Why, this is treason!" Miss Appleton was sincerely attached to Mrs. Mowatt, but I am afraid the friendship of the actress manifested more warmth than judgment.

I would not venture to say why Miss Appleton left Baltimore. Possibly a tale written long subsequently for the Atlantic Monthly, called "A Half-Life and Half a Life," may throw light upon this subject, but this is mere conjecture. Between her life in Baltimore and her coming to Cincinnati in 1849 a year was passed in the South, at Aiken, Georgia, I believe.

At this time, and for many years afterward, Mr. Lyman Harding had a school for girls in Cincinnati. In this school Miss Appleton was a teacher for six years. In 1855 she established a school of her own, which was continued till 1875. Usually she had a partner, but her own personality was so strongly impressed upon it that it was always spoken of as "Miss Appleton's School." She was absent in Europe during the school year of 1865-66, and was again abroad after she finally gave up teaching ten years later. I have no account of her labors in Mr. Harding's school, but in her own more than four hundred pupils were first and last under her instruction. Were the list to be published, the names of all the families prominent in the city for the last forty years would be found in it. What impression she made upon her pupils is sufficiently shown by the proceedings of their meeting, published in the appendix to this sketch of her life.

Mr. Horatio Wood, of Lowell, Miss Appleton's partner in school for fourteen years, has, at my request, given me the following account of his association with her:

"In September, 1861, I went to Cincinnati upon Miss Appleton's invitation to become her partner in the conduct of a school for girls, already established by her, and I remained with her until the school was given up in June, 1875. A private school requires of its head business capacity as well as skill in teaching, and Miss Appleton was an excellent business woman—energetic, prompt, systematic, exact; she had the faculty of accomplishing results by dint of fore-thought and hard work with a moderate expenditure of money. Still her frugality was not exercised at others' expense; teachers and others employed by her were well paid. Her own obligations were promptly discharged, and if others did not do as well by her, it was owing to no neglect or weakness on her part.

"The same sense of justice and the same fidelity to duty, shown in Miss Appleton's business dealings, governed her conduct in the school-room. Her teaching was not the bare hearing of lessons. She went to her class-room with a full mind. In all the more advanced studies she gleaned from every field open to her whatever would serve to illustrate or explain the text-book, to interest or entertain her scholars. 'How much Miss Appleton knows!' said the girls. If all the books of extracts and of notes written out by her, all the photographs and other material used by her in teaching logic, literature, the history of various countries and of the fine arts, could be seen together, one could form some conception

of her tireless energy. I think it was not until just after she had started her own school that she made a serious study of the French language so as to acquire an exact knowledge of its grammatical rules and the ability to converse in it with ease. She sat in the French classes of her school as a pupil, and the teacher then employed by her, the scholarly Mr. Brunner, once acknowledged to me that he had learned much from her active presence of the efficient management of a class. Indeed, listlessness, the bane of the mode of teaching then in vogue, was hardly possible in her classes. In all her dealings with her scholars and their parents, she was simple and straightforward. There was nothing artificial, no assumption of moral or intellectual excellence; above all she could never bring herself to cry her own wares. When I first knew Miss Appleton, there were times when her masterful will was unduly stimulated by the opposition or by the inertness of others, but as time passed on, the rough edges of her character were smoothed away and her excess of strength became sweetness. She was never vindictive and cherished no enmities. She was too sensible of human weakness to resent long its manifestations. Very many of her pupils after leaving her school became her warm friends, and their kindly regard gave her great pleasure. Her affections were lasting and strong, stronger than many supposed; through them came her sorest trials. To repeat, her most striking characteristics were her sense of justice, her fidelity to duty, and her physical and mental vigor."

After her return from Europe, in 1876, she gave annually in her own house a course of lectures upon some literary or

artistic subject. In this way acquaintance with many old pupils was kept fresh, and her influence was felt by others who had not known her in their school days.

After her return from Europe, too, began her connection with our Society. She was chosen librarian at the annual meeting in December, 1876, and held this office for ten years. The Society then occupied rooms upon the upper floor of the College Building in Walnut street. In these rooms were crammed so many books and pamphlets that many of them were practically inaccessible. Here for nearly nine years Miss Appleton was daily to be found, doing what she might to record and make of use the constantly growing stores of the Society, looking forward hopefully to the time when we could have ample space in a building of our own. This time came in June, 1885, when the property now occupied by the Society was bought. I think she had already determined to give up the librarianship at some early time, but her ambition was now aroused; she would continue at her post until all the books and pamphlets were catalogued and arranged. When this task was brought to an end five years ago, she resigned her office in the Society, but kept up her interest and activity in it. For several years she passed one day each week in the rooms here, and was, besides, busy at different times in several special departments of labor. So much had she to do with the present arrangement of this building that in these rooms, at least, almost without exaggeration, we might apply to her the well-known epitaph: "If you seek her monument, look about you."

In Mrs. Perry's "Sketch of the Women's Art Museum As-

sociation of Cincinnati," will be found the record of Miss Appleton's public labors for the culture of a taste for the fine arts. As early as 1854, she was prominent in the somewhat ambitious plans of Mrs. Peter "of founding and maintaining an academy of Fine Arts." In July of that year she appears as one of the "Managers of the Ladies' Academy of Art in Cincinnati." I need not follow out the history of this society. When the "Women's Art Museum Association" was formed in 1877, Miss Appleton was chosen one of the two secretaries, a position she continued to hold until the dissolution of the association nine years later. This long service of hers in what became at last the Cincinnati Art Museum was touchingly ended by that clause of her will by which she leaves to the Museum five hundred dollars and such of her books and pictures as it may choose.

In 1880 was published in this city Miss Appleton's translation from the French of Karl Robert: "Charcoal Drawing without a Master." But many years before, in 1854, she had compiled a book called "Insurrection at Magellan. Narrative of the Imprisonment and Escape of Capt. Chas. H. Brown," etc. In the preface she remarks: "I can claim no part [in this book] except that of collecting the facts from different sources, of arranging and compiling them." Later with characteristic frankness she adds: "Capt. Brown is answerable only for the facts; for whatever literary defects there may be, I alone am responsible." This book is well put together. Miss Appleton so thoroughly enters into the subject that without the preface you would never think the work written by another than Capt. Brown himself.

She contributed four articles to the *Atlantic Monthly*. The first of these, "Our talks with Uncle John," appeared in August, 1868. The scene is laid in Cincinnati and Newport, and the local coloring is admirable. "A Venetian Experience," June, 1867, was written the year after her first visit to Europe. The latest of these magazine articles, "What Five Years Will Do," was in the November number for 1868. It may be called a war-story. By far the most interesting of these contributions was the second, published in February, 1864. It is entitled, "A Half-Life and Half a Life." Nobody can read this carefully without gaining new knowledge of Miss Appleton's depth of feeling and clear sense of duty. I have already referred to it as throwing light upon a certain portion of her life. The scene is for the most part upon the Big Sandy River, where she had passed the summer of 1863. This story has also been published in the collection called "Atlantic Tales" or "Classic Tales." I will quote a few sentences from its closing paragraph: "And now three months have passed, for two of which I have been teaching. There are difficulties, yes, and there is hard work; but I can manage the children. I have the tact, the character, the gift, that nameless something which gives one person control over others; and for the studies, they are as yet a pleasure to me. I see how they will lead me on to other knowledge, how I may bring into form and make available my desultory reading, and there is a great pleasure in the very study itself. And for the rest, if my great grief is never out of mind, if it is always present to me, at least I can put it back, behind my daily occupations

and interests. I begin, too, to see dimly that there are other things in life for a woman to whom the light of life is denied. My heart will always be lonely; but how much there is to live for in my mind, my tastes, my love for the beautiful! . . . No, I will not be unhappy; happy I suppose I can never be, but I have strength and courage, and a will to rise above this sorrow which once crushed me to the ground. When I wrote the bitter words with which this record begins, I wronged the kind hearts that are around me. I lacked faith in that world wherein I have found help and comfort."

All these tales will be found interesting by Miss Appleton's friends, not so much for the stories themselves as for the shrewd observations upon life, their pleasant sense of humor, and above all by their recalling so many of her familiar ideas and turns of expression.

After all it is not for what may be called Miss Appleton's public acts that we admire her. These were but the manifestations of character that it is allowable to speak of; they were a small part of what made her loved.

It never seemed to me that Miss Appleton had much interest in the ordinary works of charity in which women are engaged. She never opposed them, had in fact a sort of sympathy with them, but, to repeat, she had no interest in them. I think I have heard her regret this lack of interest as costing her a resource. Last winter, for instance, she cheerfully gave her lectures for the benefit of the Children's Home, but I suspect she would have felt herself wonderfully out of place in its board of management. This present year her lectures would have been in aid of the Training School

for Nurses, but of her own accord she would never have visited the Hospital to see what was doing. Her interests were intellectual, the societies which enlisted her sympathies looked to the cultivation of the tastes and to the growth of mind. She wished above all to help people to help themselves. Many a young woman who felt she had her own way to make in the world has been to her for advice. Her case would have careful consideration, and the advice would be frankly given, though it might evidently be against the applicant's wishes, and the advice was given in a firm but kindly manner. Miss Appleton had an abhorrence of shams and a keen perception of them, a quick sense of the ridiculous and incongruous, but never willingly would she have hurt a person's feelings.

Her position as head of a prominent school made her acquainted with many teachers, new-comers to the city, both native and foreign. With these not advice only was needed. She did her best for them. A gentleman, now professor in an Eastern city, recently wrote to me: "Happy Miss Appleton, death came unawares, and with gentle fingers sealed her lips forever. For all that the news shocked and grieved me. She was a friend to me when friends were few. Then the idea that she might die never entered my mind. She lived so quietly, so far from the tussle and fever of the madding crowd, that it seemed she might go on and outlive the youngest. I owe her a great deal."

What is the great lesson to be derived from her life? Is it not the worth of simplicity and the honest following of one's own ideas of the right? She came here in 1849 almost a

stranger. Without the influence of family or of wealth, what a position she made for herself, what a powerful factor she was in the intellectual growth of our city. Without pretense, without striving for effect, she walked the even path of duty. To use the apt quotation of Mr. Goddard at her funeral: "She hath done what she could."

PUPILS' MEETING.

The following invitation explains a meeting which was held Thursday, February 19, at the rooms of the Historical Society:

"You are invited to be present at a meeting of the pupils of the late Miss Appleton, to be held at the rooms of the Historical Society, 115 West Eighth street, Thursday afternoon, February 19, at 3 o'clock.

"The object of this meeting is to give some public expression of the sense of our indebtedness to her and of our sorrow at her death.

"We most sincerely hope you will be present.

"ALICE WILLIAMSON BOWLER,
"EMMA MENDENHALL ANDERSON,
"SARAH METCALF PHIPPS,
"CLARA CHIPMAN NEWTON,
"KATHRINE SEYMOUR DODD."

The meeting was called to order, and Mrs. Emma Mendenhall Anderson, was chosen Chairman; Miss Kathrine Seymour Dodd, Secretary.

The following Committee on Resolutions was then appointed: Mrs. Anna McDougal Lawson, Mrs. Julia Worthington Anderson, Mrs. Alice Williamson Bowler, Mrs. Florence Carlisle Murdock, Mrs. Emma Buchanan Holmes,

Misses Sarah Metcalf Phipps, Augusta Lawler Harbeson, Clara Chipman Newton, Mary Aubery.

During the withdrawal of the Committee on Resolutions, the Secretary read, by the kind permission of Mr. Eugene F. Bliss, the sketch of Miss Appleton's life, written by him, and read at the annual meeting of the Historical Society, December 1, 1890.

The committee appointed to draft resolutions on the death of Miss Appleton reported as follows:

"Our loss is irreparable and the words from the pen of one of her pupils express so well what we all feel that we beg to submit them to the meeting as an expression from all our hearts:

"The pupils of Miss Elizabeth Haven Appleton earnestly desire to express the debt of gratitude and heartfelt devotion which they feel for their former teacher and friend; she is associated with the earliest recollections of their childhood—that period of life which every one recalls with such interest and affection. Apart from our parents, there is, perhaps, no form which rises so vividly before us as that of our beloved teacher.

"The sphere of teacher admits of such scope for influence, and the teacher is such a factor in the moulding and shaping of our lives that the value of such a mission can scarcely be computed. No one could have been more gifted and better qualified to fulfil this noble work than Miss Appleton. She had, to a rare degree, the faculty of imparting knowledge and of awakening interest and love of study in her pupils. By her admirable methods she not only trained the mind for careful and serious thought, but by her instruction in art and literature, she stimulated the imagination and cultivated an artistic appreciation tending toward that harmonious development which makes life so full of interest and beauty.

"Her discrimination in dealing individually with pupils was re-

markable, never descending to an impatient or angry word, but with a direct, dignified, gentle reproof, she recalled a wayward or delinquent pupil to that sense of right doing to which she was so loyal, and inspired a desire to live up to her own high standard of every walk and work in life.

“But if we respected and revered Miss Appleton as our teacher, still more did we love her as friend, counselor, and confidante. Who can forget the picture of that cheery school-room where, at the joyous recreation hour, Miss Appleton was no longer the teacher but the centre of a group of happy girls, eager to confide their little heart-secrets to an ear so willing and a heart so responsive; who could have been more sympathetic, more tender and considerate than our dear friend and teacher! Our love for her grew with our growth, and in mature and advancing years knows no wavering or shadow of change.

“It is with sad hearts and tearful eyes that we offer this loving tribute to her cherished and sacred memory.

“CINCINNATI, *February 19, 1891.*”

ELIZABETH HAVEN APPLETON FUND.

Soon after Miss Appleton's death, the following circular was sent to all her old pupils whose addresses were known:

"Among the pupils of the late Miss Appleton, there has been manifested on every hand a wish to give enduring expression to their grateful remembrance and appreciation of her power in the intellectual growth of Cincinnati, of her wise and sympathetic counsel as teacher and friend, of her noble and inspiring life.

"In affectionate memory of her we have decided to collect a fund, to be given to the Historical and Philosophical Society of Ohio; this fund, of which the income only shall be annually expended, shall be known as "The Elizabeth Haven Appleton Fund for the Purchase of Books." This Society has been chosen on account of Miss Appleton's well-known interest in it. She was for many years its Librarian, afterward its Secretary, and at all times actively engaged in its work.

"We cordially invite you to unite with us in raising the proposed fund. Mrs. Louise N. Anderson has been appointed Treasurer, and will receive such subscription as you may see fit to send. Mrs. Anderson's address is No. 16, The Ortiz, Cincinnati.

"Yours, most sincerely,

"MRS. JOHN A. GANO,

MRS. JAMES H. PERKINS,

"MRS. F. G. HUNTINGTON,

MRS. A. HOWARD HINKLE,

"MRS. T. J. EMERY,

MISS NEAVE,

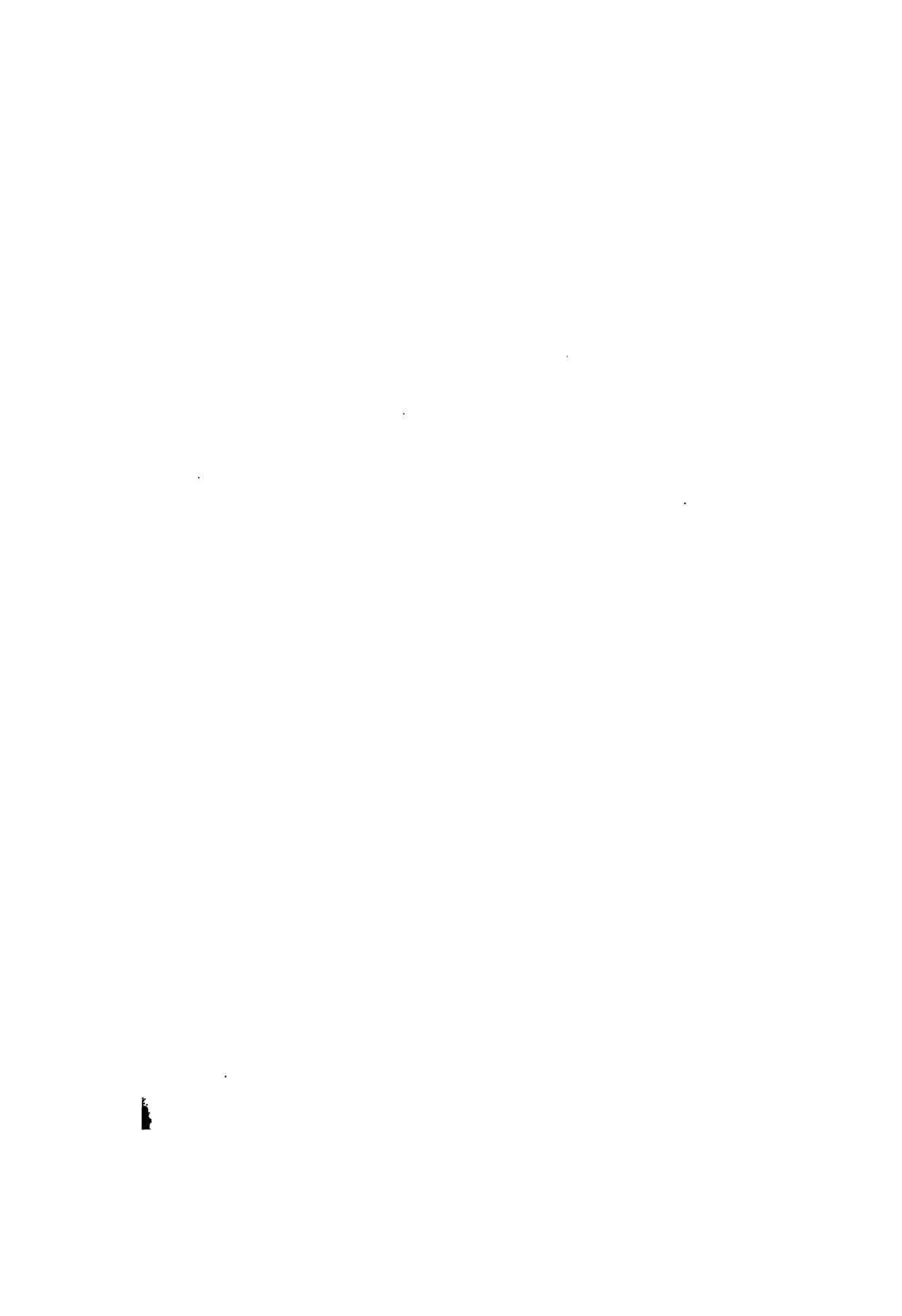
"MRS. W. W. SEELY,

MISS DAVIS,

"MRS. LOUISE N. ANDERSON, MISS KEYS,

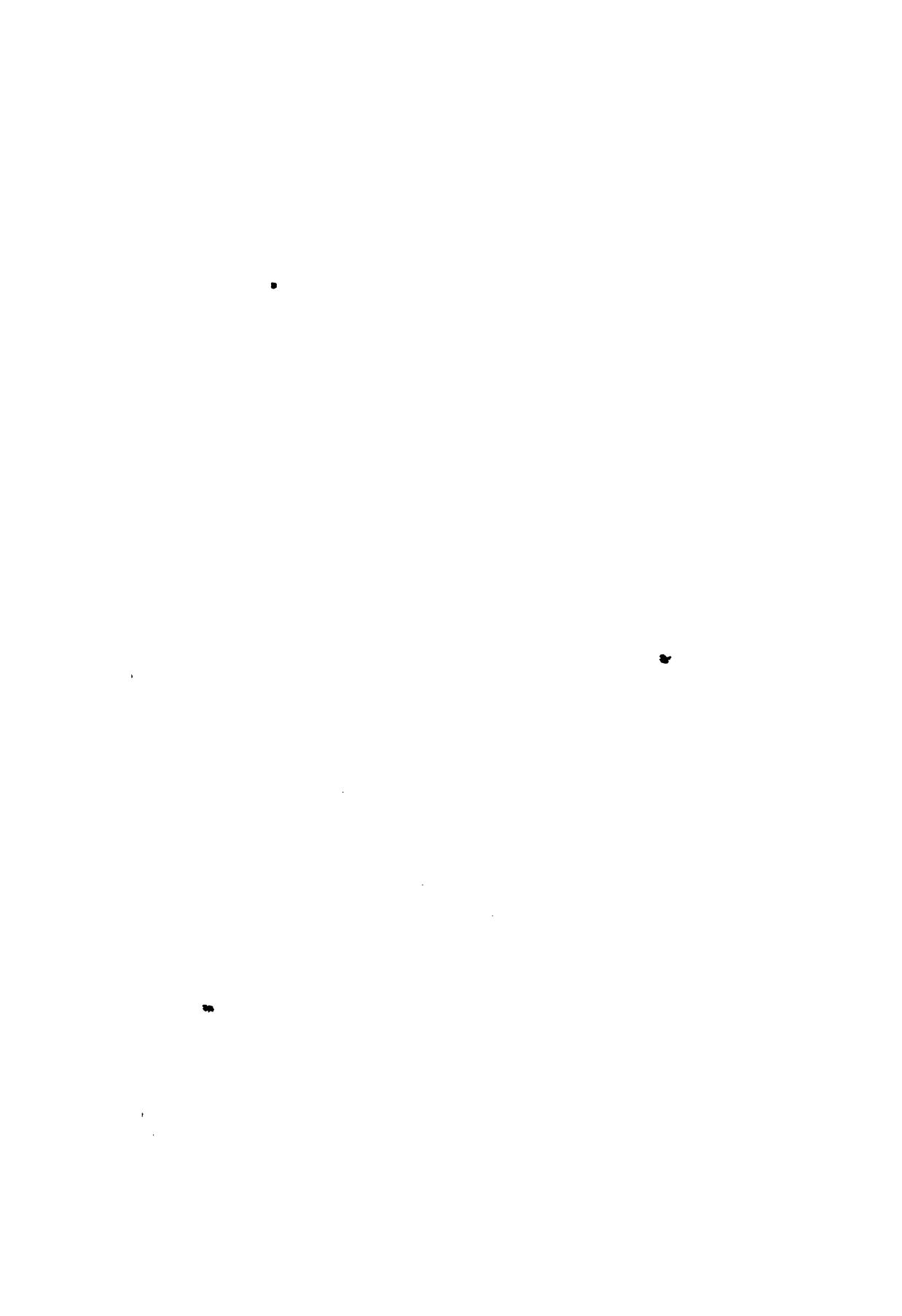
"Committee."

Liberal contributions were made in accordance with the terms of the circular, and the Historical and Philosophical Society of Ohio gratefully accepted the gift. At the present date, April 15, 1891, this fund amounts to \$2966.00.



LECTURES.





I.

ALEXANDER POPE.

[January 4, 1879.]

I wonder if, by any possibility, one could learn to love Pope—a great poet, certainly the poet of his century, but a poet without human sympathies, whose praises of his fellow-beings are as cold as his blame is bitter—a poet who does not know what it is to love nature, though his childhood was spent among the loveliest of England's lovely scenery—a man wonderfully favored by fortune and yet always bewailing his ill luck, who passed his life in doubting his friends and in hating his enemies, and whose best and most polished verses are those that cut, with a sharpened steel, at the fame and reputation of the great men of his time. Yet he had his excuse, poor fellow—he was sick and suffering all his life, he was puny, he was deformed in a time when manly strength was worshiped and physical deformity was held a fair subject for ridicule; he was of a persecuted religion, a religion to which he did not hold with the firmness which could give him any of the joys of martyrdom, and he was of the losing side in politics, when politics had more to do with men's

private fortunes than they have now; he was a poet in an unpoetic age, when excellence in poetry was measured more by exactness than by inspiration; he was an author, when to appear before the literary public, with any success, was to lay him open to attacks against his person and his works, so brutal, so violent, that a timid man and a sensitive man (and Pope was both) might well shrink from such an ordeal. When we remember all this, we feel that, if there is any thing to love in Pope, we should be glad to know it before we look at his works, that we may preserve our kindly feeling for the malignant little genius as long as possible—perhaps more, that we may at least pity him with that pity which is akin to love. There is one relation in life, where Pope's heart never failed him. He loved his father and his mother with a sincere, filial love, charming to read of. From the time when, a silly boy, he shows his childish verses to his father, and re-writes them till they are “tuned” to suit the homely taste of the former, to the time when, the acknowledged poet of the day, the dreaded critic and the envied author, he mourns for his old mother of ninety-three, his love and his reverence are always warm and respectful. Pope was born in Lombard street, London, where his father was a linen-draper, though Lord Hervey chose to call him a hatter. His mother was a Mrs. Turner, of York. Pope, in his pride of prosperity, and roused by Lord Hervey's taunts, afterward tried to claim a noble extraction for his family. In his letter to Arbuthnot, which opens his *Satires*, he says:

“ Of gentle blood (part shed in honor's cause,

While yet in Britain honor had applause)
Each parent sprung."

At what time his father left Lombard street for the cottage at Binfield, Windsor Forest, is not quite certain. Martha Blount, in one of her letters, says he withdrew from business on the accession of King William, because he was afraid of persecution as a papist. If so, Pope was a baby, for King William came in in 1688, the year when Pope was born. There is a story told by Dyce that looks like it. He says: "When Pope was about three years old, he narrowly escaped being killed by a cow that was driven past the place where he happened to be at play. He was then filling a little cart with stones. The cow struck at him, carried off his hat and feather with her horns and flung him down on the heap of stones he had been playing with, and, moreover, trampled on him." Now this is more likely to have happened in Windsor Forest than in Lombard street, but Pope himself says that he went there just when he was twelve years old. The cottage at Binfield was a pretty place, with about twenty acres of land, and a row of elms standing before the windows—trees, some of which were still standing in 1806. The elder Pope had plenty of money to make his grounds beautiful. He had acquired in trade, some say, twenty, some say, ten thousand pounds, which, either because he dreaded all investments under such a revolutionary government, or because (what is very unlikely) he knew no better, he put in a great chest and used as he wanted it. He loved his little sickly son—a boy with the sweetest temper and softest voice, whom he called his little nightingale, and who, as the poet says, "lisped in

numbers, for the numbers came.” The father encouraged him in his verse writing, sometimes gave him subjects for his poems, and then, says Mrs. Pope, “as he was pretty difficult in being pleased, he used often to send him back to new-turn them. ‘These are not good rhymes,’ for that was my husband’s word for verses.” There was an aunt, who taught the boy to read, and writing he learned by himself, by copying the printed characters. He used these all his life. Of his education, he says, “it was extremely loose and disconcerted.” First, as was natural, he was under the care of the family priest, one Banister, then sent to Twyford, a Catholic school near Winchester, where he must needs write some doggerel, making fun of the teacher. The master flogged him, and the father, in high dudgeon, withdrew his boy and sent him to London, to a school where the rules certainly were not very strict. He went to the theatres, to Will’s coffee-house, where he saw Dryden sitting by the fireside, giving laws to all around him. The theatre fired him to write a play with plot taken from the Iliad, and Dryden’s Ode to Cecilia, which he was afterward to rival, put it into his head to write an ode to Solitude, at which Dr. Johnson sneers, though it seems to me prettier than some of his later poems:

“ Happy the man whose wish and care,
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.”

These seem to me “very good rhymes.”

But, after this attempt at education abroad, he comes back

to Binfield, to Windsor Forest, “where I sat down with an earnest desire of reading, and applied as constantly as I could to it for years. I was between twelve and thirteen when I went thither, and I continued in this close pursuit of pleasure and languages till nineteen or twenty. Considering how very little I had when I came from school, I think I may be said to have taught myself Latin as well as French and Greek; and in all these, my chief way of getting them was by translation.” His aunt, Mrs. Cooper, widow of the portrait painter, Samuel Cooper, whose portraits of Cromwell and of Charles II. are still to be seen, leaves “to my nephew and godson, Alex. Pope, my painted china dish, with a silver foot and a dish to set it in, and, after my sister, Eliz. Turner’s, decease, I give him all my books, pictures, and medals set in gold and otherwise.” His attachment to the Catholic religion seems to have been more from respect to his parents than from any firm conviction of his own. He writes from Binfield to a school friend: “Sir, I had writ to you sooner, but that I made some scruple of sending profane things to you in Holy week. Besides, our family would have been scandalized to see me write, who take it for granted I write nothing but ungodly verses; and they say here so many prayers that I can make but few poems. For in this point of praying I am an occasional conformist. So, just as I am drunk or scandalous in turn, according to my company, I am for the same reason good and jolly here.” I suppose these last sentences are to be taken as schoolboy boasts of the wickedness which he considers manly. He goes on in a better strain: “I assure you I am looked on in the neighborhood for a very sober, well-

disposed person; no great hunter, indeed, but a great esteemier of the noble sport, and only unhappy in my want of constitution for that and drinking. They all say 't is pity *I* am so sickly, and I think 't is pity *they* are so healthy." Is he laughing at his dull, country neighbors?

At the death of his father, a strong effort was made by Bishop Atterbury, the High Church, non-juring divine, to turn him to the Church of England. When he grew famous, and comparatively rich, he still cares as tenderly for his parents. " My father and mother, having disposed of their small estate at Binfield, I was concerned to find out some asylum for their old age; and these cares of settling and furnishing a house have employed me till yesterday, when we fixed at Chiswick, under the wing of my Lord Burlington." In this house, one of a row, called then Mawson's New Buildings, and still to be seen if any body goes to Chiswick, his father died. The next morning, the sorrowing son sent a scrap of paper to Martha Blount—" My poor father died last night. Believe, since I don't forget you at this moment, I never shall." His relation to his mother was very tender. " I can't touch upon the subject of filial love, without putting you in mind of an old woman, who has a sincere, hearty, old-fashioned respect for you, and constantly blames her son for not having writ to you oftener to tell you so. There are certain old people at Twickenham who take up all my time, and will hardly allow me to keep other company" (these are his nurse and his mother). Again: " Since the willing confinement I have lain under here with my mother (whom it is natural and reasonable I should rejoice with as well as grieve), I could

the better bear your absence from London, for I could hardly have seen you there. My mother is now, I thank God, wonderfully recovered, tho' not so much as yet to venture out of her chamber, yet enough to enjoy a few particular friends, when they have the good nature to look upon her. I may recommend to you the room we sit in, upon one (and that a favorite) account, that it is the very warmest in the house. We and our fires will equally smile upon your face. There is a Persian proverb that says, I think very prettily, 'The conversation of a friend brightens the eyes.' . . . Now the references prove sadder: "My own time has been spent in an attendance upon death, which has seized one of our family, my poor old nurse. My mother is something better, though, at her advanced age, every day is a climacteric. There was joined to this an indisposition of my own, which I ought to look upon as a slight one compared with my mother's, because my life is not of half the consequence to any body that hers is to me."

The poor old mother dies at ninety-three, just after her son had lost his dearest friend, the poet Gay. He says of Gay's death, to Martha Blount: "Let us comfort one another, and if possible study to add as much more friendship to each other as death has deprived me of in him; I promise you more and more of mine, which will be the way to deserve more and more of yours. But the subject is beyond writing upon, beyond all but one thought—that it is the will of God. So will the death of my mother be, which now I tremble at, now resign to, now bring close to me, now set farther off; every day alters, turns me about and confuses

my whole frame of mind. Her dangerous distemper is again returned, her fever coming onward again, *though less in pain*, for which last, however, I thank God. I am unfeignedly tired of the world, and receive nothing to be called a pleasure in it, equivalent to countervail either the death of one I have so long lived *with*, or of one I have so long lived *for*. I have nothing left, but to turn my thoughts to one comfort. I sit in her room and she is always present before me, but when I sleep. I wonder I am so well, I have shed many tears, but now I weep at nothing. I would above all things see you, and I think it would comfort you to see me so even tempered and so quiet. But pray dine here; you may, and she know nothing about it, for she dozes much, and we tell her of no earthly thing lest it run in her mind, which often trifles have done." Three days after her death he writes to Richardson, the painter: "As I know that you and I mutually desire to see one another, I hoped this day our wishes would have met and brought you hither; and this for the very reason which possibly might hinder your coming, that my poor mother is dead. I thank God her death was as easy as her life was innocent; and as it cost her not a groan, nor even a sigh, there is yet upon her countenance such an expression of tranquillity, nay, almost of pleasure, that it is even amiable to behold it. It would afford the finest image of a saint expired that ever painting drew; and it would be the greatest obligation which even that obliging art could ever bestow upon a friend, if you would come and sketch it for me. I am sure, if there be no prevalent obstacle, you will leave any common business to do this; and I hope to see you this

evening as late as you will, or to-morrow morning as early, before this winter flower has faded. I will defer her interment till to-morrow night. I know you love me, or I could not have written this; I could not at this time have written at all. Adieu! may you die as happily." The portrait was painted and a print taken from it.

Was Pope ever in love? did you ask—I know you are wondering. There are three ladies, it is said, who had the honor of charming the great poet. They are Martha and Teresa Blount, and Lady Mary Wortley Montague. The Blounts were young sisters of a noble family, the Lords Mountjoy of Elizabeth and Shakespeare's time. We all remember Christopher Blount, and Charles Blount, Lord Mountjoy, who married Penelope Rich after Elizabeth's death. They lived at Maple Durham, near Reading on the Thames, in a lovely Elizabethan house which is still standing, and in the library you may find Pope's letters to the young ladies, bound up with others, and a picture by Sir Godfrey Kneller, where the two pretty girls are gathering flowers, Martha going first and Teresa holding her by the arm. Kneller says: "Pope is so unreasonable as to expect I should have made them as beautiful upon canvas as he has done on paper." I am sure they were pretty. Gay says:

"I see two lovely sisters, hand in hand,
The fair-haired Martha and Teresa brown,"

and we often hear in the letters of Pope's friends of the lovely blue eyes of Mrs. Patty. The biographers all say that Teresa was his first love. She was of Pope's own age, born and

educated in France, and had a French loveliness and vivacity of manner, and she was very kind to the poor little poet. He was one whom it was impossible to marry and in such cases women allow themselves to feel and to show very tender friendships. I do not know whether Pope misunderstood her or not, at any rate there is a quarrel between them and Teresa disappears from his life. His letters to Martha run through all his correspondence, and she is his friend till death—he leaves her almost all his estate. He never asks Teresa to marry him, but he constantly advises her against marriage—

“Ah, quit not the free innocence of life
For the dull glory of a virtuous wife,
Nor let false shows nor empty titles please :
Aim not at joy, but rest content with ease;”

and then comes a couplet which sounds like Locksley Hall. He talks of the rude squire,

“Whose laughs are hearty, though his jests are coarse,
Who loves you best of all things—but his horse.”

Carruthers, counting back the 376 weeks of his love for Lady Sylvia, makes their friendship begin in Windsor Forest, in 1707, but Martha Blount tells Spence: “I first used to see Mr. Pope after his *Essay on Criticism* was published when I was a very little girl. My uncle used to say much of him, but I did not attend to it at that time.” She was twenty-one when the *Essay* was published, but thirty years had passed since then, and she may be excused for calling herself a little

girl. In his early letters there are little sentences in which we can read between the lines how much the poor sensitive little creature suffered before he reconciled himself to lose Teresa, and to feel for Martha only the quiet friendship which lasted his life. "I take this occasion to tell you once for all that I design no longer to be a constant companion when I have ceased to be an agreeable one. You only have had, as my friends, the privilege of knowing my unhappiness, and are, therefore, the only people whom my company must necessarily make melancholy. I will not bring myself to you at all hours, like a skeleton, to come across your diversions and dash your pleasures. Nothing can be more shocking than to be perpetually meeting the ghost of an old acquaintance, which is all you can ever see of me. If you had any love for me, I should always be glad to gratify you with an object that you thought agreeable. But, as your regard is friendship and esteem, those are things that are as well, perhaps better, preserved absent than present. A man that loves you is a joy to your eyes at all times. A man that you esteem is a solemn kind of thing, like a priest, only wanted at a certain hour to do his office. 'Tis like oil in a salad, necessary, but of no manner of taste. . . . Let me open my whole heart to you. I have sometimes found myself inclined to be in love with you, and, as I have reason to know from your temper and conduct, how miserably I should be used in that circumstance, it is worth my while to avoid it. It is enough to be disagreeable without adding *fool* to it by constant slavery. *I have heard, indeed, of women that have had a kindness for men of my make.* I love you so

well that I tell you the truth, and that has made me write this letter. . . . I ask your pardon for that very fault of which I taxed others, my vanity, which made me so resenting. We are too apt to resent things too highly till we come to know, by some great misfortune or other, how much we are born to endure."

In another letter, all separated into lines and paragraphs, which makes it look solemn, he says: "Pray, think me sensible of your civility and good meaning in asking me to come to you, but you will please to consider that my coming or not is a thing indifferent to both of you. But God knows it is far otherwise to me with respect to one of you. I scarce ever come but one of two things happens, which equally affects me to the soul; either I make her (Teresa) uneasy or I see her unkind. If she has any tenderness, I can only give her, every day, trouble and melancholy. If she has none, the daily sight of so undeserved a coldness must wound her to death. It is forcing one of us to do a very hard and very unjust thing to the other. My continuing to see you will, by turns, tease all of us. My staying away can, at worst, be of ill consequence only to myself. And, as one of us is to be sacrificed, I believe we are all agreed who shall be the person."

Teresa seems to have acted wisely in breaking off her intimacy. He upbraids her: "You told me, if such a thing was the secret of my heart, you should entirely forgive and think well of me. I told it and find the contrary." Then they quarrel and Pope suffers. . . . "Dear Madam:—'T is really a great concern to me that you mistook me so much

this morning. I have sincerely an extreme respect for you; and, as you know I am distracted in one respect, for God's sake don't judge and try me by the methods of unreasonable people. Upon the faith of a man who thinks himself not dishonest, I meant no disrespect to you. I have been ever since so troubled at it that I could not help writing the minute I got home. Believe me, much more than I am my own, yours, A. Pope." At last he writes to Martha: "I must own I have long been shocked at your sister on several accounts, but above all things at her prudery. I am resolved to break with her forever, and, therefore, tell her I shall take the first opportunity of sending back all her letters." From that time Teresa's name drops out of Pope's life. Swift mentions her once in his nasty way: Some lady had accused the Dean of flirting with girls (I don't doubt that he did), among others with *dirty Patty*, meaning Martha Blount. He answers: "As to Patty Blount, you wrong her very much. She was a neighbor's child and a good Catholic; an honest girl, and a tolerable courtier at Richmond. I deny she was dirty, but a little careless, and sometimes wore a ragged gown when she and I took long walks. She saved her money in summer, only to be able to keep a chair at London in winter. This is the worst you can say; and she might have a whole coat to her back if her good nature did not make her a fool to her mother and her sanctified sister, Teresa." It seems Martha had resigned some of her property to her mother and sister. Pope's letters to Martha run through all his life. She was his confidential friend; he told her of his own quarrels, and took up all hers, which were

not a few, so violently that he lost some friends by his partisanship. Martha is always haughty and unconciliating. Lady Hervey writes to Mrs. Howard, George II.'s mistress: "I am sorry our poor little friend was forced to go to Bath for so unpleasant a distemper; for I am informed it was to get rid of some *proud flesh* that is grown to his side and makes him extremely uneasy. It is thought it will prove a mortification." The lady suffered a little in reputation, because of the close intimacy, and then again—so unreasonable is slander—she is accused of heartlessness, because, she said, when in his last illness he sent for her, "What, is he not dead yet?"—heartless words when so repeated, and yet they may have meant any thing but heartlessness.

This is all the tenderness I can get out of Pope's life. His writings are full of praises of one friend, terrible cuts and slashes at another; sometimes the praises and the satire are aimed at the same person. You can read his life in his works. His poems grow out of some scandal or joke of the day, like the Rape of the Lock, or cause some quarrel among the brilliant set in which he lived, like the Translation of the Iliad. It is so with many of the works of the time. You are in the midst of the fight, for a fight it is, and you take sides, not always with the malignant little tyrant, Pope, who flourishes his sword so bravely. Those writers are not like ours. They do not write for the public, nor for posterity, nor for any large class of readers. They never seem to contemplate having their works read out of their own little clique. If a number of the Spectator is on the table at Will's or at Button's—if it is laid by the breakfast table of my Lord This or

my Lady That—if Swift passes judgment upon Steele's paper, or Pope reads Addison's *Sir Roger de Coverley*, that seems to be all the author cares for. The applause of his own club is all he hopes, the abuse of his rival authors all he fears. It is a singular kind of writing. You feel as if you might be at the tea-table of some country village, only it is a village peopled by giants. You know all the scandal that is going on; you take sides with one party or the other. You see Swift's dirty neck cloth or Addison's immaculate ruffles, you see the ladies with their hoops and their brocades, and you feel that you are in wonderful good society. It is a very pleasant, but not a very heroic state of affairs, and you wonder that those great men should care for such things—that they should bow down to stupid Queen Anne, “ugly Anne Hyde's daughter,” or to stupid George I. with his German mistresses—that they should seek the applause of the lords and ladies to whom they dedicate their works with such fulsome flattery, or that they should use or fear the satire which is so vulgarly personal.

And yet satire in such hands is something terrible. Will you hear Pope's famous attack on Addison? It came about in this way. Pope was translating the *Iliad* and had finished the first book, and offered the manuscript to Addison for revision. They were dining together at a coffee-house. After dinner Addison said: “Your request has put me in a difficulty. Tickell translated some time ago the first book of the *Iliad*. I have promised to look it over and correct it. I can not, therefore, ask to see yours, for that would be double-dealing.” Pope made a civil reply, and begged that he

might send the second book when ready. In the same week the two translations of the first book appeared. Gay writes to his friend that he had just set down Sir Samuel Garth at the opera, and that Sir Samuel had stated that every body was pleased with Pope's translation but a few at Button's (Button's was the club where Addison reigned supreme), and that Sir Richard Steele told him that Mr. Addison said Tickell's translation was the best that ever was in any language. "I am informed," adds Gay, "that at Button's your character is made very free with as to morals, etc.; and Mr. Addison says that your translation and Tickell's are both well done, but that the latter has more of Homer." This was to touch Pope in a sensitive place. He had not had a collegiate education, and he had been obliged to get help in his translation from divers poor students. He believed that Tickell had been helped by Addison, whose classic learning was above suspicion. Pope wrote to Addison a letter inclosing the lines in question. They did not appear in print till after Addison's death, but every body saw them. You will find them in the Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot. It is wonderful poetry, and it becomes tragic when you look at it as Thackeray does: "Such a weapon as Pope's must have pierced any scorn. It flashes forever and quivers in Addison's memory. His great figure looks out on us from the past—stainless but for that—pale, calm, and beautiful; it bleeds from that black wound. He should be drawn, like St. Sebastian, with that arrow in his side."

Let us turn to something pleasanter. Pope's first works were his *Pastorals*, written while in Windsor Forest. "A

shepherd should have a little crook," says Lady Castlewood in Esmond. I suppose personal beauty—*manliness*—muscle and manly growth was so much in men in those days that even that gentle lady has her fling at the poor hunchback. He comes to London very soon after this, and goes into good society. Thackeray says that Pope contributed more than any man who ever lived to deprecate the literary calling; if so he was very ungrateful, for patrons and booksellers all treated him well. When his Homer was to be published by subscription Swift went about the coffee-houses and "instructed the young noblemen that the best poet in England was Mr. Pope, a papist, who had begun a translation of Homer in English verse, for which he must have them all subscribe, 'for,' says he, 'the author shall not begin to print till I have a thousand guineas for him.'" The result was better even than Swift's anticipations. Lintot, the bookseller, gave two hundred pounds a volume and supplied Pope with all the copies for subscribers and for the author's friends. The author received five thousand three hundred and twenty pounds. Nothing like it had ever been heard of before, and nothing like the manner of investing the sum was ever heard of since. He bought an annuity of five hundred pounds, and still had enough money left to purchase his villa at Twickenham—an investment of ten per cent and a villa on the Thames; those must have been "good times for business." The rest of his life is spent at Twickenham, in the famous villa which is pointed out to you when you row up the Thames from Richmond, a thing which I hope you all do. But the villa is not Pope's villa. Sir William Stanhope added

wings, and Horace Walpole says, “cut down the sacred groves themselves. In Pope’s time ’twas a little bit of ground of five acres, inclosed within three lanes and seeing nothing. Pope had twisted and twirled and rhymed and harmonized this, till it appeared two or three sweet little lawns opening, and opening beyond one another and the whole surrounded with thick, impenetrable woods. Sir William hacked and hewed these woods and then was obliged to shut out his place by a wall, for there was not a muse could walk there but she is spied by every country fellow that went by with his pipe in his mouth.” The present house was built by Lady Howe and nothing of Pope’s Twickenham is left but the grotto, all set with fossils and bits of looking-glass and shells—built under the road—where he loved to entertain his friends—

“ Where St. John mingles with my friendly bowl
The feast of reason and the flow of soul.”

Where Lady Mary flirted with him, and where Peterborough flattered him. Twickenham is idealized for us by the poet’s description. It was a quiet little place enough—a country gentleman’s home.

Here he died, May 30, 1744, fifty-six years of age, but an old man. All his symptoms are of extreme old age. “The mornings are my life ; in the evenings I am not dead, indeed, but sleep, and am stupid enough. I love reading still better than conversation, but my eyes fail, and at the hours when most people indulge in company I am tired, and find the

labor of the past day sufficient to weigh me down; so I hide myself in bed, as a bird in his nest much about the same time." His mother was no older at ninety-three, but Pope's life was as he himself called it "a long disease."



II.

THE NOVEL OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

[March 20, 1880.]

It would not be an uninteresting study to take the history of the novel from its very beginning and trace it down to the present time. We should begin, I suppose, with the Greek romances. Somebody, very wise and competent to judge, says that the first book known, which has any right to be called a novel, was the *Theogenes* and *Chariclea* of Heliodorus, written sometime about the first century. It has no particular plot. The characters meet, and immediately begin to tell their adventures. In fact, it is a kind of patchwork quilt of a novel, where the squares are sewn together with the weakest kind of thread. A quilt, too, made up of varying materials—one square of finest silk, and the next coarsest woolen—as prince or noble, workman or slave, came in contact. And this fashion of stringing together short stories on some slightest chain of connection seems to have continued for a long while. The early novels of the Renaissance were of the same nature. Boccaccio's *Decameron* was a novel of this sort, indeed each tale was

called a *novello*, and so were those Italian stories by Bondello from which Shakespeare drew the plots for so many of his tales. Even in our own language, Chaucer's Canterbury Tales are such novels turned into poetry. So far, novels treated simply of adventures, scarcely of characters. In the sixteenth century came those wonderful romances of chivalry against which Cervantes fought with keenest satire, and whilst thinking only of ridiculing the novels of his time, he gave, without knowing it perhaps, the first specimen of the modern novel, the novel of character.

Then the seventeenth century brought us Le Sage in his *Gil Blas*, where character is certainly developed, but in the same unconscious way as in Cervantes's *Don Quixote*. The writer is seeking for adventure, and looks to adventure alone to interest his reader; but, in spite of himself, and because he is a man of genius, a maker, a creator, he gives each of his *dramatis personæ* his own peculiar character, which grows as he writes. At last, in the beginning of the eighteenth century, came the first crude specimen of the modern novel of character—a novel with a plot, which grows out of and follows necessarily the development of the characters drawn. It was a man of genius that led the way, Henry Fielding. He knew what he was doing. He says in his preface to his very first novel, *Joseph Andrews*, that he is “founding a new province of writing;” and in *Amelia*, his favorite work, he talks of his plot, made, he says, “by following minutely the several incidents which tend to the catastrophe or completion of the whole, and the minute causes whence these incidents are

produced." Fielding's theory was admirable, his practice not quite so good. He could not forget himself in his work. Henry Fielding was always present; sometimes he criticised his own characters, sometimes he simply talked about them with his reader, sometimes he stopped the action of his book to give a little dissertation on love, on learning, on any thing —a dissertation illustrated by the adventures and experience of Henry Fielding. I believe it is only the highest class of writers who are not seen in their works. We learn nothing of Homer from his poems, nothing of Shakespeare from his plays.

Richardson's novels differ from Fielding's in many respects, certainly, and yet they have this in common: they are both dramatic efforts, efforts to make the principal characters show out their nature by means of their actions, thoughts, and words. The novel, in those times, was a sort of heir to the drama, and I believe the reason why so many of the early novels are in the form of letters is that it was but one step from the hero's speaking himself out, as in plays, to make him write himself out as in letters. After Fielding's and Richardson's, the next great novel of character was the *Vicar of Wakefield*, where Dr. Primrose is elaborated like a picture by Meissonier. There is no great variety of characterization in the little book; every thing bends to the good vicar. His reflections, his words, his actions, the reflex action of others upon him, are all different roads to the same end, the perfect drawing of a simple and good man. It is a little thing, but not so easy as one would think, and it is perfect in its way.

And now we have reached our own time (the time of our period, I mean), when novels seem to have been divided into three distinct classes, the romantic, the historical and the domestic novel. The romantic seems to have grown out of a certain medieval reaction, if I may call it so, which is typified in Horace Walpole's famous Gothic castle at Strawberry Hill, as well as in his equally famous novel, the Castle of Otranto. We may as well, for the sake of a plan, follow this class first. In Walpole's Letters, that everlasting book, is a letter to Mr. Cole, written from Strawberry Hill, telling something of the Castle of Otranto. "Shall I confess to you what was the origin of this romance? I waked one morning in the beginning of last June from a dream, of which all I could recover was that I had thought myself in an ancient castle (a very natural dream for a head like mine, filled with Gothic story), and that, on the uppermost banister of a great staircase, I saw a gigantic hand in armor. In the evening I began to write, without knowing in the least what I intended to say or relate. The work grew on my hands and I grew fond of it. Add that I was very glad to think of any thing rather than politics. In short, I was so engrossed with my tale, which I completed in less than two months, that, one evening, I wrote from the time I had drunk tea, about six o'clock, till half an hour after one in the morning, when my hand and fingers were so weary that I could not hold the pen to finish the sentence, but left Matilda and Isabella talking in the middle of a paragraph. You will laugh at my earnestness, but if I have amused you by retracing with any *fidelity* the manners of ancient days, I am

content." You know there has been a doubt whether or no Walpole was in earnest in this book, but one would think this letter settles it; at any rate, let us give Horace the benefit of the doubt. If he meant it for a romantic novel it will do very well, only it is about as arrant nonsense as I ever read; but if he was writing an imitation of *Don Quixote*, it is insufferably stupid and weak. Of course he was ashamed of it, and did not print it under his own name, but published it as a translation from an Italian author, one Onuphrio Montaldo; said that it had been originally printed in black letter at Naples, in 1529, and that it had been recently discovered in the library of a Catholic family in the north of England. For my part, I don't see that he was any the less a cheat than Chatterton, only he was Horace Walpole. If you have read the novel, you will remember the absurd things in it, the great helmet in which the hero is imprisoned, the sword that needed a hundred men to lift it, the statue that bleeds at the nose. Most awful of all is the time when "three drops of blood fell from the nose of Alphonso's statue. At this portent Manfred turned pale and the princess fell on her knees."

Clara Reeves's *Old English Baron* follows the Castle of Otranto. It has something of the same plot, there is the supernatural discovery of a murder, and a rightful heir brought back. Dunlop, in his *History of Fiction*, criticises it by finding the exalted heroes and heroines of the romance something too worldly in their desire for settlements, they are too much like people of this world in insisting that the furniture and live stock shall go with the estate; but the

book has held its own through a very long time. It is a great deal stupider than the Castle of Otranto, of which the authoress says it is the literary offspring, uniting the ancient romance with the modern novel. She thinks Walpole's book has too much of the marvelous in it, whereas hers is, she says, in better keeping, inasmuch as she has preserved the unities!

Next comes Mrs. Radcliffe, with her three famous novels, The Romance of the Forest, The Mysteries of Udolpho, and The Italian. You must read them all. Her stories differ from Walpole's and Clara Reeves's in making the machinery only apparently supernatural. You are scared to death—there are ghosts and weird sobbings, and groans and creaks, till your imagination is fully excited—and then you find that it is all a ridiculous *mus* that this mountain has brought forth. Her novels are like Gray's old mansion in the Long Story, full of "passages that lead to nothing." But all this is admirably done—done, too, in defiance of chronology, and, I am sorry to say, sometimes in defiance of grammar. For instance, the Mysteries of Udolpho happen in 1580, in France, during the reign of Henry III. and the wars of the League; and a sick old gentleman and his lovely daughter travel through France in a post-chaise, nobody with them but the driver; carry their meals in their chaise, so as to have a perpetual picnic; stop the carriage on the smallest provocation that the young lady may wander in the woods and write a sonnet or a piece of poetry like Thomson's or Akenside's; are sheltered at night in lovely rural cottages, clean and comfortable; meet ban-

ditti sometimes, but put them to flight with a pistol (probably a revolver) in the hands of the sick old gentleman; in short, I don't believe such a safe journey could be taken even in our day. The poetry is wonderful; the heroine finds time to write it, or rather to compose it, in the most dangerous situations, and every sunrise and sunset starts her off. Mrs. Radcliffe should have read Sheridan's Critic, and remembered Mr. Puff: "I open with a clock striking, to beget an awful attention in the audience—it also marks the time, which is four o'clock in the morning, and saves a description of the rising sun, and a great deal about gilding the eastern hemisphere." Dunlop calls *The Romance of the Forest* the best of her novels, indeed he gives it high praise. The description of La Luc and his family, he calls one of the most beautiful pictures to be found in any work of fiction, showing the finer traits of character to be found in a novel of real life; and the part of the work where Elena is carried to the house of Spalatro, and the description of her residence there, he says, "is a delineation of guilt, horror and remorse, which, if Shakespeare has equaled, he has not surpassed." Dunlop notices Mrs. Radcliffe's habit of making all her inferior characters, servants and the like, answer from the point, that is, give "a needless detail of trifling circumstances, when the inquirer is on the gasp of expectation and there is need of the utmost expedition." I don't believe it is peculiar to Mrs. Radcliffe; we see it in *The Castle of Otranto* as well, and it seems to be a feeble attempt at delineation of character—in Walpole's case a following out of

his plan to blend the two kinds of romance, the ancient and the modern.

To finish with Mrs. Radcliffe. There are some peculiarities about her life. In the first place, she never saw those wonderful countries which she describes—yes, and describes so well. She never was out of England but once, and then she went to Holland. Then her life in England was the most unromantic possible. She was born in London, the daughter of respectable tradespeople, a very pretty girl, and so Mr. Wm. Radcliffe thought her; she married him at twenty-three, and that is all about it. Her husband was an editor, and of course stayed out late at night. She had no children, and nothing to do in the evenings, so she wrote these harrowing romances, which frightened her husband so that he dared not sit up alone to read them after he came home. She made money by them; the Italian giving her eight hundred pounds, and the Mysteries of Udolpho five hundred, so that by the time she was thirty-three she was rich enough to stop. The husband and wife lived the quietest happy life after that. They made their home very pretty; they traveled all over England; once they went to Holland and the Rhine, but no further. Their life was so quiet that nobody knew any thing about them. People said Mrs. Radcliffe was dead; she did not contradict the report. Then it was announced that writing her books had made her crazy; she let that go, and quietly dropped out of life in 1823, when she was fifty-nine years old. She certainly had the rare virtue of knowing when to stop. You can't scare people with ghost stories forever; and had she written more, it would

have been her faults, not her merits, that would have been noticed.

The romantic novel that followed closely after Mrs. Radcliffe's was *The Monk*, by M. G. Lewis—which I think the most utterly licentious book I ever read, licentious without one redeeming trait. Fielding's coarseness can be borne, but this—I am glad to know that the book came near being prosecuted by the government, and only escaped by Lewis's pledging himself to recall the first edition and omit the objectionable portions. For this reason that first edition has grown to be a very rare book. Setting aside the indelicate passages, the book has merits. Hazlitt says that after Mrs. Radcliffe: “Monk Lewis was the greatest master in the art of freezing the blood,” and Scott calls him “a no ordinary genius.” You see he got his name from his novel. I am sorry to tell you that the book was praised by some great men of the day, and that Charles James Fox paid the unusual compliment of crossing the House of Commons that he might congratulate the young author. Lewis must have repented of his book, for he grew to be a good man. Even Lord Byron testifies to his goodness. In his diary he says: “Lewis was a good man, a clever man, but a bore. My only revenge or consolation used to be setting him by the ears with some vivacious person who hated bores especially—Mme. De Stael and Hobhouse, for instance. But I liked Lewis; he was a jewel of a man, had he been better set—I don't mean personally, but had he been less tiresome. Poor fellow, he died in Jamaica—

“‘I’d give the lands of Deloraine,
Dark Musgrave were alive again.’

“That is,

“I would give many a sugar cane,
Mat Lewis were alive again !”

“I would pay my share,” adds Scott. “How few friends one has whose faults are only ridiculous! Lewis did much good by stealth, and was a most generous creature.”

All these novels of the romantic and the supernatural brought, of course, their critics and their caricaturists. The best caricature I ever saw is a novel called *The Heroine*, or the *Adventures of Cherubina*, by E. S. Barrett. Alas, I can find not even the slightest trace of the book, so I must trust to my memory. The young woman is an orphan, of course, and she goes through the most astonishing adventures, is carried off by robbers, shut up in caves and dungeons, to her own extreme delight, because she wants to be a heroine. But what troubles her is that the heroines of whom she has read always have clean, delicate, and becoming clothes, no matter how many dungeons they are dragged through, while hers are always wet and dirty. Then, too, her pattern heroines don’t seem to have any trouble with dressmakers, and scorn to follow the fashion. Inspired by their example, she dresses for a ball. She buys a whole piece of the finest linen cambric, and wraps it all around her in the most artistic way, and fastens it with a gold pin headed by an enormous pearl. She looks lovely, and is a great success at the ball (no wonder, indeed); but, in the middle of a dance she feels that her dress is not secure, and down she falls, in a heap of

linen cambric. The gentlemen "lift her up tenderly" and carry her off, to mournful music. There is another lost book of the kind which perhaps some of you have read—and capital reading it is, *Santo Sebastiano*, or the *Young Protector*, a three-volumed novel, full of robbers and murderers, wonderful discoveries, but really intensely interesting.

Coleman the Younger describes these romantic novels best :

"A novel now is nothing more
Than an old castle and a creaking door,
A distant hovel,
Clanking of chains—a gallery—a light,
Old armor—and a phantom all in white,
And there's a novel."

And Miss Austen's *Northanger Abbey* satirises them in her own gentle way.

Next come the historical novels, which seem somewhat to have grown out of the romances. The first were, of course, tales of chivalry, or at least of the middle ages. Here a woman seems to have led the way, Miss Jane Porter wrote her *Thaddeus of Warsaw* and her *Scottish Chiefs*. Scott confessed to George IV. that the *Scottish Chiefs* suggested his *Waverley Novels*—and somebody suggests the following couplet, as from her to Sir Walter Scott :

"*I* first adventured—follow me who list,
And be the *second* Scottish novelist."

Every body knows her two famous novels. When *Thaddeus of Warsaw* came out Kosciusko himself sent Miss

Porter a complimentary letter, and one of his relatives accompanied it with a ring containing a portrait of the hero. I don't think the history in the two novels is very accurate, but nothing *can* be more accurate than the *tone*, which is the chief thing. His Majesty George IV. was so pleased with the books that he requested Miss Porter to take for her next hero his great ancestor, Duke Christian of Luneburg, whom I don't know any thing about. She complies, of course, with "His Majesty's gracious request," and writes, in three volumes, "Duke Christian of Luneburg, or the Traditions of the Hartz." The king furnished her with the documents, and declared that the "work had been completed according to his fullest wishes." After this she writes "The Field of the Forty Footsteps," and then "Sir Edward Seaward's Narrative of his Shipwreck and Consequent Discovery of certain Islands in the Caribbean Sea; with a Detail of many Extraordinary and Highly Interesting Events in his Life, from the Years 1733 to 1749, as written in his own Diary. Edited by Miss Jane Porter." This was a clever fiction like De Foe's Robinson Crusoe, and there was a great fuss about it. The critics made elaborate researches in the Admiralty records, Indian maps, etc., and then the London Quarterly announced soberly, "We are compelled to state that, notwithstanding its solemn and almost sacred character, it is neither more nor less than pure unmingled fiction from first to last." These researches flattered Miss Porter very much, and when she was questioned on the subject she would quietly say, "Sir Walter Scott has *his* great secret; I must be allowed to keep *my* little one." Her books sold widely in America,

and you will be glad to hear that the American booksellers sent her a handsome rosewood chair, as a mark of what they owed her. I suspect they owed her a handsome sum of money.

Historical novels are always stupid, so we may omit the others and go at once to the domestic novel. One of the first novel writers in point of time after the great masters, Fielding and Sterne, was Henry Mackenzie. He had all Sterne's tenderness and sentiment, without any of his sensuality; indeed, he has a little too much sentiment, as you will think when you remember his *Julia De Roubigné*. That is his prettiest novel—pretty, pretty book—and then it is so delightfully short. The Roubignés have retired to the South of France, on account of a loss of fortune; there they meet Montauban, a Spaniard, who loads them with favors, saves M. De Roubigné from prison, and falls in love with Julia. For all we see, he is a very nice, middle-aged man, who puts them all under so many obligations that Julia is almost forced to marry him, when she hears that her friend and playmate Savillon, who never told his love but went to the West Indies to make a fortune for her, has married there. Of course this is a mistake; Savillon comes back rich, finds her married, and, in despair, asks for an interview at the cottage of her nurse. Julia grants it, in all innocence, and, like Jeanie in *Auld Robin Gray*, they

"Took but one kiss, it couldna be a sin,"

and parted, she to do her best a good wife to be, and Savillon to leave Europe forever. The husband discovers the

visit, and his Spanish blood awakens; he poisons his wife; finds from her dying confession that she is innocent, and then kills himself.

Next comes Miss Fanny Burney. I think we know all about her, except that her novel of *Evelina* was taken, the plot at least, from Miss Heywood's novel of *Miss Betty Thoughtless*. "Here a young lady makes, at an early age, her first appearance in London. In that city she resides under the protection of Lady Mellasin, a woman of low birth, of vulgar manners, and dissolute character, whose husband has been appointed the guardian of Miss Thoughtless by her father. From this woman, and from the malice and impertinence of her daughter, Miss Flora, the heroine suffers much uneasiness on her entrance into life. Though Miss Betty is possessed of a virtuous mind, a good understanding, and a feeling heart, her heedlessness of ceremony, her ignorance of forms and inexperience of the manners of the world, occasion a great many perplexing incidents and lead her into awkward situations, most mortifying to her vanity, which at length alarm the delicacy of her lover and almost lose her his affections." You remember that *Evelina* was in exactly the same situation. The chief perplexity of Mr. Trueworth, Miss Betty's lover, came from meeting her in company with Miss Forward, who had been her companion at boarding-school, and of whose character she knew nothing. Just so Lord Orville meets *Evelina* at Vauxhall. Then, too, a great many of the characters in *Betty Thoughtless* are to be seen in *Evelina*. Mr. Trueworth is as delightfully generous and chivalrous as Lord Orville. Lady Mel-

lasin is as coarse, low-born, and intemperate as Mme. Duval. The malice and jealousy of Miss Flora are like the malice and jealousy of the Misses Brangton. Miss Mabel, the amiable and modest friend of Miss Betty, seems to have suggested the character of Miss Mirvan, and the secondary characters are full of impertinent gallantry and vulgar assurance in both novels.

There is another young lady, born in the same year with Miss Fanny Burney, and who was two years younger when she wrote her first novel, in which I am not sure but there is more genius than there is in *Evelina*—more genius but less literary ability; this is Miss Elizabeth Simpson, Mrs. Inchbald, the authoress of *The Simple Story*, a novel whose plot is simply absurd, which has no graces of style, thought, or imagery, but the pathos of which is unsurpassed. People say that Miss Milner is a picture of the authoress herself, and what we know of Mrs. Inchbald's early life makes us believe it. At eighteen, Miss Elizabeth Simpson ran away from her father's quiet farm-house in Suffolk and went to London to appear on the stage. She was wonderfully pretty, with auburn hair and lovely hazel eyes, and the sweetest smile in the world. She had some friends in London and she drove to the door—they had gone to Wales. The owner of the house, or the tenant, took her in out of pity, and in the middle of the night she began to think of the novels she had read, of the horrible deceivers who betrayed young women in London, and she picked up her band-box and rushed out of the house. She wandered about the streets of London till two in the morning, and at last found refuge in

a common inn at Holborn, where the landlady locked her up to make sure of her. Here she stayed ten days, and then, tired and frightened, did what she should have done at first, she went to the house of a married sister. It was not so easy to get an engagement on the stage as she had fancied, and she seems to have married Mr. Inchbald, a second-rate actor, simply that she might have an entrance into that, to her, enchanted land. She was an awful coquette, and Mr. Inchbald was passionately fond of her; you may guess that her married life of six years was not very tranquil, but luckily for them both, Mr. Inchbald died, leaving her a pretty widow at twenty-six, perfectly able to take care of herself as regards her lovers, and with a profession, that of author of novels and plays, which gave her enough to live upon. She never married again. She told her lovers the truth, "her temper was so uncertain that nothing but blind affection in her husband could bear with it," but she proved the kindest sister and aunt that ever was known, living up in a garret on the plainest food, that her family might have every comfort she could afford them. She is a much more lovable person than Miss Fanny Burney, and the heroine of her Simple Story, Miss Milner, is just such a faulty, lovable person as herself. Indeed, that lovely, admirably drawn character is all there is in the book, which is full of faults. I said the plot was absurd, I might have said there was no plot at all. Miss Milner, whose first name is never given, I believe, is a rich young lady left an orphan at eighteen and put, by her father's will, under the guardianship of Mr. Dorriforth, a stern, implacable man (horribly handsome and virtu-

ous, of course), who piques himself on never changing a resolution he has once formed, and who, to make the story more unlikely, is a Catholic priest—at least in the beginning of the novel. Soon afterward he becomes heir to an earldom, and is released from his vows. Miss Milner falls in love with him, foolish child, and commits a thousand indiscretions to hide her love—and we sympathize with her through them all. She is so artless, so impulsive, and so feminine that we forgive her a great deal. She has plenty of lovers whom she refuses, one after another, without being able to give her guardian any reason for being so hard to please. At last he suspects her of being in love with Lord Frederick Launley, and she almost acknowledges it in her dread lest he should discover the truth. “One question I have to ask, madam, to which I expect an unreserved reply. Is Lord Frederick the man you approve for your husband?” Upon this close interrogation she discovered an embarrassment beyond any she had ever yet betrayed, and faintly replied, “No, he is not.” “Your words tell me one thing,” answered Dorriforth, “but your looks declare another; which am I to believe?” “Which you please,” was her answer, while she discovered an insulted dignity that astonished without convincing him. “But then why encourage him to follow you, Miss Milner?” “Why commit a thousand follies,” she replied, in tears, “every hour of my life.” At last, worn out by her inconsistency, Dorriforth forbids Lord Frederick the house, and meeting him at the door of Miss Milner’s carriage, where Lord Frederick ventures to kiss her hand, he strikes him, and of course undergoes his challenge.

To prevent the duel and save her guardian Miss Milner says she loves Lord Frederick, and Dorriforth fires in the air and is wounded. Miss Milner has a fever, and Dorriforth is now Lord Elmwood, freed from his vows, ready to fall in love with this charming, incomprehensible young woman, on the slightest hint of her affection for him, which he receives from her friend Miss Woodley. And now the silly girl wants to try her power. Lord Elmwood threatens to leave her; so she goes to a masquerade in direct defiance of his wishes, and, as a further trial of her power over him, flirts with Lord Frederick. But her follies are so prettily told, she sins and repents so charmingly, that we are angry with her lover when he writes her a letter of dismissal and prepares to leave for Italy. We are not a bit sorry for *him*, we are only sorry for her, and so at last is the stern Jesuit Sandford, who has stood by Lord Elmwood's side and done his best to save him from giving his life to this foolish girl. They are married, and here the pretty story ought to end. It is the legitimate ending of a novel, the proper business of which is a love-story. To carry it any further is a violation of the unities as inexcusable as breaking the great *dramatic* unities. When a novel goes on to unveil to us all the bothers and cares and vexations and disappointments of married life, in the first place it tells secrets it has no business to tell, and in the second place it is not a novel at all, it is a sermon. If ever I write a novel, I shall stop when my lovers are married, if it be on the second page. We will pretend that the story ends as it should, and let the second part go—which, after all, is only the adventures of Lord and Lady Elmwood's

daughter, who, inheriting her father's firmness with her mother's beauty, makes "that faultless monster whom the world ne'er saw," a perfect woman.

The next novels that became famous made a great step in advance. They were Miss Ferrier's *Marriage* and *Inheritance*, positive novels of *character* as exhibited in *action*; modern novels in the fullest sense of the word until within the last few years, when George Eliot and her followers have given us novels where the action is evolved as it were from the character. The difference between the two classes of fiction seems to be what, in our school days, we used to study in our rhetorics—the difference between analytical and synthetical analysis. Miss Ferrier's, Miss Austin's novels, and their class begin from the outside and work inward, developing character as they go on, whilst George Eliot works from within outward, laying bare with keenest dissecting knife every fibre and nerve, and then showing how such action, such life must necessarily follow from such organization. Am I right? Does the difference seem such to you? Miss Ferrier was the daughter of one of the Edinburgh writers of the Signet, of course a friend of Henry Mackenzie and Scott and a protégée of John, fifth Duke of Argyle, Walter Scott's partner and friend. Of course she knew all the good society of her time. Susan Ferrier's intimate friend was Miss Clavering, niece of the duke. The two girls had been in the habit of exchanging those wonderful long letters, the writing of which occupied so much of the time of the women of those days, and at last, I suppose, they found themselves short of matter, news did not come fast enough to fill their

pages, so they undertook to write a novel together. The postage was the greatest difficulty they encountered. Miss Ferrier says: "How in the name of postage are we to transport our brains to and fro. I suppose we shall be pawning our flannel petticoats to bring about our heroine's marriage, and lying on straw to give her Christian burial." The novel is the one afterward published in the title of *Marriage*, and Miss Ferrier opens the story. "I don't recollect ever to have seen the sudden transition of a high-bred English beauty, who thinks she can sacrifice all for love, to an uncomfortable, solitary Highland dwelling, among tall, red-haired sisters and grim-faced aunts. Don't you think this would make a good opening of the piece?" Miss Clavering wrote very little of the novel, only a few pages in the first volume—the history of Mrs. Douglas. She says of them herself, "They are the few pages that will be skipped," and she is right. Like other ladies of the time, Miss Ferrier was ashamed of her work, and very much afraid of being found out—perhaps because some of the characters are drawn from her own friends. Lady MacLaughlan is Lady Frederick Campbell, and the three maiden aunts are the three Misses Edmondstone, old family friends, from one of whom she was named. The manuscript was passed around to be read, and had an immense success. At last, eight years after it was written, Blackwood published it, anonymously. The eight years that had passed since she wrote it obliged her to make some alterations. For instance, waltzing was at first made one of the terrible peccadilloes of the fashionable heroine, but before the book was published

there was no harm in round dances. Miss Clavering herself spends a winter in London with her aunt, Lady Charlotte Bury, and she writes to Miss Ferrier: "They are all of a sudden become so much the rage here that people meet in the morning at one another's houses to learn them. Lady Charlotte and I get great honor for the accomplishment, and I have improved a few scholars. Clanronald waltzes with me because he thinks he thereby shows off his figure, and he is in much request at present because of his dancing; next to him Lord Hartington, I think, does best; he is very fond of it."

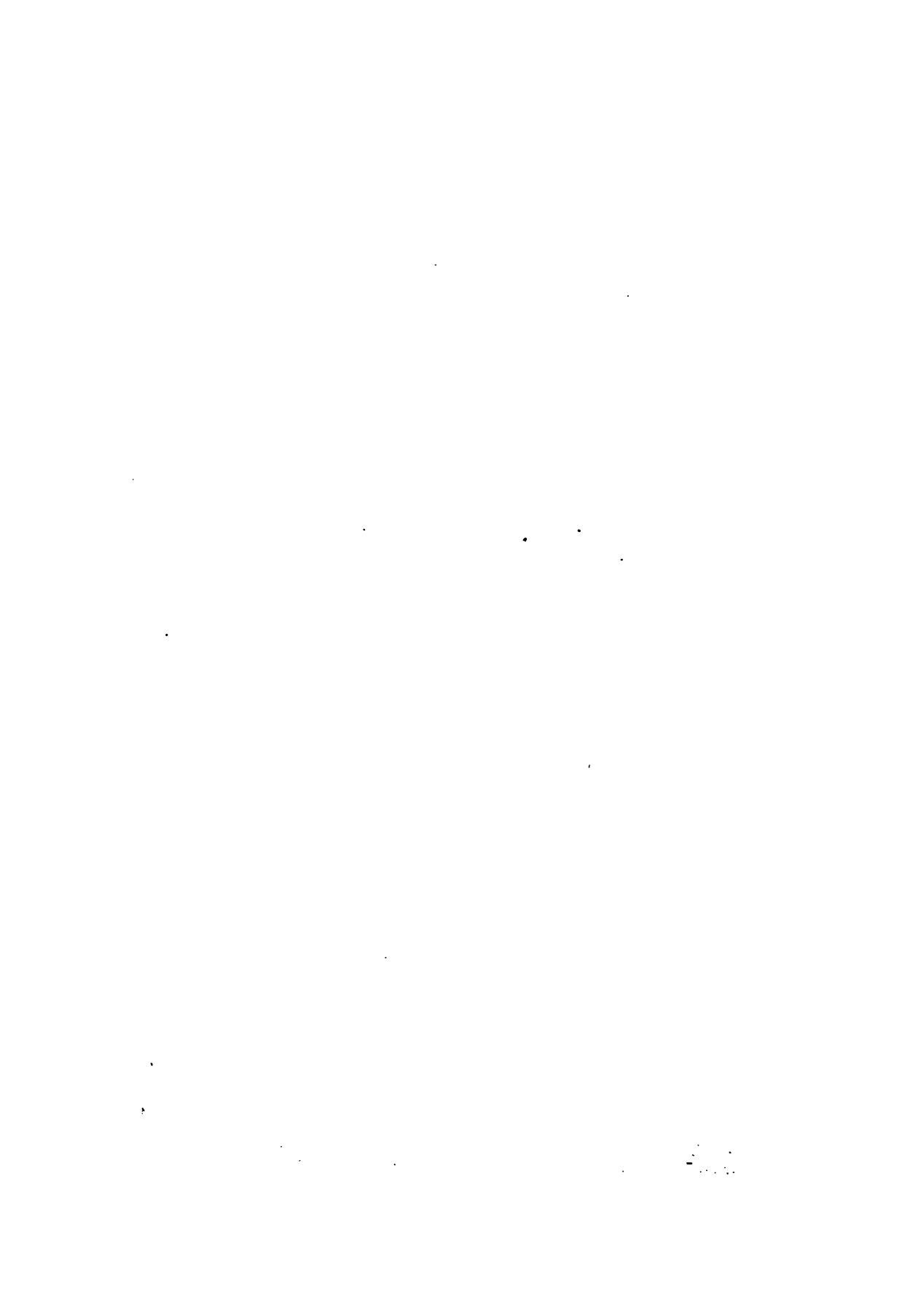
When the novel came out, it was attributed to Walter Scott, which amazes me, for it is emphatically a woman's novel. Sir Walter denies the authorship, and gives the book the highest praise, not only in his letters but in some of his novels, as in the introduction to *The Bride of Lammermoor*.

In these novels of private life we can read a great deal between the lines. For instance, to know with what enthusiasm Cowper was read by the young ladies of those days, we have only to listen to Marianne Dashwood in *Miss Austen's Sense and Sensibility*: "Oh, Mamma, how spiritless, how tame, was Edward's manner of reading to us last night! I felt for my sister most severely. Yet she bore it with so much composure, she seemed scarcely to notice it. *I* could hardly keep my seat. To hear those beautiful lines, which have frequently almost thrown me wild, pronounced with such impenetrable calmness, such dreadful indifference!"

“He would certainly have done more justice to simple, elegant prose,” said Mrs. Dashwood. “I thought so at the time, but you *would* give him Cowper.” “Nay, Mamma, if he is not to be animated by Cowper!—but we must allow for difference of taste. Elinor has not my feelings, and therefore she may overlook it, and be happy with him. But it would have broken *my* heart, had I loved him, to hear him read with so little sensibility.”

Our last and our perfect writer of the novel of character is Miss Jane Austen. I suppose we have all read her novels, but we may read them again and again. Scott says in his Diary: “Ferrier and Austen have given portraits of real society, far superior to any thing vain man has produced of the like nature. I read again, and for the third time, Miss Austen’s very finely written novel of Pride and Prejudice. That young lady has a talent for describing the involvements, feelings, and characters of ordinary life, which is to me the most wonderful I have ever met with. The big bow-wow I can do myself like any one going; but the exquisite touch, which renders common-place things and characters interesting from the truth of the description and the sentiment, is denied to me.” Sir Walter speaks of Pride and Prejudice, and that is perhaps the most interesting of her novels; but as a work of art, as a delicate miniature painting where every touch tells, where there are no strong lights and shades, no *tours de force*, where the whole interest depends on the perfect truth of the delineation, I think Persuasion is far before it. Was there ever drawn the character of a refined lady like Anne Eliot? And was there ever a piece of pomposity, not overdrawn,

like Sir Walter Eliot? We know this story; the early engagement with Captain Wentworth, the opposition from her family and friend, which Anne at nineteen was not strong enough to resist, the lingering suffering which made her the lovely character she was at seven and twenty, and the pretty love scene at the end.



III.

THE KEMBLE FAMILY.

[December 11, 1880.]

There are two lives of Mrs. Siddons, one by Thomas Campbell, the poet, and the other by James Boaden, who also wrote a life of John Philip Kemble, and a History of the Kemble Family, by P. Fitzgerald, and these biographies, bald enough, are all that I can find; of course there are countless magazine articles running through all the periodicals. There are also Doran's Annals of the Stage, and Galt's Lives of the Players, and, a little more satisfactory, Henry Barton Baker's English Actors from Shakespeare to Macready. But, alas! that is all I have been able to find of direct information. In H. C. Robinson's Diary, in Hazlitt, Lamb, and Godwin you catch little bits—a dinner with Mrs. Siddons, a meeting with John Philip. In the Edinburgh books, Lockhart, the Notes, and the like, you hear something of Mrs. Henry Siddons, and the Atlantic (Vols. 36-39) gives Fanny Kemble's Old Woman's Gossip, whilst we have also another book of hers, almost the same thing, Recollections of my

Girlhood. Both these works of hers touch upon the famous members of the family. She was old enough to remember her Aunt Siddons and her uncle, John Philip Kemble. Old enough in another sense to give plenty of gossip about herself and her own immediate family, who were not the *great* Kembles.

Of the family we hear nothing until its members begin to be actors, except a dim record of a certain Captain Kemble who was wounded in the battle of Worcester, and who received the reward of a war-horse from Charles II., when he came to his throne, and a John Kemble, Catholic priest, one of the last to suffer for his religion. He was hanged and quartered when he was eighty years old. He was a true martyr, would not escape when told of his coming arrest, saying that in the course of nature he must die ere long, and that it would be better for him to die for his religion. The poor old man was ordered up to London to be tried in the Titus Oates plot, and being too feeble to sit on horseback, he made the journey afoot. They sent him back to Hereford to die. While he lay in prison he gave all the dainties sent to him by his friends to the children of his captor, Captain Scudamore, saying that their father was his best friend, inasmuch as he had secured him so glorious a death. On his way to execution, he smoked his pipe, and conversed with his friends, and long afterward, in that country, the last pipe smoked in a company was called a Kemble pipe. On the cart at the field of execution he said: "It will be expected I should say something, but as I am an old man it can not be much. I have no concern in the plot, neither

indeed *do I believe that there is any*. Oates and Bedloe, not being able to charge me with any thing when I was brought up to London, makes it evident that I die only for professing the Old Roman Catholic religion, which was the religion that first made this kingdom Christian ; and whoever intends to be saved must die in that religion. I beg all whom I have offended, either by thought, word, or deed, to forgive me, as I do heartily forgive all that have been instrumental in or desirous of my death." Then he turned to the executioner and said: " Honest friend Anthony, do thine office; thou wilt do me a greater kindness than courtesy." After his death, his nephew, Captain Kemble, begged his body, and buried it in the church-yard of Welsh Newton, where, Campbell says, Mrs. Siddons and John Kemble went together once to visit it. Well, that was an ancestor to be proud of. (Though, being a Catholic priest, he could hardly be called an ancestor; he was probably what we call "a collateral.") At any rate Mr. Roger Kemble, his grand-nephew, was still of the Catholic faith, and when he married the pretty actress, Miss Sarah Ward, he made the condition that his sons should all be Catholic and the girls Protestant. There were twelve children, eight girls and four boys. Ward, Roger Kemble's father-in-law, is the first actor in the family of five generations, and he seems to have been a worthy lover of Shakespeare, since he first, long before Garrick, instituted a Shakespeare Jubilee in Stratford-on-Avon, the proceeds of which were applied to the repainting Shakespeare's bust in its original colors. This repainting it was that Malone afterward covered with whitewash. Roger Kemble was the man-

ager of a strolling company, though of course he sometimes acted; poorly enough, it seems, since Ward, who had forbidden his daughter's marrying an actor, satisfied himself, when the marriage came off, by saying that his son-in-law was certainly no actor. Was it from Miss Ward that all the dramatic talent came into the family? The oldest child of Roger Kemble's twelve was Sarah, born 1755, the second, John Philip, 1757, and those two are the *great* actors. The others seem only to shine by their light. Strolling actors did not have a very good time in our grandfathers' days. Poor Mrs. Kemble's twelve children were born in the funniest out-of-the-way places: Mrs. Siddons in Wales, in a little way-side inn, John Philip in a Lancashire farm-house, and Stephen in Herefordshire, on the night that his mother played Anne Boleyn (poor Mrs. Kemble). Then the twelve children were made useful to fill up parts in the plays given 'round the country (like Dickens's Crummles family).

In Charles I., played at Worcester 1767, Mrs. Siddons's first known appearance is given as the Princess Elizabeth, while the other princes and princess are her brothers and sisters. Next she plays in Love in a Village, where every character is a Kemble, except the lover, who is Mr. Siddons. That was a wise way to keep his children from being actors, which we are told Roger Kemble was anxious to do; a nice way, too, to bring on her marriage with Siddons, a marriage to which the parents vehemently objected. But Miss Kemble was fifteen, very lovely, or rather very handsome, and Mr. Siddons was the leading actor of her father's company. I don't believe he was a gentleman, for he recited once to

his audience a doggerel ballad, telling all the story of his love, for which Mrs. Roger Kemble very properly boxed his ears as he came off the stage, and then sent Miss Sally to be lady's maid to a certain Mrs. Greathead. But the young people were constant, and of course the parents had to give way, and they were married before the young lady was eighteen. I suppose the young couple were not very happy at home, for they joined another strolling troupe, and Mrs. Siddons appears as Belvidera in Otway's *Venice Preserved*. She made such a hit that the Hon. Misses Boyle wept their eyes out that night, had dreadful headaches the next morning, went to see the actress in the afternoon, and gave her all their old dresses before the week was out. More than that, they influenced Garrick to send his critic, Mr. King, down to Cheltenham, to criticise Mrs. Siddons's performance of the *Fair Penitent*. It was like Wenham and the Fother-injay in *Pendennis*. She got her engagement at five pounds a week, appeared in London in the winter of 1776—and *was a failure*. She came out as Portia, “by a young lady.” She was frightened to death, had very shabby clothes (the great Siddons never knew how to dress), and lost her voice at the end of every sentence. Mrs. Siddons always complained that Garrick did not do her justice; he wanted her only as an escape from his tyrants, Mrs. Yates, Mrs. Abington, and Mrs. Yonge. Yet he gave her trial after trial, always in comic parts, however, and at last played with her himself in one of his farewell pieces, *Richard III.*, giving her the part of Lady Anne. He frightened her out of her senses, looking at her with those awful eyes. Garrick left the

stage, promising to recommend her to Sheridan. Either he did not do it, or Sheridan did not want her, for before the next season opened, Mrs. Siddons received a letter stating that her services were not needed. The story goes that Mrs. Abington told Sheridan he was a fool. The disappointment caused Mrs. Siddons eighteen months' sickness, when every body thought she was going into a consumption. She revived, however, by a wondrous success in York, where "all lifted up their eyes in astonishment that such a voice and such a judgment should have been neglected by a London audience." This brought her an engagement at Bath, under Palmer, at a time, we must remember, when Bath was second only to London in cultivation and fashion. Here she staid three years, and here she worked as only those work who mean to succeed. She tried comedy first—she did not know herself—and played Mrs. Candor and Lady Townley. Our good friend, Mrs. Piozzi, says she did not shine, though her face as Mrs. Candor was wonderfully expressive. But though Mr. Siddons was no actor he was a good critic, and at last he showed her what she *could do*. She played Juliet, Isabella, and, best of all, Jane Shore. I don't know that we ever have the play now; it is by Rowe, and seems to have wonderful effect in it. The death must have been terrible. You remember the story, how she is guarded through London streets till she perishes with hunger, nobody being allowed to relieve her. The books say you could see Mrs. Siddons starve, her features grew pinched, her step was weaker and weaker, her eye faded, and, pushed from a palace door, she staggered to her husband's feet, with "Forgive

me!" but forgive me, uttered in such a tone, that it was answered, says Mr. Boaden, "by sobs, shrieks, and fainting among the tender part of her audience, and by those tears which manhood at first struggled to suppress and then grew proud of indulging."

At last came another call to London gained by the influence of Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire. At her Bath farewell benefit, Mrs. Siddons spoke her own farewell address, and, like all the Kembles, who were fond of bringing their private affairs before the public, she ends with a coup de théâtre: "My reasons I produce (here three children were discovered; they were Henry, Sally, Maria Siddons).

'These are the moles that bear me from your side,
Where I was rooted—where I could have died!'"

She tells in her Memoranda of her first triumph in London and, very quaintly, of her journey there: "At about seven o'clock we arrived at Dorchester. On my stepping out of the coach, a gentleman very civilly gave me his hand. Who should it be but Mr. Siddons, who was come on purpose to meet me." It was old Mr. Sheridan, R. B.'s father, who chose Isabella in the Fatal Marriage for her first appearance. The rehearsals frightened her almost out of her senses. "Who can imagine my terror? I feared to utter a sound above an audible whisper, but by degrees enthusiasm cheered me into forgetfulness of my fears, and I unconsciously threw out my voice, which failed not to be heard in the remotest part of the house by a friend who kindly undertook to ascertain the happy circumstance. The countenances, no less than tears, of my companions emboldened me more and more; and the second

rehearsal was even more affecting than the first. This was the 8th of October, 1782, and on the evening of that day, I was seized with a nervous hoarseness which made me extremely wretched. I went to bed in a state of dreadful suspense. Awakening in the morning, however, though out of a restless, unrefreshing sleep, I found, on speaking to my husband, that my voice was much clearer, and, moreover, the sun, which had been completely obscured for several days, shone brightly through my curtains. On the morning of the 10th my voice was, most happily, perfectly restored; and again the blessed sun shone brightly upon me. On this eventful day, my father arrived to comfort me and to be a witness of my trial. He accompanied me to my dressing-room at the theatre. There he left me, and I, in one of what I call my desperate tranquillities which usually impress me under terrific circumstances, then completed my dress, to the astonishment of my attendants, without uttering one word, though often sighing most profoundly." How she acted, even at rehearsals, we know from poor little Henry Siddons's passionate tears when he believed she was really dying. Brinsley Sheridan seized upon the incident with an acuteness worthy of our days, and the 10th of October Morning Post had the story with comments. There was a wonderful triumph—men weeping and women in hysterics. You see that even in 1782 people had not learned to be ashamed of their feelings. Once (not the first night), as she was playing Isabella, and came to those words where she recognizes her first husband after having married a second, "Oh, my Biron, my Biron," a certain young Scotch heiress, Miss Gordon, of

Gight, uttered a scream as loud as Isabella's, and was carried out of the theatre in hysterics, repeating, "Oh, my Biron." They were prophetic words. Next year Miss Gordon married the Hon. John Byron, became the mother of our Lord Byron, separated from her husband, never did any thing but quarrel with her son, and probably wished she had never heard the name Byron. Well, Horace Walpole found fault with Mrs. Siddons's Isabella, but Horace was old then; every body else was wild, and Mrs. Siddons went home triumphant. "I was half dead, and my joy and thankfulness were of too solemn and overpowering a nature to admit of words or even tears. My father, my husband and myself sat down to a frugal, neat supper in a silence uninterrupted, except by exclamations of gladness from Mr. Siddons. My father enjoyed his refreshments, but occasionally stopped short and, laying down his knife and fork, lifting up his venerable face and throwing back his silver hair, gave way to tears of happiness." It is in Isabella that poor little Henry Siddons has another adventure; his mother's tears scalded his neck and spoiled his pretty clothes. The king and queen, good George and Charlotte, commanded the second representation, and the London Chronicle of next morning gave all the dresses. Mr. Campbell says: "I could find it in my heart to transcribe it as a picture of by-gone fashions if I were not afraid of surly criticism demanding, what have valances, velvet draperies, golden tassels, and silks and satins to do with Mrs. Siddons's history?" (I wish Mr. Campbell had not been such a prig.)

After Isabella came Euphrasia, Jane Shore, Lady Ran-

dolph, Zara, Belvidera—eighty nights of triumph—and a social success little known then; her street crowded with carriages, her every vacant evening crowded with invitations. Mrs. Siddons was a very wise woman; she took her stand at once. She was an actress busy with her profession. She was the mother of a family of young children, and she declined all invitations, except those that she was compelled to accept—those of the royal family. The good George was very fond of seeing her play, and would weep floods of tears over her sorrows; as to the “sweet queen,” she told her in her broken English “that she had to turn her back upon the stage, because Mrs. Siddons’ acting was indeed too disagreeable.” But the sweet queen did not hesitate to make use of her; she sends for her to come to Windsor and read to the little princesses. Mrs. Siddons says: “One could not appear in the presence of the queen except in a dress not elsewhere worn, called a sack or negligée, with a hoop, treble ruffles and lappets, in which costume I felt not at all at my ease. When I arrived at the palace, I was conducted into an antechamber, where I found some ladies of my acquaintance, and in a short time, the king entered from the drawing-room, in the amiable occupation of drawing the Princess Amelia, then scarce three years old, in a little cane chair. He graciously said something to one of the ladies and left the lovely baby to run about the room. She happened to be much pleased with some flowers in my bosom, and as I stooped down that she might take them, if so disposed, I could not help exclaiming to a lady near me, ‘What a beautiful child! How I long to kiss her!’ When she instantly

held her little hand to my mouth to be kissed ; so early had she learned the lesson of royalty. Her majesty was extremely gracious, and more than once during the reading, desired me to take some refreshment in the next room. I declined the honor, however, though I had stood reading till I was ready to drop, rather than run the risk of falling down by walking backwards out of the room (a ceremony not to be dispensed with); the flooring, too, being rubbed bright. I afterwards learned from one of the ladies who was present at the time, that her majesty had expressed herself surprised to find me so collected in so new a position, and that I had conducted myself as if I had been used to a court. At any rate I had frequently personated queens." All this reading was to improve the pronunciation and elocution of the elder princesses, but the sweet queen, whom we know of old to have been not a little stingy, thought the *honor* was enough for Mrs. Siddons, without any other payment.

She is able now to help her family, gets an engagement for her sister, and plays with John Kemble in the Gamester. The Kembles were famous enough in the year 1783. Mrs. Siddons and John appear at Drury Lane on the same night that Stephen plays Othello at Covent Garden. The Kembles were good actors, but by dint of study. There was little of Mrs. Siddons's genius ever in the great Kemble. His Hamlet, September 30, was his first appearance, but there was no such reception as that of his sister. He had an elegant figure and a handsome face, very like Mrs. Siddons, a voice "which a person with eyes shut would take for hers," wonderful self-possession and deliberation, but there was a want

of nature. He gave new readings, new stage business. He played, says Hazlitt, "like a man in armor, with a determined inveteracy of purpose, in one undeviating straight line; there was neither varianleness nor shadow of turning." But, *unlike* his sister, Kemble improved with time, and before he died his Hamlet was elaborated almost to perfection. Even Hazlitt was forced into praise; he says, six years later: "There he was, the sweet, the graceful, the gentlemanly Hamlet. The scholar's eye shone in him with learned beauty; the soldier's spirit decorated his person; the beauty of his performance was its retrospective air, its intensity and abstraction; his youth seemed delivered to sorrow. Later actors have played the part with more energy, walked more in the sun, dashed more at effect, piqued themselves more on the girth of a foil; but Kemble's *sensible, lonely* Hamlet has not been surpassed." Kemble was not afraid of work; in the study of his Hamlet he wrote out the whole part forty times!

The Gamester does not seem to have been very successful, and at last Mrs. Siddons tries Shakespeare. The newspapers had said that Shakespeare was above her, and she comes out in Isabella in Measure for Measure. She looked the part wonderfully. Indeed, Mrs. Siddons was fitted only for mature parts. She acts against herself, at a disadvantage, when she plays Juliet or Rosalind, though she herself thinks Rosalind her best. She was made for Constance, Isabella, Queen Catherine, Lady Macbeth; and George III. had the good taste to discover this. He orders King John for the brother and sister, when the royal family were coming. I am sorry

for Kemble—after a few representations the audience left the theatre when Constance's part was over. This was one of the characters of which Mrs. Siddons has left a record of her close study. Among her papers is a careful analysis of the character, with every scene criticised. She thought maternal tenderness (a favorite passion of hers) the predominant feature in the famous “Grief fills the room up of my absent child” in such a way that all those tears, faintings, hysterical screams of the women were repeated from the audience; and, says one of the critics, “to Queen Charlotte's disgust.” Indeed, that brave little queen never gave way to her own feelings, and did not choose that anybody else should be so weak.

There was a check to all this triumphing, in a visit the Kembles made to Ireland in the London vacation of that year. I don't know what was the matter, except that the Dublinites were constant to their old favorite, Mrs. Crawford, and that Mrs. Siddons hated Dublin, laughed at the people, and complained of her accommodations. All of which strictures were heard. The positive complaint brought against her was hardheartedness. She had refused to act for a poor player, Digges, who was paralyzed. She staid behind in church to avoid putting her contribution for charity into the box, etc. When she opened in London in the season of 1786 she was received with a storm of hisses. Her own story in her *Memoranda* is the best. “Amid this affliction clamor I made several attempts to be heard, when at length a gentleman stood forth in the middle of the front of the pit, impelled by benevolent and gentlemanly feeling, who, as I advanced to make my last attempts to be heard, accosted me in these words: ‘For

heaven's sake, madam, do not degrade yourself by an apology, for there is nothing necessary to be said.' I shall always look back with gratitude to this gallant man's solitary advocacy of my cause; like Abdiel, "faithful friend; among the faithless, faithful only he." This admonition was followed by reiterated clamor, when my dear brother appeared and carried me away from this scene of insult. The instant I quitted it I fainted in his arms; and, on my recovery, I was thankful that my persecutors had not had the gratification of beholding this weakness. After I was tolerably restored to myself, I was induced by the persuasion of my husband, my brother and Mr. Sheridan, to present myself again before that audience by whom I had been so savagely treated, and before whom, but in consideration of my children, I would never have appeared again. The play was the 'Gamester,' which commences with a scene between Beverly and Charlotte. Great and pleasant was my astonishment to find myself, on the second rising of the curtain, received with a silence so profound that I was absolutely awestruck, and have never yet been able to account for this surprising contrast; for I really think the falling of a pin might have been then heard from the stage." She made her little speech, promised an explanation and refutation of all charges, and never afterward met with the least check to her triumphant career. For all that, I think it was true that she was always a little prudent in money matters.

Of course the Irish had their fun about the whole matter—heavy fun, it seems to us now, but I know nothing that seems to spoil so quickly with time as wit and humor. Here

is a squib published in Dublin: "On Saturday, Mrs. Siddons, about whom all the world had been talking, exposed her beautiful adamantine, soft and comely person for the first time, in the Theatre Royal, Smock Alley. The house was crowded with hundreds, more than it could hold, with thousands of admiring *spectators* that went away without a sight. . . . She was nature herself. She was the most exquisite work of art. . . . Several fainted even before the curtain drew up. The fiddlers in the orchestra blubbered like hungry children crying for their bread and butter, and when the bell rang for music between the acts the tears ran from the bassoon player's eyes in such showers that they choked the finger stops, and, making a spout of the instrument, poured in such a torrent upon the first fiddler's book, that not seeing the overture was in two sharps, the leader of the band actually played in two flats; but the sobs and sighs of the groaning audience and the noise of the corks drawn from the smelling bottles prevented the mistake from being discovered. The briny pond in the pit was three feet deep, and the people that were obliged to stand upon the benches were in that position up to their ancles in tears. An act of Parliament against her playing will certainly pass, for she has infected the volunteers, and they sit reading the Fatal Marriage, crying and roaring all the time."

February 2, 1784, Mrs. Siddons played Lady Macbeth in London for the first time. In 1817, she played for the last. How many times she had played it between these years. It was her great part, and she had studied it long before. Just after she was married she appeared as Lady Macbeth, first in

Bath. She says: "It was my custom to study my characters at night, when all the domestic cares and business of the day were over. . . . I shut myself up, as usual, when all the family were retired, and commenced my study of Lady Macbeth. Being then only twenty years of age, I believed that little more was necessary than to get the words into my head; for the necessity of discrimination, and the development of character, at that time of my life, had scarcely entered into my imagination. I went on with tolerable composure in the silence of the night (a night I never can forget) till I came to the assassination scene, when the horrors of the scene rose to a degree that made it impossible for me to get further. I snatched up my candle and hurried out of the room in a paroxysm of terror. My dress was of silk and the rustling of it as I ascended the stairs to go to bed, seemed to my panic-stricken fancy like the movement of a spectre pursuing me. At last I reached my chamber, where I found my husband fast asleep. I clapt my candlestick down upon the table, without the power of putting my candle out, and I threw myself on my bed without daring to stay to take off my clothes." It is not that Mrs. Siddons was a *great* Lady Macbeth. She is the only one; no one has ever come near her. She has herself written a long criticism of the part, not very profound, but it seems to show how conscientiously she worked. Other and better critics give her points. Mrs. Pritchard was the greatest Lady Macbeth before her, and the different readings and actings of the two are noticeable. In the famous answer to "If we should fail," Mrs. Pritchard says "*We* fail? But screw your courage to the sticking point and

we'll *not fail*." Mrs. Siddons: "We fail! But screw your courage to the sticking point and we'll *not fail*." The banquet scene was very different. Mr. Davis, in his account of Mrs. Pritchard, says: "She showed admirable art in endeavoring to hide Macbeth's frenzy from the observation of the guests, by drawing their attention to conviviality. She smiled on one, whispered to another and distantly saluted a third; in short she practised every possible artifice to hide the transaction that passed between her husband and the vision his disturbed imagination had raised. Her reproofing and angry looks, which glanced toward Macbeth, at the same time were mixed with marks of inward vexation and uneasiness. When, at last, as if unable to support her feelings any longer, she rose from her seat and seized his arm and, with a half whisper of terror, said: 'Are you a man?' she assumed such a look of anger, indignation and contempt as can not be surpassed." Mrs. Siddons made the innovation of seeing the ghost herself, and therefore having no time or thought for courtesies till afterwards. The sleep-walking scene she changed entirely. Mrs. Pritchard kept the candle in her hand, and all that washing of the hands was lost. Mrs. Siddons put it down at once. Sheridan was so afraid of the change that at the very last he came to her dressing-room to expostulate. She was just going over her scene, not a pleasant person to meet. Then came "Give *me* the daggers!" which frightened poor Mr. Smith (Macbeth) out of his senses, and her "my hands are of your color, but I'd shame to have a heart so white," finished him. Her first novelty was when she comes out with the letter, "They made themselves—air,"

not astonishment, but delight at the power of the witches, and her "Thou *shalt be* what they have promised," raised the whole audience to their feet.

You know there are two theories of acting. We might call them the conventional and the realistic. Miss Pritchard was conventional. She is said never to have read a line of Macbeth beyond her own part. Dr. Johnson called her an inspired idiot. John Kemble was conventional also. He studied every line, gave every word its appropriate tone, and, as he boasts, improved every time he acted a part. Mrs. Siddons was different. She certainly feels her characters; yet she does not neglect study. Fanny Kemble gives a singular analysis of acting, which shows what diversity of powers go to make a good actress. "It appears to me that the two indispensable elements of fine acting are a certain amount of practical imagination and a *power of assumption*, which is a good deal the rarer gift of the two. In addition to these, a sort of vigilant presence of mind is necessary, which constantly looks after and avoids or removes the petty obstacles that are perpetually destroying the imaginary illusion and reminding one in one's own despite that one is not really Juliet or Belvidera. The curious part of acting, to me, is the sort of double process which the mind carries on at once, the combined operation of one's faculties, so to speak, in diametrically opposite directions; for instance, in that very last scene of Mrs. Beverly, when I was half dead with crying, in the midst of the *real* grief, created by an entirely *unreal* cause, I perceived that my tears were falling like rain all over my silk dress and spoiling it; and I calculated and

measured most accurately the space that my father would require to fall in, and moved myself and my train accordingly in the midst of the anguish I was to feign and actually did endure. It is this watchful faculty (perfectly prosaic and commonplace in its nature), which never deserts me while I am uttering all that exquisite passionate poetry in Juliet's balcony scene, while I feel as if my own soul was on my lips, and my color comes and goes with the intensity of the sentiment I am expressing; which prevents me from falling over my train, from setting fire to myself with the lamps placed close to me, from leaning *upon* my canvass balcony when I seem to throw myself all but over it. In short, while the whole person appears to be merely following the mind in producing the desired effect and illusion upon the spectator, both the intellect and the senses are constantly engrossed in guarding against the smallest accidents that might militate against it; and while representing things absolutely imaginary, they are taking accurate cognizance of every real surrounding object that can either assist or mar the result they seek to produce. This seems to me by far the most singular part of the process, which is altogether a very curious and complicated one."

We might go through Mrs. Siddons' characters, one by one, had we time, but we can only pick out a few characteristics. She acted sometimes a pantomime as wonderful as her words. Charles Mayne Young saw her in Cariolanus, her brother's great character, where she eclipsed him simply by *action*. She was Volumnia. "I remember her coming down the stage, in the triumphant entry of her son, Coriolanus, when her dumb show drew plaudits that shook the building. She came

along, marching and beating time to the music; *rolling* (if that be not too strong a term to describe her motion) from side to side, swelling with the triumph of her son. Such was the intoxication of joy which flashed from her eyes and lit up her whole face, that the effect was irresistible. She seemed to me to take all the glory of that procession to herself. I could not take my eyes from her. Coriolanus, banner and pageant, all went for nothing to me, after *she* had walked to her place." Here is a different character—Mrs. Haller, in the ridiculous play of the Stranger. It was for Kemble and Mrs. Siddons that Sheridan *adapted* Kotzebue's play. The German fever ran high just then, and German sentimentality was the fashion. How the prosaic English of that time became bitten with such inflated extravagance is a question past solving. The German stage literature was not exactly wicked as the French of our day; it put people in wicked positions, but they retained their high and virtuous sentiments through it all—witness Mrs. Haller, witness the Sorrows of Werther and other stories of the sort. The Stranger has been so laughed at by Thackeray, in Pendennis, and by Dickens, in Nicholas Nickleby, that it does not stand a fair chance with us—yet we cry over the children with Mrs. Haller still. Suppose we had seen Mrs. Siddons weeping over her "little William." John Kemble was the Stranger, and he is said to have almost overshadowed his sister with his sombre morality and handsome face. Mrs. Siddons was too grand and heroic for Mrs. Haller. Somebody said she never could have gone wrong, and if she had, her husband never would have dared to reprove her. The Kembles

didn't like the play, and no wonder, even after Sheridan had done his best to Anglicise it.

We might go on forever with Mrs. Siddons's characters, yet, after all, we can only judge of them by the effect she produced, and hardly by that—people were different then. Henry Crabb Robinson seems a prosaic person enough; yet once, in the midst of her agonies as Isabella, he burst out laughing in the pit. The officer took him out, and found he was in strong hysterics. Washington Irving trembled before her Calista, and the actors were so terrified that sometimes they could not go on. She was rather terrific in real life. Washington Irving says she reminded him of one of Scott's knights, "Who carved the meat in their glaives of steel, and drank the red wine through their helmets barred." And we all remember the shopkeeper thrown into fright by her "But will it wash?" and the poor waiter whom she terrified by "Bring me some water, boy!" Her family were a little afraid of her; her husband does not dare introduce a stranger till he has asked leave; her son is afraid to ask her to play for his benefit. "She will be offended, if I intrude upon her." And so she was. She sent for him and asked how he dared propose such a thing. "I thought, madam, that as Saturday was a vacant night"— "I dine with Bishop Llandaff that evening; good night, sir." She was just as haughty with other people. She waits for the Duke of Wellington to speak first. And yet she is an affectionate mother, at least to her daughters—those poor daughters whom she lost so young. Fanny Kemble tells a strong romance about these two young girls, who died of consumption, very near each

other. "Sir Thomas Lawrence proposed to the eldest of them, Sarah, and was accepted by her. Before long, however, he became deeply dejected, moody, restless, and evidently extremely and unaccountably wretched. Violent scenes of the most painful emotion, of which the cause was inexplicable and incomprehensible, took place repeatedly between him and Mrs. Siddons, to whom he finally, in a paroxysm of self-abandoned misery, confessed that he had mistaken his real feelings, and that the younger daughter, and not the elder, was the real object of his affections; and ended by imploring permission to transfer his addresses from the one to the other sister. How the extraordinary change was effected I know not; but only that it took place, and that Maria Siddons became engaged to her sister's faithless lover. Maria died first, and on her deathbed exacted a promise from her sister that she would never become Lawrence's wife; the promise was given and she died, and had not lain long in her untimely grave when her sister was laid in it beside her. Sir Thomas Lawrence and my aunt never saw each other again."

The artist, however, was a kind friend of Miss Fanny; always went to see her on the stage, and sent her his criticisms next morning. Mrs. Siddons cared for Lawrence still. She said to Charles Kemble: "Charles, when I die, I wish to be carried to my grave by you and Lawrence." He died first, however, but Mrs. Siddons was almost too near death to feel his loss. Her niece says: "Every time I see that magnificent ruin some fresh decay makes itself apparent in it, and we can not but feel that it must soon totter to its fall. What a price she has paid for her great celebrity! Weariness,

vacuity, and utter deadness of spirit. The cup has been so highly flavored that life is absolutely without savor or sweetness to her now; nothing but tasteless insipidity. She has stood on a pinnacle till all things have come to look flat and dreary; mere shapeless, colorless, level monotony to her." Mrs. Siddons was young when she left the stage, but she had grown so fat and unwieldly that she was forced to it. She had years of suffering, which Fanny Kemble attributes to the strain of her theatrical life, and maintains that early death, or early loss of faculties, awaits every famous actor. Perhaps to avoid that, she married Pierce Butler! Mrs. Siddons had one devoted daughter, Cecilia, whose life was a complete self-sacrifice to her mother. The great actress died in 1831.

There are one or two anecdotes of her acting that I must put in for "old acquaintance sake." Dr. Johnson was very old when she came out as Queen Catharine. She asked him to come and see the part. "I am too deaf and blind," he said. "I could see and hear no further off than the stage-box, and I do not want to make a spectacle of myself in such a conspicuous situation." She offered a chair at the wing, and one was kept there for some time, but the poor old gentleman never used it. For our friend, Miss Burney, she brought out her Edwy and Elgiva, but, alas, there was an unfortunate line in the play—"Bring in the Bishop!"—Now, Bishop was the name for a fashionable punch, and the audience shouted. I am sorry for Miss Fanny if she had to encounter the tragedy queen after the play.

We have given so much time to Mrs. Siddons that we have little left for the other members of the Kemble family. But after

all, John Philip was the only great actor after his sister, and he was a long way after. I respect John Kemble very much, but I don't admire him. He was very handsome and very industrious; strict in his stage business, and stricter in his adherence to the authorized text. We owe him the revival of the original Shakespeare, a brave man too. When he took the management of the new Covent Garden he raised the prices. Then came the O. P. riots, about which you may read book after book; and better still, you may see the O. P. caricatures, in Cruikshank's book. For three months Kemble held out, appearing every night to be greeted with groans and hisses; O. P. dances on the stage; ridicule of every sort. They attacked his house; they paraded before his windows with banners bearing his figure, his sister's, one with all his family; with songs, like this parody of a familiar one :

“John Kemble would a acting go,
Heigh ho ! says Kemble ;
He raised the prices which he thought too low,
Whether the public would let him or no,
With his rowly, powly, gammon and spinach,
And ho! says Manager Kemble.”

He had to yield, at last, but he might well be proud of his fight. He does not stay long on the stage after his defeat, has a wonderful farewell, when Talma crowns him with laurel, and when the actors after he leaves the stage beg from him the various parts of his dress. He and his wife go abroad, and they live quietly at Lausanne on the little money that his Covent Garden management had left him. He had some happy days there, though he was very jealous of Mt.

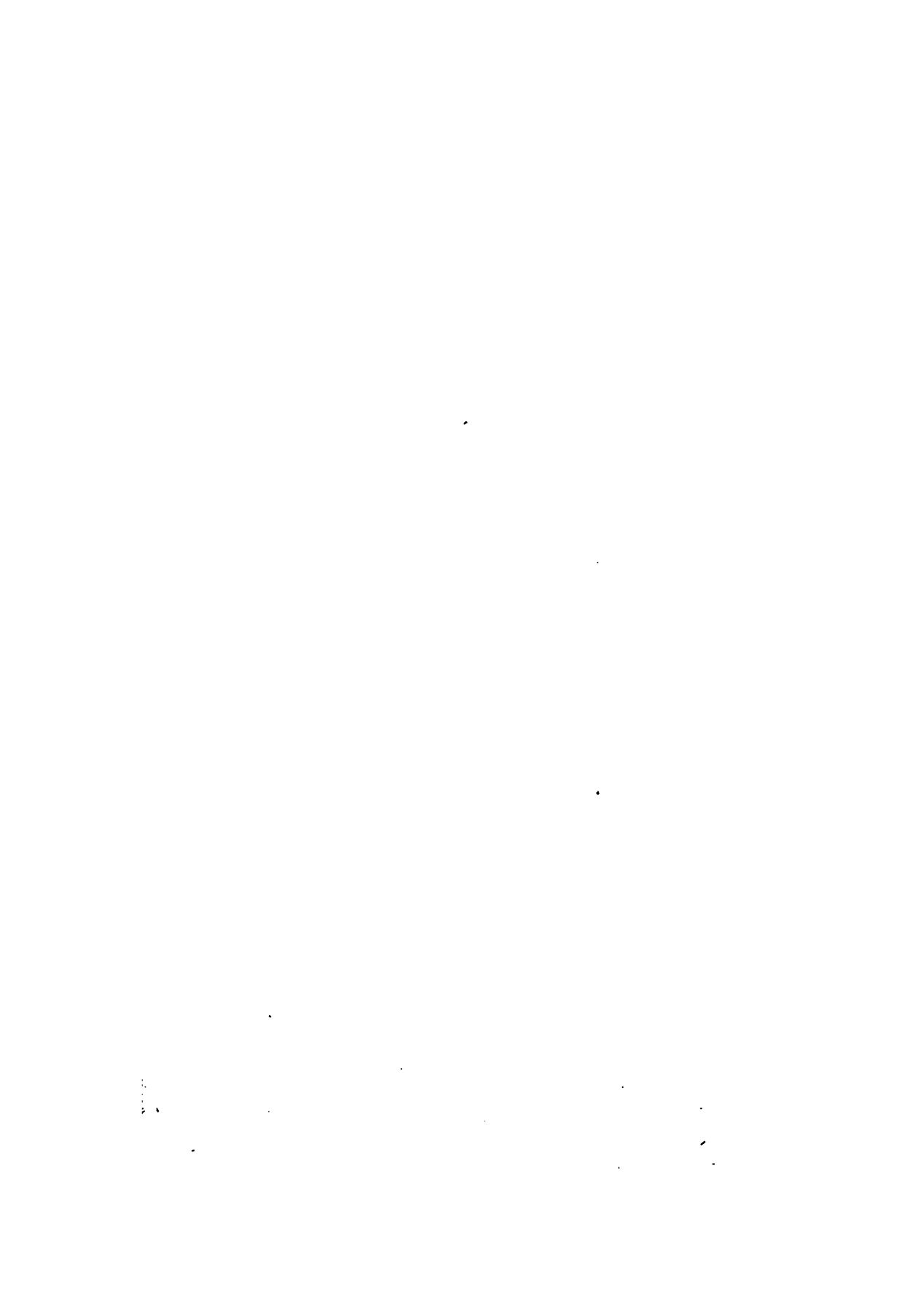
Blanc. "Why does every traveller ask, 'How does Mt. Blanc look this morning?'" he would ask fretfully. He died of apoplexy, in 1823, but he had been heavy and lethargic for months before.

After all, the ladies of the family are more interesting. There is Elizabeth Kemble, who married Mr. Whitelock, came to Philadelphia, and was called the American Siddons. She made a fortune out of us and then went home to live. Funny woman! She always wore her white apron and high cap, and talked about her ekkipage. Then came Frances Kemble, Mrs. Twiss, who was a softened likeness of Mrs. Siddons, her eyes almost as brilliant. She tried the stage, and failed from sheer stupidity, and married a very learned scholar, Mr. Twiss. Afterward she kept a "genteel seminary" in Bath. "Mrs. Twiss, No. 24 Camden Place, Bath, receives under her care young ladies from the age of fourteen to twenty. Board, one hundred guineas per annum. Entrance, five guineas. The young ladies may be introduced into the best company, and the utmost attention will be paid to their morals, conduct and manners. Masters will be provided to teach such accomplishments as will be thought necessary. Mrs. Twiss has no objection to taking a few young ladies of any age under twelve. Three months' notice will be required on the removal of any young lady."

Our Fanny Kemble went to the school and speaks of the three learned daughters, good Latin scholars, who spoke and wrote English *with perfect purity*. They were stylish school mistresses, went to all the assemblies and almost led the fashion in Bath. There was one discreditable sister, Anne,

Mrs. Curtis, whom Mrs. Siddons constantly helped, but who asks for charity because her relatives refuse her. She sank very low, and disgraced the family so much, that at last she is given a pension "as long as she lives one hundred and fifty miles from London." We come now to the next generation, the daughters of Charles Kemble—Mrs. Butler and Mrs. Sartoris. Charles Kemble was not a bad actor—*the best* Mercutio, says his daughter, who ever trod the stage—and you know Charles Lamb says it is a more difficult character than Romeo. His Benedict, his Romeo were charming too,—all the light characters of Shakespeare. Of his wife we hear pretty things that put us in mind of Mr. Garrick's Violetta. She was a Miss DeCamp, her father a French refugee, who went to Vienna, where his daughter was born and christened Maria Theresa, for the empress. Fanny Kemble gives a charming account of her mother in her Old Woman's Gossip. Of Mrs. Butler herself those rambling papers give an interesting picture, but they leave out the détails of her life—or, if they are there, you have to pick them up piece by piece from pages of gossip. She does not go beyond her girlhood. Her last sentence is: "I was married in Philadelphia on the 7th of June, 1834, to Mr. Pierce Butler, of that city." But we have the Journal of Frances Anne Butler, her travels in the United States, and a Year of Consolation, her visit to Mrs. Sartoris in 1847. Her personal history is scattered through all her books. As she is still living I suppose to talk about it is to degenerate into gossip, but—but we all know that she separated from her husband, from incompatibility on his part and abolitionism on hers, that her two girls were given to

him, a decision which almost broke her heart, that she returned to Stockbridge, Mass., and supported herself by her books and by her dramatic readings, which many of us have heard. Are there any of you who saw her act? I suppose not; but I can remember seeing her and her father—Kemble as Jacques and Miss Fanny as Rosalind—when I was a girl, living in Baltimore. Unfortunately I can recall no more about it than she did of Mrs. Siddons' acting, of which she says: "I remember nothing of it but the appearance of a solemn female figure in black, and the tremendous roar of public greeting which welcomed her." I remember a pretty girl and wonderfully pretty clothes, and some reading, of the part which I heard criticised afterward. Fanny Kemble went on the stage to retrieve her father's fortunes, which were ruined by the management of Covent Garden. She always declared that she hated the theatre and her profession, but I don't believe she did. One member of the family remains, Mrs. Sartoris, who died last year, when we thought we had lost our princess, Nellie Grant, her daughter-in-law. It was only a stage princess that we lost.



IV.

THE TROLLOPE FAMILY.

[March 22, 1884.]

Mr. Anthony Trollope says in his autobiography, that his mother, his brother Tom and himself have together written more books than were probably ever before produced by a single family, not excepting the famous French family, the Estiennes, who were only editors and translators, not properly authors. He might have said more novels, for nine out of ten of the books the Trollopes wrote were novels. Do you like them? I have a passion for Anthony Trollope's books, and a great many people laugh at me and call them stupid. They are no more stupid than any other society gossip, and they have this advantage over society gossip, that they never do any harm; on the contrary, they do good. Mr. Trollope says no more than the truth about his books when he claims that "no girl has risen from the reading of his pages less modest than she was before, and that some may have learned from them that modesty is a charm well worth preserving; that no youth has been taught that in falsehood and flashiness

is to be found the road to manliness; but some may have learned that it is to be found in truth and a high and gentle spirit." People say that they are commonplace. Certainly, but life is commonplace generally, I am happy to say. Mr. Trollope quotes, and I thoroughly appreciate Nathaniel Hawthorne's criticisms of them: "It is odd enough," Hawthorne says, "that my own individual taste is for quite another class of works than those which I am myself able to write. If I were to meet with such books as mine, by another writer, I don't believe I should be able to get through them. Have you ever read the novels of Anthony Trollope? They precisely suit my taste—solid and substantial, written on the strength of beef and through the inspiration of ale, and just as real as if some giant had hewn a great lump out of the earth and put it under a glass case, with all its inhabitants going about their daily business, and not suspecting that they were made a show of. And these books are just as English as a beefsteak. Have they ever been tried in America? It needs an English residence to make them thoroughly comprehensible, but still I should think that human nature would give them success anywhere."

Trollope's autobiography, which, I suppose, most of you have read, is a charming book. His confessions are as frank as Rousseau's, and there is so much more common sense in what he has to confess. His account of his novels and the way that he wrote them is perfectly simple and unaffected, so simple that you really think you could do it yourself; and so any of us could if we were willing to take as much pains. Indeed, if I were twenty years younger, I should be inclined

to try. He learns to be a novel writer just as he learned to be a post-office clerk, just as any of us might learn to be bankers, book-keepers, shop-keepers, school-masters, or even lawyers or doctors. He was ten years in learning. His first story, the Macdermots, was published in 1845; in 1855, the Warden came out; all between the two books was trial and failure. The first money he ever earned by literary work was paid to him for the Warden, at the end of 1855, when he was forty years old, and it was £9. 8s. 8d. During these ten years he had published, or tried to publish, three novels, one play, and a good many magazine articles, and never got a penny for one of them. But he was learning his trade, and he learned it so well that by 1879 he had made \$300,000 by it. How did he do it? Here is his own story of his apprenticeship, picked out of his autobiography. He was a post-office clerk, poor and wretched, and he hated his work and his life. "I had often told myself that the only career in life within my reach was that of an author, and the only mode of authorship open to me that of a writer of novels. Pens and paper I could command. Poetry I did not believe to be within my grasp. The drama, too, which I would fain have chosen, I believed to be above me. For history, biography, or essay writing I had not enough erudition. But I thought it possible I might write a novel." This was written when he was nineteen, but the next ten years of his life had to be passed in a bare struggle for bread. He was a clerk with a salary of \$400, always in debt, never knowing where to get his dinner. When he was twenty-six he was sent to Ireland on the immense salary of \$500, but by perquisites and such like he

had raised it to \$2,000 by the time he was twenty-nine. So he got married and began to write. He says: "By my example may be seen what prospect there is that a man devoting himself to literature with industry, perseverance, certain necessary aptitudes and fair average talents, may succeed in gaining a livelihood, as another man does in another profession. The result with me has been comfortable but not splendid, as I think was to have been expected from my moderate gifts. I have certainly also had always before my eyes the charms of reputation. Over and above the money view of the question, I wished from the beginning to be something more than a clerk in the post-office. To be known as somebody, to be Anthony Trollope, if it be no more, is to me much. . . . But I confess that my first object in taking to literature as a profession was that which is common to the barrister when he goes to the bar, and to the baker when he sets up his oven. I wished to make an income on which I and those belonging to me might live in comfort. If, indeed, a man writes his books badly because he can make his money faster in that fashion than by doing them well, and, at the same time proclaims them to be the best he can do, if, in fact, he sells shoddy for broadcloth, he is dishonest, as is any other fraudulent dealer. So may be the barrister who takes money that he does not earn, or the clergyman who is content to live on a sinecure. An author should be governed by the same plain rules of honesty which should govern us all."

Having fixed this in his mind, Mr. Trollope went to work. When he has found his plot, which is easy to him, for, like

Macaulay, he was always castle-building, and which plot is in his opinion the most insignificant part of a novel, merely a vehicle; a sort of canvas on which the writer may paint real portraits, not of living people, but of created people with living traits, he begins. He takes a blank diary, divides it into weeks, allotting to himself the task of writing on an average forty pages a week. Every day he enters in his diary the number of pages he has written, so that if ever he has been idle, there is the record staring him in the face; he must make it up the next day. And as a page is an ambiguous term, his page must contain 250 words, and as words, if not watched, will have a tendency to straggle, he has every word counted. Once or twice, after some enforced holiday, he has written as many as 112 of such pages in a week. He says "I have been told that such appliances are beneath the notice of a man of genius. I have never fancied myself to be a man of genius, but, had I been so, I think I might well have subjected myself to these trammels."

When and how did he write his allotted forty pages a week? His business at the post-office kept him constantly traveling, and he found that a great deal of his life was spent on railways. He made little tablets for himself and wrote in pencil, his wife copying for the press. To be sure, he says, it looked like literary ostentation to his four or five fellow-travelers, but he soon got used to that. On board ship, he wrote in the cabin, rushing into his state-room when his seasickness was too much for him. When at home, he was awakened at half-past five in the morning, took a cup of coffee and wrote for three

hours, putting his watch before him and exacting from himself 250 words *every* quarter of an hour. Such a man, if he had nothing else great about him, had at least indomitable will and great perseverance. Of his first success, *The Warden*, he says: "The novel-reading world did not go mad about it, but I soon felt that it had not failed as the others had failed. There were notices of it in the press and I could discover that people around me knew that I had written a book. You know it was the first of a series of novels about the clergy—the Bishops, Deans, Deacons and Archdeacons of Barchester." The story came into his head one mid-summer evening when he was walking around Salisbury Cathedral. There has been plenty of criticism of Mr. Trollope's clergymen, which will interest you, but it is only fair to let him tell his own story first. Here it is: "I may as well declare at once that no one, at the commencement of these stories, could have had less reason than myself to presume himself able to write about clergymen. I have been often asked in what period of my early life I had lived so long in a cathedral city as to have become intimate with the ways of a close. I never lived in any cathedral city, except London; never knew any thing of any close, and at that time had enjoyed no particular intimacy with any clergymen. My arch-deacon, who has been said to be life-like, and for whom I confess I have all a parent's fond affection, was, I think, the simple result of an effort of my moral consciousness. It was such as in my opinion an arch-deacon should be, or, at any rate, would be, with such advantages as an arch-deacon might have; and lo! an arch-deacon was produced, who has

been declared by competent authorities to be a real arch-deacon down to the very ground." Mr. Trollope must have written a book about the English clergy which does not appear in his list, or perhaps it was only an essay. At any rate, that and the persons in his novels drew down upon him the wrath of the *Contemporary Review*, which asserts that he knows nothing whatever about the Church of Englaud or its clergy—nothing of its workings, nothing of its rules. I have read the article and can only say that the whole account of the inside workings of the establishment, I mean the laws of the Church as to salaries, incumbencies and so on, are so technical that I can not understand them. Trollope says of the article: "The most ill-natured review that was ever written upon any work of mine appeared in the *Contemporary Review* on a set of clerical sketches."

To the English clergy Mr. Trollope has devoted a series of novels which are perhaps the best he ever wrote, those belonging to Barchester, beginning with the *Warden* and ending triumphantly with the *Last Chronicle*. In these books he certainly spared no pains with what may be called the framing of his pictures, the local surroundings. The new county which he added to England was real to him. He says: "I had it all in my mind; its roads and railroads, its towns and parishes, its members of Parliament, and the different hunts which rode over it. I knew all the great lords and their castles, the squires and their parks, the rectors and their churches. I made for myself a map of the dear county. Throughout these stories there has been no name given to a fictitious site which does not represent to me a spot of which

I knew all the accessories as though I had lived and wandered there." Of this set of novels it seems to me that the Last Chronicle is the best and the Warden the next, and this holds true of the clergymen in the two novels. In Mr. Crawley, Trollope rises into poetry and tragedy, as deep tragedy as can often belong to the experience of ordinary life. He gives us a country curate miserably poor—*that* is common enough; but this man is a man of intense piety, of great power in his office, a strong character, a ripe scholar full of antique learning, of poetic feeling. As a clergyman of the English Church, he is brought into contact with the persons of highest rank in the neighborhood, and he holds his own among them when it is a question of right or wrong. But Mr. Crawley is made almost mad from the daily, hourly pressure of household wants. He is too proud to take relief from his friend, the Dean, and a check for twenty pounds is slipped into his hand along with some other money. He is accused of having stolen the check. Even his best friends fear that in desperation he may have committed the crime. Even his wife feels that he must be mad when he can not tell her how he got the check. Is not this tragedy? "The depth of the man's anguish, as he tries to realize that he, with his high conscientiousness, his ever rigid preaching of duty, and his stern views of the holiness of a moral life, is held to be a thief; the awful dread of the wife that this last crowning calamity, her husband's public disgrace as a felon, is coming on, and that he is perhaps insane." Mr. Trollope has had the artistic instinct to enlighten this gloom in a way that heightens and relieves it. "The curate's daughter, a graceful girl, drawn in

slender outline, but with suggestive touches, is loved by a gentleman of the county, who, before this cloud had come on Mr. Crawley's home, had almost declared his love. He hesitates for a moment, but is drawn on by circumstances and by his love to act a chivalrous part, and his constancy—not heroically unflinching but still natural and true—keeps, as it were, a bit of blue sky in the upper distance, even in the darkest part of the story; while the comparatively petty vexation of his father, our old friend, the archdeacon, at the misalliance is a foil, most artistically designed, to the gaunt and deep agony in the other parsonage home. The pure tragedy of the situation is deepened by the fact that the sufferers are people made sensitive by early refinement and educated thought; that they can not even have the solace of suffering in solitude, for the pain is a public event. The sufferings of the educated classes come more clearly home to us than do those of the poor. Even when told by the greatest novelist we have, Hetty Poyser's suffering does not touch us so closely as the same sorrow in a person of higher station. Had Mr. Trollope painted the same kind of shame and sorrow in the home of one of the brickmakers of Hogglestock, the same half-insanity of a father, the same terrible anguish of a wife, and a similar cross in love to a brickmaker's daughter, he would probably have failed." "There is terrible poverty in the Crawley house, but it is never low and mean, it is picturesque in its intensity and completeness, for the carpetless room re-echoes to the sonorous recital of Greek verse, and Crawley himself never forgets that he is one of God's priests. Even the young girl, Grace Crawley, takes a nat-

ural dignity from the fact that, as her father's favorite pupil, she is a good scholar, though sweet and girlish, as love, 'takes up the harp of life' and as a terrible shadow blots out her sunshine. There is fine taste in Mr. Trollope's not introducing us to the girl until she is loved. Grace Crawley, before Major Grantly loved her, could not help taking a certain tone from her domestic surroundings, she must have acquired perhaps, hardness, bitterness or singularity from her unusual education and peculiar, not to say odd, bringing up. But Grace Crawley loved, is humanized; and Grace Crawley, with her love clouded, is softened; we forget the Greek, the poor borrowed clothes, as we think of the possibilities of her life as they seem to her young imaginings; of the Fairy Prince who can lift her to his high estate. Indeed, Mr. Trollope himself supplies us with means to judge what Grace might have been before her lover came to glorify her life. In the very few words spoken by the younger sister, Jane Crawley, we have all the abruptness and angularity of a young girl not much used to society, unusually educated, still too young either to be loved or to feel the need of it; not unhappy even in the poor home, because she also is her father's pupil, the companion of his studies and the sharer of his loftiest thoughts; we see in her what Grace was; we see in Grace what the change from girlhood to womanhood, from a mere home life to a life filled up by love, can accomplish.

It will be noticed, if we analyze the story thoroughly, that the main element is tragic; a terrible woe hanging over the head of the wretched home, with the possibility of the deeper sorrow of actual insanity—a fear present to him and present

to his wife. But the tragedy is relieved, in the first place, by the dignity of the man as a scholar and a priest; secondly, by the excitement of the conflict between him and the bishop; and thirdly, by all the happy possibilities arising from Major Grantly's love for the daughter of the house. Thus light and shade are naturally intermixed. . . . It is difficult to speak too highly of the simplicity of the father in the well known scene where Mr. Crawley refuses to receive Major Grantly's proposal, the perfect fidelity to nature, the artistic avoidance of all irrelevancy or exaggeration. Every word tells, and, though the feelings are highly wrought, nothing is strained; and every one of the actors is English and and human throughout." I believe *The Warden* comes next to this novel among Mr. Trollope's clerical works,— and it has one merit above the *Last Chronicle*. Mr. Harding is the central figure throughout and all the interest is united in him. Mr. Trollope's clergy are various but all well drawn. There is the archdeacon, "every inch an archdeacon;" Mark Roberts, a little worldly, but such a good fellow; Mr. Oriel, with his high Church formalisms; Arabin, the learned dean, and Mr. Stanhope, the careless dean; Dr. Tempest and Bishop Proudie, to say nothing of Mrs. Proudie.

Another series of Trollope's novels he himself likes better than his church novels. They are those which hang round the fortunes of Lady Glencora and her husband, Planty Pall. The husband, Mr. Palliser, appears first in the *Small House at Allington*, and the two run through almost all his society novels, but we see them most intimately in *Can You Forgive Her.* "In those personages and their friends," says the auto-

biography, “I have endeavored to depict the faults and frailties and vices, as also the virtues, the graces and the strength of our highest classes, and if I have not made the strength and virtues predominant over the faults and vices I have not painted the picture as I intended.” One thing Mr. Trollope has certainly done. He has written about great people without any affectation, and with easy acquaintance with their manners and ways of life. He does not affect to despise rank or to regard social inequality as a stupid sham, but his noblemen are gentlemen, and the persons whom he introduces to their society are at ease in it. Phineas Finn, who is the son of a doctor in a small Irish town, is quite in his place at an earl’s dinner-table and in the drawing-room of an earl’s daughter. He is neither insolent, sarcastic, nor fawning, nor are the great people who like him, guilty of the insolence of patronizing or the vulgarity of lionizing him,—and so with all his scenes in high life. The Pallisers are carried through four or five novels, which the author would like to have read together that we may see how the characters are made to grow and change with the passage of time and the change of circumstances. They are *Can You Forgive Her*, *Phineas Finn*, *Phineas Redux*, *The Prime Minister* and *Duke’s Children*. But the key note to the whole, the nobility of Plantagenet Palliser, the frank candor of his wife, can be found, I think, in a scene between them in *Can You Forgive Her*. If you have not read the novel it will be necessary to say that Lady Glencora is a great heiress who was in love with a handsome scamp, Burgo Fitzgerald, but was overruled by her friends and influenced

to marry Mr. Palliser, the heir of the Duke of Omnium. Burgo Fitzgerald asked her to run away with him, and she almost makes up her mind, when her husband appears on the scene and carries her home from the ball where she has met her lover.

Lady Glencora is charming, charming as the Duchess of Omnium, charming as a headstrong, imprudent, honorable woman. Plantagenet Palliser is always a very noble gentleman. "Such an one," says Trollope, "as will justify to the nation an hereditary peerage and the right of primogeniture; but he is always as fussy and as cold in every day life as he was one memorable morning before his feelings were awakened." The author thinks that this string of characters is the best work of his life, and that Planty Pall stands more firmly on the ground than any other personage that he has created. The chief fault I find with Trollope's works is that he always introduces some episode or underplot which could so well be omitted. If the Last Chronicle of Barset would stick to Mr. Crawley and not run off to the London Adventures of Mr. Johnny Eames, if Can You Forgive Her would give us only Lady Glencora and Alice Vavasor, and let the vulgar country lovers of Miss Greenow alone, how much better it would be. One comfort, you can skip what you don't like. I don't suppose Mr. Trollope will live forever as a writer, though why he should not stand with Jane Austen I do not see. His weakness is that he so often paints, not men, but manners, and manners change while men do not. Pictures of manners come at last to be interesting only to antiquarians and historians; the public ceases to care for them; but

to his contemporaries the painter of manners gives great pleasure.

I have said that Anthony Trollope *almost* persuaded me to become a novel writer. If his example came near having that effect, how much more that of his mother. We Cincinnatians think of Mrs. Frances Trollope as a person who once came and lived among us and then went away and abused us, but when you read her son's autobiography I think you feel differently toward her. She had a shiftless husband who never made any money, who was always deeply in debt, and who had a terrible temper; and she had a parcel of sickly children who had almost nothing to eat. She bore this troublesome life for about twenty years, and then determined to take matters into her own hands. She proposed to go far enough away from her English home to be saved the exposure of her broken fortunes. Now she knew Miss Fanny Wright, afterward Mme. Darusmont, and Miss Wright lived in Cincinnati, in the State of Ohio. Mrs. Trollope determined to go there, build a bazaar, and sell all those little notions, pins, buttons, tape, etc., which are the product of a high civilization, and which she supposed Cincinnati to be without. That she came, built her bazaar on Third street, lost all her money, looked about her, went home and wrote a book describing the Americans, we know. What the book was we heard year before last. Her son says: "No observer was certainly ever less qualified to judge of the prospects of a young people, or to know whether a nation was in a way to thrive. What she saw she judged, as most women do, from her own standpoint. If a thing were ugly to her eyes it ought to be ugly to all eyes; and, if ugly, it must be bad."

What though people had plenty to eat and clothes to wear, if they put their feet upon the tables and did not reverence their betters? The Americans were to her rough, uncouth and vulgar, and she told them so. Her volumes were very bitter, but they were very clever, and they saved the family from ruin." He may well say that, for Mrs. Trollope, within a few months after the publication of the book, got \$4,000 for it. That was because we were so very sensitive. Mr. Trollope came to Cincinnati, and of course looked up the bazaar and its owner. "I believe, sir, no man or woman ever yet made a dollar in that building; and as for rent, I don't even expect it," said the unfortunate man. She was over fifty, but with this encouragement she went on writing, and she wrote till she was seventy-six years old, supporting her family, establishing her sons, marrying her daughter, moving about first to escape her husband's creditors, afterward perhaps for a love of roving, till she settled down in Florence. She certainly was a remarkable woman. Her son says: "Of the mixture of joviality and industry which formed her character, it is almost impossible to speak with exaggeration. The industry was a thing apart, kept to herself. It was not necessary that any one who lived with her should see it. She was at her table at four in the morning, and had finished her work before the world had begun to be aroused. But the joviality was all for others. . . . Even when she was at work, the laughter of those she loved was a pleasure to her. She had much, very much, to suffer. Work sometimes came hard to her, so much being required, for she was extravagant and liked to have money to spend; but of all

people I have known she was the most joyous, or, at any rate, the most capable of joy." Her hardest trials were at Bruges, where the family were driven by the father's debts. He was broken-hearted and ill; the second brother, Henry, and the youngest girl, Emily, were both dying of consumption. Mrs. Trollope sent the eldest daughter back to England, that she might escape the danger. Anthony went to Brussels as usher to a school; the oldest son, Adolphus, found a place as clerk, and the mother was left alone in a big house outside of Bruges to nurse her three dying patients, her husband and two of her children, and to write novels for the support of the family. Anthony says that her best novels were written about this time. Before she died she had published 114 volumes, of which the first was not written till she was fifty. What a wonderful woman! When we know why she wrote we are willing to forgive her a great deal. Her satire of the Americans had had such a wonderful pecuniary result, that it was not strange that she should have encouraged her satirical vein; satire of a hard, poignant, persevering sort, very unlike Thackeray's graceful irony. She wrote first *The Refugee in America*, where we are treated even more harshly than in *Domestic Manners*. Next year came *The Abbess*, a romance rich in convents, love intrigues and Inquisition unpleasantries. Her books of the next few years attacked every thing—the slave trade, Jesuitism, Evangelical Piety, Cruelty to Children, Snobbishness. I suppose it made little difference to Mrs. Trollope herself, provided her book would sell and enable her to pay her doctor's bills. At last came a book which, though coarse, was said to be good. The

Widow Barnaby—a scheming widow who is admirably painted, and to whom all the other characters are skillfully made to play up. She appears in the opening of the novel as Miss Martha Compton, an old young lady, seeking for a husband. The husband doesn't last long, and then she is the Widow Barnaby, and quite able to hold her own. The humor is coarse, but it is unmistakable humor. After all, putting aside our respect for the woman, for her honest, earnest fight for a living for herself and her children, we owe Mrs. Trollope something for her persevering war against all hypocrisies and shams, and merciless raillery of all false pretences, no matter where found.

Some one complimented Anthony Trollope on his perfect picture of life in English ecclesiastical towns. "Ah," said he, "when you speak of careful observation and the honest and thorough report thereof, I am conscious of fidelity to the facts of life and character, but my brother is more than an accurate observer; he is a scholar, a philosopher as well; with historical tastes and cosmopolitan sympathies,—a patient student. You should read *his* books." This is the elder brother "Tom," as he is called in the autobiography. T. Adolphus Trollope, as we know him. Yes, if we are going to Italy we ought to read his books, not only his novels, which are mostly pictures of Italian life, but his History of Florence, and his Tuscany in 1849. Nobody knows ancient and modern Florence so well as Adolphus Trollope. He has lived there many a year. He has a lovely old palace with an antique reception room and a garden terrace, and there he has entertained Cavour, Mazzini, Gioberti, and

their disciples; there you could meet Landor, the Brownings, every body worth knowing. He is an Englishman living in Italy, not to please his tastes only; not to despise and ignore the people, but to help them—to sympathize with them. His History of Florence is liberal and comprehensive, a book well worth studying. There are also sketches of famous Italians, especially the Decade of Italian Women, which opens a whole new field of interest for us. Such studies well fitted him to write the series of Italian novels which give him a place in this novel writing family. *La Beata* is the earliest of them, and it is as complete a picture of Florentine life as is the *Vicar of Wakefield* of the rural life of England before the days of railways. You see the streets, the bridges, the people, the studio life of the artist, the peculiar customs, the church ceremonies, every thing, and the heroine herself. *La Beata* is not only an Italian of the lower class, but she is such a being as could only exist in that class in Italy. She is not merely a Catholic, but Catholicism alone could have produced such a woman. She is the very child of Florence. She loves the artist Pippo, and lives with him without the sanction of the marriage ceremony; but her conscience is not afflicted. She is doing no violence to her religious feelings, and the social opinion which has been brought to bear upon her, the opinion of her own neighbors, of the women of her own class, visits her with no censure. She loves, and thinks every thing said in that one word. She can not read men's hearts. She believes that Pippo loves her because he says so, and when he deserts her, it is a calamity like death. She does

not call it a wrong. Her purity of heart is fostered by her very ignorance. "Tina turned her face wearily to the pillow. After a while she said: 'I wish I was quite sure, Marta, that it was for Pippo's good that he should leave me. But I know so little! Do you think it is likely to be best for him?' 'Well, I suppose, if he came to be a famous painter, as they say, he will be wanting to marry some one who has got money and friends that would be likely to help him, you know,' answered the widow. 'And I have neither money nor friends to give him,' said Tina, musingly; 'that is certain. But it has often seemed to me,' she added, after a pause, 'that money and friends are not the best things of all to have. All the money and friends,' she pursued, are nothing at all to me in comparison to being loved by him; why should they be so much more valuable to him than all the love I gave him?' 'If I could only be satisfied that Pippo was really better off,' resumed Tina, after another long pause, 'and if I could but die, Marta mia, out of this weary, weary world, I would be content.'" This is sad enough, but here are a pair of lovers a little merrier: "Then you say yes! But say it with your own sweet lips." "Mind, Nanni," said Caterina, in a grave manner, "I said *if* all the others were agreed." "Well, be it so. If my father and yours consent, you will not say no?" "No," said Caterina, laughing; "will that do?" "No; say yes, if it is only to show that you can say yes," replied Nanni, who had by this time recovered the use of brains sufficient for the occasion, and who had got his great, strong arm round Caterina's little waist. "Say yes," he repeated, as, not seeking this time to

escape from his arm, she held up her face toward his with lips tightly closed, as if to refuse the utterance of the dreaded word. That was certainly the meaning of their position; but it did also give them very much the appearance of inviting a kiss. Nanni bent his face slowly and gradually toward them. "Say yes!" he repeated, giving her a little shake with the arm which was round her waist, and still bringing his lips nearer to hers. "Say it!" And when there was not above half an inch of distance remaining between them, so that the breath of the required monosyllable was more felt than the sound heard, the "yes" was uttered and the deed instantaneously sealed in due form.

In reading Adolphus Trollope's novels we never forget that we are in Italy, and he contrives without saying much, to leave in our minds a very favorable impression of the common people of Tuscany. Their patience, their good nature, their love of talk, their urbanity to each other, their courtesy to strangers, are all brought pleasantly before us. We see, too, what strangers can not see—the interior life of Florence. "Marietta" takes us into one of those massive Florentine palaces, with its lofty loggia overlooking mountain, river, olive orchard and vineyard, dome and tower, its church near by with the family chapel and ancestral effigies, its several floors let out as lodgings, its heavy portal, stone staircase, faded frescoes, barred windows, paved court-yard, moss-grown statues, and damp, green garden. We see all the familiar elements of the local life, the frugal dinner, the wine flask, the coal brazier, the antique lamp, the violin, the snuff-box, the large coarse cloak in which the master wraps himself,

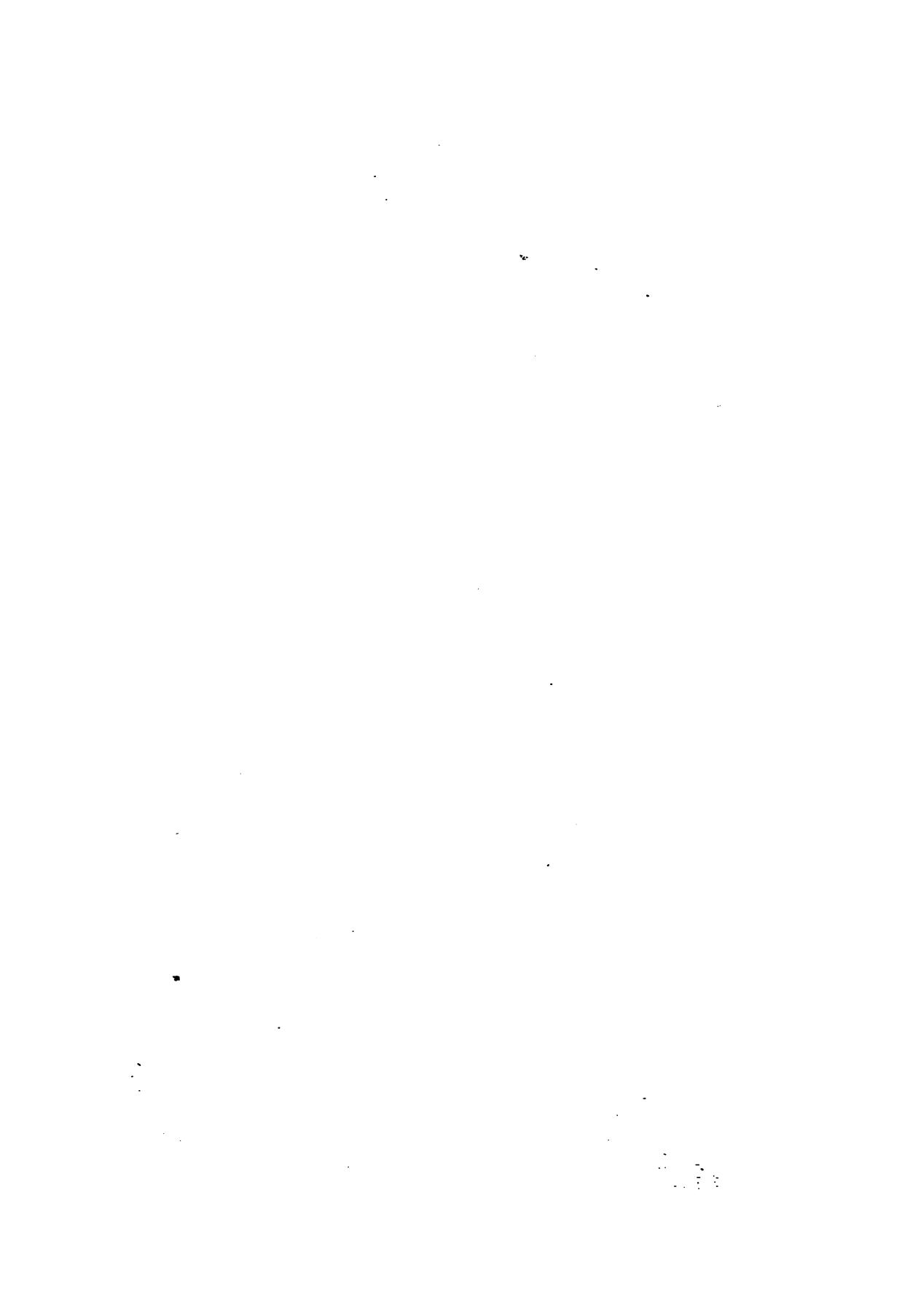
all the frugality, bonhomie, shrewdness, proverbs, greetings, grace, cheerfulness, chat, rural and city traits, prejudices, pride and pleasantness of Tuscan life and character. We have the very atmosphere of Florence, and so with other cities. The book I have enjoyed most is Giulio Malatesta, where we have an intelligible account of the modern rising in Tuscany, the struggle of 1848, when Garibaldi, Mazzini and Gioberti figured. Giulio Malatesta is a type of the earnest, thoughtful, patriotic Italian of our times, whose whole heart is given to Italy. We have first the students' life at the University at Pisa, their reading of Gioberti's wonderful books, then the rising of the young men determined to throw off the yoke of Austria, the march to Cortona, and the battle there. These young Italians are like our own young soldiers in the war of the Rebellion, so enthusiastic, and alas! so inexperienced. The last part of the novel takes us to fashionable life in Florence, the Florence of the present day. We are in the Cascine, not in a hired carriage or on foot, looking on and wondering, as we Americans generally do, but with the Florentine nobility, full of their gay-life. Carlo is the kindly, genial Italian we get glimpses of sometimes in our travels, kindly, playful, always ready to do a kindness, and always ready to fall in love. I suppose American gentlemen traveling, meet just such persons at the cafés. We ladies never see them, except in hotels and railway carriages, unless by chance we get an entrée into Italian society. But do not think, notwithstanding Anthony Trollope's brotherly enthusiasm, that these novels are so well written as his. They are not, they have the family perseverance and fidelity of detail, but the

language is not so good, the characters are merely sketches; there is no development of plot, though there are plenty of tragic incidents, as becomes books which treat of Italy. They will be interesting to you only if you are interested in Italy, in her life, her politics, her people; they are faithful reproductions, nothing else.

The Trollope family takes to novel writing, as other families take to the bar, the church, a merchant's life. The mother, Mrs. Frances Trollope, leads the way, then came the two sons, Adolphus and Anthony; the daughter, Mrs. Tilley, wrote one novel, *Chollerton*. Mrs. Theodosie Trollope, the wife of Adolphus, writes novels; Anthony's eldest son, Henry, left the law to take up the family occupation, and now comes a lady who supplies novels for the *Franklin Square*, Mrs. Frances Eleanor Trollope.

Before we leave the Trollopes, let us have a little more of their connection with Cincinnati. Mrs. Trollope came here in 1827, with her second son, Henry, and her two daughters. Anthony was left at school at Manchester, left without enough clothes, no pocket money, "the dirtiest little boy ever seen in the school," said the head-master, stopping him in the street one day. His mother's idea was to establish Henry in business in Cincinnati, in that bazaar, where pins and needles, pocket-knives and pepper-boxes were to be sold. They reach here by way of New Orleans, February, 1828, and the lady devotes thirteen chapters of her book to a description of the town, its society, markets, places of amusement, churches, etc. After trying two or three houses in the city, she at last settled at Mohawk village. The house she

lived in is still standing. It is in the yard of Dallas pottery, on McMicken Avenue (Hamilton Road is the more familiar name). Mrs. Trollope's house is a sound, ordinary, two-storied frame house—the house which the Pottery Club used for their work and their exhibit some few years ago. Here she lived, just on the edge of the forest, which then covered the hills for ten miles back, and here she received her husband and her eldest son, Adolphus, who followed her in about a year and a half. She hated Cincinnati, and when she wrote her book she abused it to her heart's content, but she affirms (and I suppose she speaks the truth) that all the astonishing conversations found in her book were noted down at once after their occurrence.



V.

TWO FRENCH FEMALE NOVELISTS.

[December 3, 1887.]

Why are novels, popular in their own time, such perishable literature? Have there been no great novels, no works of pure fiction to stand on a level with the poems, dramas, histories, essays that are immortal? We read, those of us who are able, Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, Plato's *Republic*, Cicero's *Orations* and *Essays*, with the same delight that they gave a thousand years ago. Shakespeare, Milton, Bacon, and Addison please us still. Corneille, Molière, Montaigne, still delight the French; but who can read a Greek or a Latin novel? To come nearer home, no Englishman reads Fielding, Richardson, Smollet, except from curiosity, and I am afraid very few English or Americans read Walter Scott. And so with the works of the French female novelists. *Can* anybody read the *Grand Cyrus* of Mlle. de Scudéry—does anybody read the *Princess of Cleves* of Mme. de la Fayette? And yet never books had greater popularity than these in their day. Mlle. de Scudéry's fifty volumes of poetry and prose were the delight of the most exquisitely polished society

France has ever known. They were translated into every European language, and even into some Eastern tongues. None of the women who have written since her time received more honors, or even more substantial rewards. Courb  , the publisher, made a fortune by them; and the authoress gained enough to place her above want. The *Grand Cyrus* alone brought Courb   100,000 crowns—a large sum for any times. As to the popularity of her novels, it was almost fabulous. The coming out of a new volume was an event; her books were read and admired by the whole civilized world, and her most famous contemporaries loaded her with praise. Mme. de S  vign   writes: "In a hundred thousand words I could only tell you a truth which is equivalent to assuring you, Mme., that I must ever love and adore you. These words alone can express my opinion of your extraordinary merit. It is often the subject of my admiration and of the happiness I have in having some share in the friendship and esteem of such a person." The Bishop of Avranches says: "She was as illustrious for her modesty as for her merit," and "that letting her novels go out under her brother's name is to labor for the glory of the French nation and spare the pride of the male sex." The great Fl  chier writes to her: "My autumn occupation is to read the *Grand Cyrus*, *Cl  lie* and *Ibrahim*. These works possess all the charm of novelty for me, and I find in them so many things calculated to set the world right, that I freely acknowledge to you, you will frequently be with St. Augustine and St. Bernard in the sermons I am preparing for the court." When he was called upon to preach on the death of Turenne, he asked her to help him with a few sug-

gestions. "You can help me over this difficulty, if you will but have the goodness to think of what you would say if you were in my place." Then again: "I want reading so delightful to rest me from the fatigues of a journey and save me from the ennui of indifferent company. Indeed, Mlle, it seems to me that you ever increase in wit. Every thing is so full of reason, so polished, so moral, so instructive, in the two volumes you have done me the favor of sending me, that I am sometimes tempted to distribute copies of them in my diocese, to edify the good, and to give a good example of morality to those who preach it." Ménage says: "Our value for her works is the test of our taste. As for their length, Homer and Virgil are long too; and Clélie and Cyrus are epic poems in plan and detail—poems destined to outlive all criticism." And her novels were read in England. Witness Edith Bellenden, in *Old Mortality*, who begs her uncle to send her "the second volume of the Great Cyrus, as she had only read as far as the imprisonment of Philidaspis on the 730th page." At least Walter Scott knew them. As to their length, that was no objection when they were written. Mme. de Genlis says: "Ten volumes were not too much in times when ladies undertook to work the furniture of a whole château." Perhaps one charm of the *Grand Cyrus* in particular, was that beneath a thin veil of fiction there lay a picture of the society of the time. Every body knew who was meant by Cyrus, Mandane, and the others. And this was pleasant not only for the high society, who could test the truth of her pictures, but for the bourgeoisie, who were excluded. A key to the novel is to be found now in the library of the

Arsenal, Paris, and M. Cousin has republished it for us. There you discover that the hero, Cyrus, is the great Condé; Mandane, the heroine, Mme. de Longueville, his sister; Clémire is Catherine de Vivenne, and Sappho is Mlle. de Scudéry herself. You may read it all, if you have the patience, and you may read between the lines the complete history of the society of the seventeenth century. And then, if you do not want to take the trouble yourself, Victor Cousin has taken it all for you. The book has, first, portraits of the different characters, then very subtle analyses of their minds and talents—conversations (of interminable length) between them, written, say the critics, with wonderful subtlety and delicacy. Mme. de Sévigné, who was, perhaps, not quite sincere in her praises addressed to the author, writes of these conversations to her daughter: “They can not but be good when they are not drowned in her great novel.”

The book certainly deserves a little attention from us and so does the author, who was the leader of those Saturday reunions which followed the salons of the Hotel Rembouillet. Georges and Madeleine de Scudéry were of Italian descent, but the family had long been settled in Provence, where the father of the two authors had some position. The family had been noble, but it was what we call decayed, and had descended into the bourgeoisie. Madeleine had that family pride which is the last thing to decay, and Tallement des Réaux says: “She was in the habit of saying ‘since the ruin of our family.’ One would think she meant the overthrowing of the Greek empire.” Georges was at first a soldier and afterward, retiring from the army, he took to lit-

erature, went to Paris and had lodgings in the Rue de Beauce, now a narrow passage running between the Rue d'Anjou and the Rue de Bretagne, near the Temple. Here his sister joined him and he made good use of her. She was a great deal nicer than her brother, as modest as he was vain and as gentle as he was quarrelsome. As to her talent for writing, she had not, perhaps, his brilliancy of imagination, but she had ten times the delicacy of style, the insight into character, the power of analysis. Cousin calls her the inventor of the psychological novel, which I thought was an invention of our day. He calls her also the French Addison, which is high praise to English ears. Madeleine's novels appeared under her brother's name, and he certainly kept a close superintendence over her writing. He would lock her up, when she did not write fast enough; to keep her to her task. But every body knew who was the real author; that George contributed only the plot, while the portraits, the characters, etc., were from his sister's pen. How happy her readers were, to recognize themselves, their friends and their enemies, painted to the very life, in her pages. The long description of Cléomire's palace pleased every body, for every body knew that *that* was the Hôtel Rambouillet; that the rooms, the pictures and the very couches were those of the marquise. Tallemant des Réaux says: "You can not imagine how pleased the ladies are to be in her novels, or rather to have their portraits in them; for their characters only, not their actions, must be looked for." Of course some were angry, among others, Mme. de Cornuel, the originator of the famous saying, "No man is a hero

to his valet de chambre, and she resented the description of herself in the *Grand Cyrus*, by comparing Mlle. de Scudéry's complexion to ink. It was very dark and not very clear. Mlle. was ugly, and she acknowledged it. Nanteuil took her portrait in pastel and flattered it too much. She sends him this little verse :

“ Nanteuil, in drawing my likeness,
Has shown the power of his divine art ;
I hate my eyes in my mirror—
I love them in his work.”

She gives her own portrait as Sappho. Luckily nobody knows whether Sappho was pretty or ugly, so Mlle. had a fair field. She begins with her family: “ Sappho is the daughter of a man of quality, who was of a blood that there is no family where one can see a longer suite of ancestors, nor a genealogy more illustrious or less doubtful.” Then came the delicate part of her looks: “ You must not imagine that her beauty was of that kind in which envy can find no fault, . . . yet still she was capable of inspiring greater passions than were the greatest beauties in the world. She is small, but her figure is so noble and so graceful that there is nothing to desire in it. Her complexion is not of extreme whiteness, but very brilliant. Her strongest point is her eyes; so lively, so loving and so full of wit that you can not desist from gazing at her, and her hands are so admirable that they seem made to catch hearts or to gather the loveliest flowers of Parnassus.” Bravo, Mlle ! When she was about thirty years old, her brother made a journey to Normandy,

where a pretty and rich widow fell in love with him because he was the author of *Ibrahim* and the *Grand Cyrus*. He married her and Mme. de Scudéry never would believe that he did not write these charming books. Indeed Georges took no pains to undeceive her. Once La Calprenède told him flatly that he was not the author. George challenged him, and it was only his sister's interference that prevented the duel. But at least Mlle. was rid of her brother and at liberty to indulge her taste for refined society. Mme. de Rambouillet took her up, Mlles. Paulet and Julie were her intimate friends, Chapelain, Conrart admired her. Voiture alone thought her bourgeois. Voiture was privileged at the Hôtel Rambouillet. It was he who kissed Julie's hand. It was he who dared to chuck Mlle. Paulet under the chin, and he would not listen to Mlle. de Scudéry.

Montausier undertook to avenge her. When Voiture said a bright thing, he would look astonished and say: "What is there so fine in that? I don't see any thing to laugh at." Mlle. was found almost every evening at the Hôtel, studying the characters around her, listening to the conversations; then at home, either that night or early in the morning, she wrote out her hook. Through the thirty years of the salons of Catherine de Vivenne, through the troubles of the Fronde, till the marriage of Julie and the sickness of her mother broke up the meetings, Mlle. was there an honored guest. Then she established her Saturdays at her own home, Rue de Beauce, reunions a little bourgeois, but brilliant still. Montausier and his wife, Mme. de Sablé, Mme. de Longueville came sometimes, and the wits and poets thronged

around her. The Saturdays were as free from intrigue and scandal as the salons; love, unless the formal gallantry of the Précieuses, was entirely forbidden. Mlle. did not wish to marry. She was only for Platonic affections. Here are her objections to matrimony: One of Sappho's lovers seeing her sad at the marriage of a friend, has a long conversation with her on the subject. "Evidently," he says, "you do not regard marriage as a good thing." "It is true," answers Sappho, "that I regard it as a long slavery." "Then you think that all men are tyrants?" "I think, at least, that they may become so. I know that there are many very honorable men, who merit all my esteem, and who can even acquire my friendship, but when I think of them as husbands, they are masters, and masters so nearly approaching tyrants, that I hate them from that minute, and I thank Heaven for having given me such a distaste to marriage." "But if there were a man happy enough to touch your heart?" said Tisandre, "would you not change your opinion?" "I don't know about my opinion," she answered, "but unless I fell in love so deeply as to lose my senses, I would never give up my liberty." Alas! what woman is safe? Her destiny came in the shape of a young man fifteen years her junior, Paul Pellisson—disfigured by the small-pox so terribly that his friends could not recognize him. He was an author of some merit, writing the History of the French Academy, under the supervision of Richelieu. They were too old, too poor, and too ugly to marry, so they agreed on a friendship very like love, or a love bordering on friendship, whichever may be the correct definition of Platonic affection. Here is the agreement from the Grand

Cyrus: "Phaon solemnly promised Sappho, who wished it to be so, never to require more than the possession of her heart from her, and she also promised never to receive any one else in her's." Cousin says: "As between two persons who love each other very much, there is always one who loves the more; in this case that one was Mlle. de Scudéry." She proved her love. After eight years of this tender friendship, Fouquet, the minister of Mazarin, fell. Pellisson was his confidential clerk, and he fell with his master. He was thrown into the Bastile for four years. Mlle. de Scudéry was untiring in her efforts to release him or to lighten his captivity. She wrote him consoling little notes, which reached him through his prison bars —the chimney sweep carried a great many of them. He answered them with the lead he took from his windows, writing on the blank leaves of his books. Moreover, he wrote a poem for her, *Eurymedon*, and also very brave memoirs in defence of his unfortunate master. Meantime he amused himself with taming a spider. He was released in 1666, was received into favor by Louis, turned Catholic and devotee, and died in 1693, eight years before Mlle. de Scudéry. The *Grand Cyrus* was finished in 1653, so that these long conversations on the nature of Platonic love must have occurred before Pellisson's imprisonment. You can read them in M. Cousin's work if the novel itself frightens you. Pellisson appears again in *Clélie*, where he has all the virtues. Let us rejoice in the existence of a friendship or love, whichever you please, which made Mademoiselle's last years happy, and let us pass to something else, her opinion of women and of their claims to consideration.

The improvement of women in intellect was her favorite subject. Indeed, she aimed, like some of *our* female novel writers, to make her novels teach as well as amuse. Ignorance she claimed to be the bane of the women of her time. One of her characters is made to say: "Whosoever should attempt to put down what fifteen or twenty women say when they are together would write the worst book in the world." When Molière attacked the Précieuses, Mlle. de Scudéry defended them very simply and wisely. "Is a woman to learn nothing?" she says. "Then you should forbid her to speak and never teach her to write. If she is allowed to talk and to write, she must be allowed to learn all the things which can enlighten her mind, form her judgment and teach her to speak and write *well*. Seriously, is there any thing more ridiculous than the way in which the education of women is generally carried on? You wish them to be neither coquettes nor flirts, and you teach them carefully only such things as belong to coquetry, without doing any thing to strengthen their virtue or occupy their minds. In their early youth they are scolded for not taking care of their complexions, for walking or sitting ungracefully, for neglecting the lessons of their singing or their dancing-master, and the folly of it is that a woman can dance with propriety only during five or six years of her life, while she spends ten or twelve in learning to dance—whereas, she is obliged to have good judgment till she dies, and to talk even till her last sigh, and you teach her nothing to make her talk more agreeably or act with more discretion."

Another sentence from the *Grand Cyrus* might suit our day:

“The difficulty of knowing something and not being thought too learned, proceeds not from what one woman knows, but from the ignorance of other women. The singularity of knowledge is what causes it to be censured.” Mlle. lived too long; she survived all her friends, and reached the age of ninety-four. But all that could soften old age was granted to her—distinctions, honors, and munificent proofs of the value set on her books. Christina, of Sweden, gave her a pension; Mazarin left her an annuity, and Louis XIV. himself, eighteen years before her death, gave her a pension of 2,000 livres. In the spring of 1701 she took a severe cold, but still persisted in certain religious austerities. June 2, she rose in the morning, but was seized with faintness. “Il faut mourir,” she said, as they laid her in her bed. Her confessor was sent for, but she was too deaf to hear him; but she asked for her crucifix, and held it firmly while the priest gave her absolution, then she passed gently away. She was buried in the church of the parish where she had lived for fifty years—St. Nicholas des Champs.

What are those works which made her so famous in her own time? Mlle. de Scudéry wrote for thirty years, and she published fifty volumes. There were portraits, conversations, and a few poems—then the novels, in which we have the chief interest. The three romances that are undoubtedly hers are Ibrahim, or the Illustrious Bassa, the Grand Cyrus and Clélie. Ibrahim is said to be the most readable, considered as a novel, having a good plot, and not overloaded by episodes and conversations. The two families of Justiniani and Grimaldi at Genoa, are like the Montagues and Capulets at Verona, sworn

enemies, and young Justiniani falls in love with Isabella Grimaldi. Her father finds him under her window, and is just about to kill him, when he is himself attacked by masked assassins. Justiniani saves his life, and in gratitude the old Grimaldi promises him his daughter. But the lover had killed in the fray the son of a powerful senator, and is obliged to go into exile. The father dies, and the mother wants Isabella to marry a wealthy suitor, even sending word to Justiniani that she is married; then the lover, in despair, goes to the court of Soliman, the Turk, and becomes a great general—Ibrahim Bassa. Eight years pass away, and the lovers meet again, still faithful. Isabella urges her lover to marry her and take her off to Turkey with him, but he is sure that Soliman will fall in love with her and take her away from him. Ibrahim goes back so melancholy that Soliman questions him, hears his story, and steals Isabella for him, but no sooner does the Sultan see this beautiful being than he falls in love with her. The lovers fly, are caught, and Ibrahim sentenced to death; but Soliman, by an heroic effort of generosity, pardons him, and sends the two happy and grateful lovers back to Genoa. One episode in Ibrahim is charming. The Marquis falls in love with four sisters at once, and defends his position. “I never feel more joy than when I see them all four together. I admire the fairness of the first, the bearing of the second, the voice of the third, the pretty ways of the youngest. And then, I am never quite unhappy if one of them is vexed or unkind. If it is the fair one, the dark one looks favorably at me; if I am out of favor with the grave one, the gay one consoles me by her good humor.

And when I am in the good graces of the whole four, I have joy inexpressible. Moreover, this beautiful and extraordinary passion can never end unhappily; for I can not reach that calamitous end which closes almost every love—I mean marriage. Such is my humor, that the greatest proof of affection I can give a girl, when I fall in love with her, is not to marry her. I always declare, in becoming her lover, that I do not intend to be her master, and that by professing myself her slave, I insure myself against ever being her tyrant. Then I am free to receive all those little favors which are not the property of husbands, and should always remain within the gift of ladies for the benefit of their lovers. Husbands do not wear bracelets made from the hair of their wives; they are not enchanted to kiss the tips of their fingers, to pay them compliments, praise their beauty, give them serenades, write verses in their honor, and tell them that they burn and die of love for them; is it not, therefore, strange and unreasonable to deprive ladies and their lovers of these innocent pleasures?"

We know what the *Grand Cyrus* is—a ten volume romance, the scene avowedly laid in Persia, in the court of Cyrus the Great,—really in that of Louis XIV. The plot is nothing, the portraits, the conversations are all. I will give you one extract from the conversations. I believe, however, it comes from the third novel, *Clélie*, but they are alike, and this is about as amusing as any conversation I have read; there is a little covert satire in it: "When a man loves a melancholy lady," says Amilcar, "he must love her according to rule; he must pay her much homage and sigh a long

time. His confessions of love must be skilfully delivered. He must serve her in great as well as in little things; he must give her praise, sweetness, tenderness, transports, assiduity and a little despair besides. And then there are the polite notes, the tender notes and a thousand other things, which it would be too tedious to mention, and, after all your trouble, you are loved or you are not. If you are not, you have lost much time, and if you are, you are generally loved too much. For, out of a hundred melancholy ladies, there are not two but are jealous and hard to deal with, and drive you to despair with their endless lamentations. Thus a man is often more unhappy when they have given him their affection than when they withhold it." He greatly prefers the merry ones. "First of all, a merry one is more easily won; then you can possess her in peace, and if she has some little touch of jealousy, you can pacify her with a serenade. The quarrels are all slight, and the reconciliations are all spent on fêtes and amusements. I know, indeed, that these fair merry ones do not love you quite so ardently, but then they do not exact to be so terribly loved either. They give as much liberty as they take, and they require only pleasing things; for they like to promenade, to amuse themselves, to laugh, to sing, and to dance. Is it hard to do all this for their sakes?" Really these novels are not so dull after all.

Let us turn to another female writer of the age, born some thirty years after Mlle. de Scudéry, but dying before her, Mme. de la Fayette, great-grandmother of our La Fayette. Somebody, some cynical body, says that every

woman has a novel in her, and that, if she takes to writing, it is sure to come out. This is true enough of Mme. de la Fayette. The romance of her life was that she did not love her husband, and she was afraid she should love somebody else. Luckily for her, she did not meet the somebody else till after her husband's death, but her heroines were not so fortunate. Marie Madeleine Pioche de Lavergne came of a good family and was very carefully educated. She learned Latin of Ménage, and after three months study, was able to correct her teacher. "You know nothing about the real meaning of this passage," she said, and then gave her own correct translation. Ménage fell in love with her forthwith and wrote a Latin madrigal to her, calling upon Laverna, the goddess who steals away hearts, to spare him. Laverna is, of course, chosen because of the lady's name. From this madrigal, Molière takes the famous *Au Voleur ! au voleur !* of the *Précieuses Ridicules*. The young lady grew up, came out, had a society success and was married to the Marquis de la Fayette, a man, says Paul Albert, "neither good nor bad, neither witty nor stupid—he was just a husband." Mme. was romantic and expected a great deal from marriage. She got nothing. Her youth passed away peaceably, at the court, where she was the best friend of Mme. Henriette, of England, daughter of Charles I. and wife of the brother of Louis, Monsieur d'Orléans. She saw the terrible death of Henriette, wrote her biography and also some memoirs of the brilliant years of her court life. Then she retired, taking with her magnificent presents from the Orléans family, among others a hundred yards of velvet with

a hundred yards of satin to line it, from the Duchess of Savoy, daughter of Henriette. Nobody says when her husband died, but it was before Mme. de la Fayette was thirty-two, for it was then she fell in love with Rochefoucault, who was fifty-two. “Fell in love,” did I say? I suppose to say so is to wrong that long and tender friendship, which lasted during the rest of Rochefoucault’s life; a friendship of which Mme. de Sévigné says: “I believe that no passion could surpass it in strength or in constancy.”

La Rochefoucault had been one of the heroes of the Fronde, he had loved and been loved by Mme. de Longueville, and he had come out of the struggle disappointed both in his ambition and in his love. He says of himself: “I have known every thing, tried every thing, and my heart is empty.” Mme. de la Fayette pitied him, and did her best for him; she tried to reconcile him to life. She says of him: “M. de la Rochefoucault has given me wit, but I have reformed his heart.” He says of her what he certainly had never said of any other woman: “What! you are beautiful, charming? No, but you are *true*.” The two friends retired from the court, and gave the rest of their lives to an intellectual sympathy and a tender friendship. This was just at the beginning of Mme. de Maintenon’s reign, when, says Mme. de la Fayette, the court, instead of true piety shows only “*devotion*.” She invented the word. When the friends first met they had each written, la Rochefoucault his Memoirs and his Maxims, and Mme. her first novel, Mlle. de Montpensier, a sketch, but a forecast of her great work, the Princess of Cleves. Mme. de la Fayette is the founder of the mod-

ern novel, where the interest comes, not from strange adventures and striking incidents, but from the struggles of the mind and of the heart. There is no more adventure in the Princess of Cleves than there is in one of Miss Austen's novels, though there is certainly more passion, but the whole interest lies in the struggle between love and duty in the characters portrayed. Mme. de la Fayette's good taste, her "divine reason," as Mme. de Sévigné calls it, showed her the faults of Mlle. de Scudéry's works. She cut down their length in Mme. de Montpensier, left out the episodes and conversations in Zayde, her second novel, and then, having tried her prentice hand on them, she produced her Princess of Cleves. We have read works of more passion, we have seen in our day much keener analysis of character, but they are all the legitimate offspring of the first novel of feeling, the Princess of Cleves, where the matter is simple, the manner natural, no incidents but such as we may see daily, no feelings but such as every man and woman has felt or can feel. We can give the plot in a very few words. "A young woman, scarcely married and married without love, meets the man that she can love. She is ignorant herself, for a long time, as to the nature of the new sentiment which fills her heart. As soon as she knows what it is, she struggles courageously, she avoids every occasion for meeting her lover, she even begs her husband to save her by taking her away from the court. Her husband, broken-hearted, by her avowal, dies. Now she can marry the man who has not ceased to show her the most profound, the most respectful passion, but there is a death between them, a death for which

they are in some degree answerable. She refuses him and retires to a convent. "Her life, which was short enough, left examples of inimitable virtues," is the last line of the book. But we must have a closer study of it. The scene is laid in the court of Henry II., just far enough away to awaken interest and yet to preserve the manners of the time of Louis XIV. Mlle. de Chartres has just married the Prince of Clèves. "She marries him," she says to her mother, "with less repugnance than any other, but she has no particular inclination for his person." A great ball is given at the court, where Mme. de Clèves appears for the first time. Here is the passage: "When she entered every one admired her beauty and her dress, the ball began, and while she was dancing with the Duke of Guise there was a noise at the door of the hall, as if some one was entering to whom every body gave place. Mme. de Clèves had just ended her dance, and while she was waiting another partner, the king called out to her to take the cavalier who had just arrived. She turned and saw a man whom she felt could be only M. de Némours. He was stepping over the seats to reach the dancing floor.

Nobody could see M. de Némours for the first time without being seized with admiration, especially on this evening, when the care with which he was dressed added to his brilliant air; but it was just as difficult to see Mme. de Clèves for the first time without equal astonishment. M. de Némours was so surprised at her beauty, that when he approached her and she made him a courtesy, he could not avoid giving marks of his admiration. When they began to dance, there rose in the

hall murmurs of praise. In short, the king and queen presented them to each other, and they fell in love. "Is there any true love," says Mme. de la Fayette, "that is not involuntary?" But the lady does not know that she is in love—she has had no experience! Even the report that M. de Némours is to marry Queen Elizabeth does not open her eyes—it is only an honor to be conferred on him. Her first suspicion of her feelings is as prettily told as it could be by the most refined modern writer. M. de Némours remarks that "he can not imagine any suffering so great to a lover as that of seeing his lady at a ball, dancing with anybody, except that of hearing that *she* was there and being absent himself." A ball is given, M. de Némours is away—Mme. de Clèves feigns sickness, and does not go! Then comes a little jealousy. M. de Némours admires the dauphiness. Next, her mother, Mme. de Chartres, is dying. She calls her daughter to her bedside. "We must part, my daughter," she said, holding out her hand; "but the danger in which I leave you, and your want of me, increase my regret at our separation. You have a tenderness for M. de Némours. I do not ask you to acknowledge it. I have long perceived the feeling, but I would not mention it, lest I should thus make you conscious of it. Now you see it but two well. Remember what you owe to your husband; remember what you owe to yourself. Be strong and courageous, my child; retire from court; compel your husband to remove you. Fear no course as too harsh or too painful; howsoever dreadful it may appear at first, it will be easier in the end than the misfortunes of an intrigue." Then she sent her daughter

away, turned her face to the wall and died. "People died simply in those days," says the French commentator. Mme. de Clèves leaves the court and retires to a country-house at Coulommiers. Here M. de Némours roams around the grounds, hoping to catch at least a glimpse of her. One morning, from a garden pavilion, he sees Mme. de Clèves and her husband approaching—he conceals himself in an inner room, and hears Mme. de Clèves, falling at her husband's feet, say: "I will confess to you what was never confessed to a husband before. It is true that I have reasons to leave the court, and that I wish to avoid perils into which persons of my years sometimes fall. I have never given any signs of weakness, and I should not fear to let any appear if you would allow me to retire from court, or if I still had Mme. de Chartres to guide me. However perilous may be the course I take, I take it with joy, to keep myself worthy of you. I beg your pardon a thousand times; if I have feelings that displease you, at least I shall never displease you by my actions. Remember that, to act as I do, a woman must have more friendship and esteem for a husband than ever were felt before. Guide me, have pity on me, and love me still if you can." M. de Clèves tears his hair a great deal, of course, but at last he makes this really noble answer. He insists on her return to Paris, "For, by giving you your liberty, madame, I give you narrower limits than I could prescribe." But the trial is too much for the poor man; his wife refused to tell the name of her lover, but he can not rest till he finds it out; then come suspicions, suffering—at last, death. He is seized with a violent fever, calls his wife to his

bedside, forgives her, and dies—simply. Now the lovers are free, but there is a death between them. At the proper time M. de Némours appears and offers his hand. She confesses that she loves him, but that she will never marry him. Moreover, who knows what the future may have in reserve. Will he always love her as much as he does at this moment? “If he should love another should she dare to complain?” Mme. de Clèves goes into a convent to convince her lover that when she gives him up she gives up all the world besides, and M. de Némours,—he consoles himself and forgets.

When the novel was published, in 1678, every body was delighted. People stopped each other in the streets to talk about it. There were severe criticisms; there was extravagant praise. But the chief point was, how much had M. de la Rochefoucault to do with it. Paul Albert, one of the late critics, suggests that Rochefoucault, although his heart was reformed, as Mme. de la Fayette asserts, had not yet come to the point of believing that all women were like Mme. de Clèves; therefore, it is probable that he slipped into the romance one or two episodes, telling of people less perfect; more like those whom one meets every day. This would make a piquant contrast, and render the fine sentiments of the hero and the heroine even more brilliant. Here is one episode which is really quite Rochefoucault-like. One day M. de Clèves finds his friend Sancerre plunged into the most violent grief and, as it were, ready to lose his reason. To every question he answered only these words: “She is dead! I shall never see her any more.” At last he told M. de Clèves that he had been engaged for more than a year

to a young widow, and that she had promised to marry him. His friend consoles him, and, the next day, goes again to see him. This time M. de Sancerre is in a rage. What has happened? Why, just after M. de Clèves left him, another friend appeared, threw his arms around M. de Sancerre's neck, exclaiming "She is dead! I shall never see her again!" The widow was engaged to this gentleman also, and had promised to marry *him*. Paul Albert finishes his criticism of the novel with the sentence: "The heroine sacrifices her passion to her duty, nothing could be better; and the hero—he *has* loved, he loves, and he will love. One had nothing better to do during the reign of Louis XIV.

We care a little for Mme. de la Fayette apart from her novels. Her whole life, after her husband's death, was devoted to her friends, Mme. de Sévigné and La Rochefoucault. Which was the dearer?

Just before her death she said to Mme. de Sévigné: "Believe, dearest, you are the being I have most loved in this world;" but *I* don't believe it. Her whole life was given to Rochefoucault, who had nothing, while Mme. Sévigné had every thing. He was very sad, but very brilliant in his sad way, and he exercised over every body who approached him that charm which people who have had extraordinary adventures always possess. He was like Othello: "She loved me for the dangers I had passed, and I loved her that she did pity them." Is it a pity that they did not meet in youth? I think not. Mme. de Longueville, with her beauty, her wit and her daring, would have proved too strong a rival for Mme. de la Fayette. They met in time for friendship. The

once brilliant adventurer of the Fronde had become a sad and infirm man, and Mme. de la Fayette, disappointed in her youth, in infirm health, gave the rest of her life to him. Alas! he died thirteen years before she did. At his death she lost all interest in life, sank into a kind of lethargy, of which Mme. de Sévigné says: "Mme. de la Fayette is going to-morrow to a little house near Meudon, where she has already been. She will spend a fortnight there, to be, as it were, suspended between heaven and earth. She does not want to think, nor to talk, nor to answer, nor to listen. She is tired of saying good morning and good evening. She has fever every day and rest cures her. Rest is what she requires. I shall often go to see her." But rest did not cure her. She was waiting till death should remember her, says Albert, and yet she was only fifty-nine when she died.



VI.

MADAME DE MAINTENON.

[April 22, 1888.]

“Time, with its whirligig, brings its revenges,” says the proverb, and the varying reputation of Mme. de Maintenon is a proof of its truth. In her life-time the attacks upon that reputation were unceasing and terrible, for she had plenty of enemies, but since her death, as time goes on, each writer who occupies himself with her character does his best to rehabilitate her. Like Cromwell, Robespierre and others she finds defenders now, and we discover that she had both virtue and genius, and that in all the doubtful passages of her life she did the best that circumstances would allow. Two writers of her own time are responsible for her bad reputation—the Princess Palatine, second wife of Monsieur, who hated her because she married the Princess’ son, the Regent, to the daughter of Mme. de Montespan, and St. Simon, who hated her on general principles. Let us judge for ourselves.

The first famous person in Mme. de Maintenon’s family was her grandfather, Théodore d’Aubigné, the Protestant hero and the friend of Henry IV. He was one of those

wonderful men whose childhood prefigures their greatness. He learned languages and history when four years old, translated Plato at eight, went to prison for heresy at ten, under the terrible penalty of "Death or the mass," to which the boy answered: "The horror of the mass has taken away all fear of death." His first effort as an author was a little collection of love poems, called "The Spring of d'Aubigné," dedicated to Diana de Taley. The love that inspired the pretty poems had a sad ending. Differences of religion broke off the match, and the disappointment threw Théodore d'Aubigné into a fever and killed Diana de Taley. Her father, M. de Taley, was favorable to d'Aubigné's suit, won by a noble action of the young man. He had escaped from Paris three days after the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and was lying concealed at Taley, when the father proposed to him to buy his safety by giving up certain papers relating to the conspiracy of Amboise, which would compromise the Chancellor de l'Hôpital, who had deserted the Huguenot cause. D'Aubigné threw the papers into the fire. "I *may* yield to temptation," he said, "let us burn the papers then, lest they should burn me." It was the uncle of Diana, the head of the family, who refused his niece to her Protestant lover.

His friendship for Henry IV. was a sincere one. His intercessions saved Henry from a marriage with Gabrielle d'Estrees, as Sully's entreaties saved him from marrying his next mistress, Henriette d'Entragues, and it was d'Aubigné who made the famous speech to the king, when he was wounded in the mouth by an assassin: "Sire, you have renounced God with your lips and he has pierced your lips, should you ever

renounce him with your heart, he will pierce your heart." The son of Théodore and the father of Frances d'Aubigné seems to have been the black sheep of the family. Constant d'Aubigné murdered his wife, sold his conscience for pardon, was favored by the court of Louis XIII., betrayed a fortress entrusted to his care, fled to Geneva to his father, whom he deceived by declaring himself again a Protestant, betrayed his father again to the court of France, and at last was thrown into prison at Niort, where his second wife, Jeanne de Cadillac, accompanied him. At Niort Mme. de Maintenon was born. Her parents were horribly poor, almost starving. There were three children, the husband and the wife to be supported by the food allowed for the husband alone. At last the aunt, Mme. de Villette, sister of Constant, came to their aid and took the three children, till her brother was removed to Château-Frompette, and to a more lenient jailor. Here the little girl lived for six years. She plays with the daughter of the jailor, who shows her a little sum of money which she has saved up. "It is true," says the little aristocrat, "that I am not so rich as you, but then I am a gentlewoman and you are not." At last, through the importunities of the mother, the father is set free, and the whole family sail for Martinique. On the voyage the little Frances was seriously ill, was given over, was apparently dead, but her mother clung to the little body and refused to let it be thrown overboard. Her husband snatched it from her and gave it to the sailors. The mother asked for a last kiss only, when she declared that she felt the heart beat, and true enough, the child recovered. "Madame," says the Bishop

of Metz, in after days at Marly, "Madame, no one returns from such a distance for a little matter." Madame d'Aubigné was a devoted mother, but a dreadfully strict one. When the vessel was in danger of being taken by English privateers, Frances says to her brother: "Let us be taken, it will be a great deal better, because we shall not be scolded by our mother any more." At Martinique, Constant, at first very successful, lost every thing by gambling, and the whole support of the family fell upon Mme. d'Aubigné, a sort of Spartan mother. "Are you crying for the loss of a house?" she said to her daughter, when their plantation house caught fire. "No," said Frances, "I am crying for my doll, who is burning up alive." Frances's education was very strict. She reads Plutarch's lives, like Mme. Roland, and writes little compositions about them, which her mother says "will serve to conquer her excessive timidity." I am sure I don't know why. Her reward for these compositions was permission to write to her aunt, Mme. de Villette, whom Théodore d'Aubigné used to call his only child, so good, charitable, religious, was she.

When at last Constant d'Aubigné finished his unworthy life, his wife sailed for France, leaving her little daughter in the hands of his creditors, as a pledge that she would come back and pay his debts. She never came back and the debts remained unpaid. The *pledge* was such an expensive one that at last Frances was shipped off to her aunt by the despairing creditors. In France the young girl's life, from thirteen to sixteen, is a long struggle between the Protestant aunt, Mme. de Villette, and the Catholic mother, for the religious conviction of the child. Mme. de Villette had all the

traditions of the family in her favor. She held up the heroism of the grandfather, the apostacy and cowardice of the father, as examples, and Frances made a merit of her enthusiasm for Protestantism. "You do not love me," said her mother, trying to persuade her to go to mass. "I love my God more." Forced to go to the chapel, she turned her back to the altar. When she came home her mother boxed her ears. "Strike," said the little enthusiast, turning her other cheek, "it is glorious to suffer for our religion." At last the court gives an order that she shall be taken from her aunt and put into the hands of Mme. de Neuillant, a connection of the family and a strict Catholic. Here, as a punishment for her obstinacy, she is put with the servants. "I used to command in the poultry-yard," said she; "it was by that government that my reign began." Sometimes she had to help the coachman curry the horses, but in all her work, care was taken to preserve her complexion. She performed her out-of-door duties with a mask fastened over her face, because to a poor French girl, of noble birth, her face is her fortune. Here the Protestants of Geneva, hearing of her persecutions, and proud of her firmness, sent her books and letters, begging her to be faithful to her grandfather's religion. To save her from them, and from a young peasant, who had the presumption to fall in love with her, Mme. de Neuillant put her in a convent of Ursuline nuns—the kindest, the gentlest of women. Mme. de Maintenon, in after-life said: "It would have been the basest ingratitude in me, had I refused to listen to them. I made but one condition. I will admit

all, provided you do not oblige me to believe that my aunt, Mme. de Villette, will be damned." When she was sixteen the sisters suggested that they could not keep her any longer as a scholor, and she certainly had no vocation for a religious life. She might board with them if any one would pay for her. Mme. de Villette refused because of her conversion, her mother could neither pay her board at the convent nor support her in her own house. She went back to Mme. de Neuillant, living in Paris, in the Rue St. Jacques.

There was another house in the Rue St. Jacques where it was an honor to be received, the house of Scarron, the wit, the poet, the cripple. He had the use of his right hand, his eyes and his tongue. He describes himself as being doubled up in the shape of the letter Z, his chin resting on his knees, a prey to horrible sufferings from rheumatism. Sufferings borne not with patience only (many a sick person has done that), but with positive gayety. His conversation was brilliant, his repartees have come down to us and are worthy of their fame; his writings are inexpressibly dull, having all the dreary ingenuity and labored pleasantry that seems to have been approved in that time, both in England and France. Into the salon of Scarron, a salon frequented by all the wits of the time, by St. Evremand, Voiture, the Count de Gramont, Mme. de Sévigné, Ninon de l'Enclos, Mme. de Lesdiguières (who had educated herself to wit, as one might educate himself to law or medicine), and many another of that gay time; into this salon Mme. de Neuillant brought the little girl of sixteen, in a dress too nar-

row and much too short, at which entrance she first blushed and then

“Began to cry, I know not why,”

says Scarron. He might have known well enough, if he had ever known anything of girls of sixteen. At any rate he remembered her, when, a few months afterward, her mother died and left her still more alone in the world. She had written a wonderful letter to a friend, a letter as good as a composition, in which she praised the Abbé Scarron. The letter was shown him. “What!” cried he, “do they learn to write like this in Martinique?” She grew so pretty, too; Mlle. de Scudéry, in one of her romances, Clélie, describes her under the name of Lyriane: “Her parents had carried her while an infant into the depths of Lybia, from whence she was now returned, so exquisitely lovely that scarce anything could be compared to her without injustice. She was very tall, but her stature such as not to impress awe, but to give dignity to her mien. Her complexion was fair, her hair of a bright chestnut color, the form of her face excessively agreeable, her mouth finely shaped, her air noble yet tender, modest yet gay, and to make her beauty more striking and perfect she had the finest eyes in the world. They were large and black, shining, soft, passionate, full of fire and expression. There was a nameless charm in their looks; a soft languor sometimes appeared in them, and sometimes the sprightliness of her wit and the gayety of her temper pointed their glances and gave them new lustre.” It was those lovely black eyes, softened by tears, that dwelt in Scarron’s memory. He took an opportunity, when he was alone with

her, to ask her what would become of her if she lost Mme. de Neuillant, who, severe as she was with her, still gave her a home. The tears came again, and the lovely eyes were as soft as ever. Then Scarron spoke: "There is no asylum for young ladies in your situation, except a convent or marriage. If you choose the first I will pay the sum necessary for your admittance; if the last, I can offer you a very narrow fortune and a very ugly person. But at least you may reflect that I have always been a man most averse to marriage and now I offer it to you." I believe the young girl's heart was too cold to be touched by such generosity. She never had a heart—nothing but a judgment—and that judgment made her accept Scarron. But she was kind to him; his nurse when he was sick, his companion and careful housekeeper when he was well. Their wedding day ended in an attack of such pain, such torture on the part of the bridegroom, as would have terrified an ordinary girl of sixteen. She stood firm through it all, doing every thing to relieve him that could be suggested. Poor Scarron! His wedding night was like all the rest—a night of torture. His epitaph, written by himself, tells his suffering through life:

Passants, ne faites pas de bruit,
De crainte que je ne m'éveille;
Car voilà la première nuit
Que le pauvre Scarron sommeille.

And here is the description of his person, also by himself: "My head is a little broad for my shape; my face is full enough to make my body appear very small; I have hairs

enough to render a wig unnecessary; I have many white hairs in spite of the proverb; my teeth, formerly square pearl, are now wood colored, and will shortly be slate colored. My legs and thighs formed first an obtuse angle, afterward a right angle, and at length an acute one; my thighs and body form another; and my head, always dropping on my breast, makes me a pretty good representation of the letter Z. I have got my arms shortened as well as my legs, and my fingers as well as my arms. In a word, I am an abridgment of human miseries." All this deformity was the result of an attack of inflammatory rheumatism, caught when he was twenty-four years old, through a mad carnival freak. He stripped himself naked, smeared himself with honey, and then rolled on a bed of feathers. In this condition he went out to the carnival. He was pursued by the mob—as I really think he ought to have been—and, to escape them, jumped from the bridge into the Seine. Mrs. Lennox says the bridge from which he jumped is still called Scarron's bridge.

St. Simon describes the married life of the strangely assorted couple: "The new wife pleased all the company who frequented the house, which was very numerous and of all kinds; it was the fashion to go there—wits, courtiers, citizens, the highest and most distinguished personages of the day; and the charms of his wit, of his knowledge, of his imagination, and of that incomparable gayety, always fresh amidst all his afflictions, that rare fecundity and pleasantry of the best taste, that we still admire in his works, attracted every body to his house." This was the house that the young Mme. Scarron, just sixteen, undertook to reform, and she

succeeded. Scarron's writings, after his marriage, are less licentious, and the conversation at his table was infinitely more decent. She certainly understood how to preserve her own dignity. "I would rather venture to accost the queen herself with a double entendre than that little Mme. Scarron," says one of the guests. "And I," says another, "could more easily make love to the queen than to her." St. Simon, who hates her because she thwarts the two ambitions of his life—that of exalting the French nobility and keeping down the illegitimate offspring of the king—does not hesitate to compromise her character and talk of her lovers—Fouquet, the Marquis of Villarceaux, and others; but Mme. de Sévigné defends her. I suppose the truth will never be known. Nine years passed in this strange union, and then Scarron died. "I never thought it so easy a matter to laugh at the approach of death," he says, in his last illness. Indeed he might well have been ready to go. His only trouble seemed to be anxiety for the fate of his young wife. He need not have been anxious. She was abundantly able to take care of herself. She was twenty-five years old, in the height of her beauty, intimate with the best society of the time, and she chose her rôle in life. She made up her mind to be *rigidly respectable*. It certainly was a new rôle for a woman at that time. The queen mother had given a sinecure to Scarron. He was her patient, and, as such, had a pension. This she continued to his widow till her death. Scarron's other source of revenue, his marquisate of Quinet, as he called it (Quinet was his publisher), had died with him. Mme. Scarron's friends at once arranged for her a marriage

with a man of great fortune, but of libertine life. She refused it. "I am raised," she says, "a hundred points above interest; I seek for honor." In seeking for honor, she applies to Mme. de Montespan, who uses her influence with the king to have her pension continued after the death of Anne of Austria. Then they all go together to Ninon de l'Enclos to celebrate the event by a good supper. We must remember, however, that the most virtuous ladies of the court, Mme. de Sévigné herself, visited Ninon.

Three years after Scarron's death, his widow was asked to take charge of some children of noble birth. No name was given, but she guessed the truth at once. "If the children are the king's, I will do it willingly. I could not undertake the charge of Mme. de Montespan's children without scruples. Thus it is the king who must order. Three years ago I should not have had this delicacy, but since then I have learned many things which now prescribe it to me as a duty." Very few people are wiser or more moral than their age, so we have no right to blame Mme. Scarron for making this distinction. Every body made it. In a wordly point of view she acted in the wisest manner. If she took her orders from the king alone, she would constantly come in contact with him, she would be his confidante, and she would place him under an obligation to her, for Louis was passionately fond of these children. At first he did not like her. She was a *Précieuse*, and Louis was ignorant and hated learned women. When he gave her the estate of Maintenon, which was close to Versailles and convenient as a residence for the children, he did it only at Mme. de Montespan's solicitation, and on

condition that “he should never look on that creature’s face again.” But the children grew fond of her and she of them, especially the Duc du Maine, who was Louis’s idol. The poor boy was lame, and Mme. de Maintenon took him to the baths in Flanders, and wrote some of her wonderful letters to Mme. de Montespan, telling of the cure of the child and describing things around her. Louis read the letters and found them charming. After her return, he often sent for her to pass the evening with him and Mme. de Montespan. The children were not acknowledged by the king at this time, and somewhere I have read an account of Mme. de Maintenon’s ingenuity in concealing their existence. She went to the palace and returned, always masked, entered her own house by the back door, had separate rooms for them, received in the morning when she had sat up caring for them all night, in short, sacrificed herself in every way for them. No wonder Louis was grateful; and, as his intimacy with her grew closer, her charms of conversation had their effect. In one of Mme. de Sévigné’s letters to her daughter, she says: “Mme. Scarron’s conversation is wholly enchanting. Nothing can be more agreeable, more just than her wit; we listen to her discourse with a delighted attention, the more so that no one in her society is ever forgotten. She dresses with great elegance, yet with no ostentation. She is good, she is beautiful, and sweetly negligent.” At last she began to advise the king and preach penitence to him. He listened eagerly, for Louis is not the only man who mistakes weariness of his vices for a pious renunciation of them. When her influence was known, Bossuet among the clergy, and

the Duke de Montausier among the laity, encouraged and aided her, and I don't suppose it was very hard to make a woman like Mme. Scarron believe it was her duty to save the king's soul and make her own fortune. To be sure, there was the ugly crime of ingratitude to her patroness, Mme. de Montespan. She solved that difficulty by undertaking to convert her *too!* You may imagine her indignation. There were bitter quarrels between the two women, frequently in the king's presence, in which he played the part of peacemaker. In one of her letters, Mme. de Maintenon says: "She came to my house yesterday and overwhelmed me with reproaches and abuse. The king surprised us in the middle of this conversation, which ended better than it had begun. He ordered us to embrace and to love each other, but you know this last article can not be commanded. He added, laughing, that he found it more easy to restore peace to all Europe than between two women, and that we took fire upon trifles."

The struggle went on, but the combatants were unequal. Mme. de Maintenon had unfailing patience and never lost her temper. Of course she conquered in the end. "C'était de ma part avec beaucoup de douceur." Once she overdid her part and wished, her lovely eyes filling with tears, that she might be allowed to retire from the struggle and enter a convent. They were foolish enough to believe her and she had to draw back. "I have expressed myself badly if you understood that I was thinking of becoming a nun. I am too old to change my position now." To her brother she speaks more plainly: "You who know me will also know I

am not so easily got rid of." Then she played her trump-card. She made herself an intimate friend of the queen. Poor Marie Thérèse was frightfully afraid of the king; when he sent for her she trembled all over. She had borne twenty years of neglect, and she said she owed it to Mme. de Maintenon, that, after that, he began to treat her with kindness. In 1683 the queen died; died in Mme. de Maintenon's arms, and probably, much to her grief, for the queen's friendship was a pillar of strength to her, and she could not at that time have imagined such an unheard of thing as taking her place. And yet it was probably in June, 1684, that the private marriage with Louis took place. The courtship was skilfully managed on her part. In one of her letters she says: "I send him away always afflicted, but never in despair." Mrs. Lennox asserts that the queen on her death-bed foresaw what would happen, and drawing her ring off her finger, gave it to Mme. de Maintenon, but I don't believe Marie Thérèse had imagination enough to foresee any thing so improbable. The wonderful marriage is described by St. Simon. After it Mme. de Maintenon erased the Scarron arms from her carriage and put her own in their place. Before this memorable June she had passed through a period of severe mental anxiety. She shed tears, was so restless that she wandered, with only one attendant, through the forest of Fontainebleau at all sorts of hours; wrote letters to her brother and others which showed great agitation of spirits. But afterwards she is radiant with success, and affects a lofty calm which none could explain except the seven witnesses to her marriage. There has been doubt cast

upon the fact of the marriage, but besides St. Simon's testimony and that of numerous others, here is a letter, still in the Louvre library, written by the Bishop of Chartres, *a good man*: "Love the king with all your heart; be submissive to him as Sarah was to Abraham. God has ordained that you should be elevated, loved, respected, and put in the place of queens, and yet you shall not have any more freedom than a citizen's wife. Tender yourself to God, and to the king, for the love of God, who has chosen you for his consolation and to obey him. The king still regards virtue as an austere and disagreeable thing; but when he beholds it personified in her whom he most loves and esteems, combined with perfect innocence, cheerfulness of spirit and an ardent devotion to good works, God will give him the grace to aspire to the same happiness. A holy woman hallows an unholy man; what then will she be to a Christian." This could have been written only to a wife. This Christian wife had one little sweet morsel of revenge over her enemy. She sent to Mme. de Montespan the king's order to retire from the court; sent it by the Duc du Maine, her own son, whose love she had entirely weaned from his mother. When Mme. de Montespan died none of her children were allowed to put on mourning for her.

And now began the third period of Louis XIV.'s life, singularly enough, politically a period of constant misfortune. While he was wicked he was victorious at home and abroad, "le grand monarque!" As soon as he grew devout and good he was unlucky. There were no great men left for him, either in war or literature. Condé and Tu-

renne were dead; Colbert was gone; Corneille and Molière had passed away. Every thing grew stupid. We have had a good deal of the routine of the court in its brilliant days. It faded now.

Mme. de Maintenon was forty-six and Louis forty-two when she married. Her ambition then was to have that marriage acknowledged, but in this she failed, and she had the good sense to recognize her failure and make the best of it, a sense very few women have. Perhaps, however, her disappointment told, if not in her conduct to Louis, still in her demeanor to others; or, perhaps, her change of manner was the result of deep policy. In a very quaint little book in the public library, called the *Life of Mme. de Maintenon*, date, 1753, she is said to have changed, from a sense of what was due her high position. At any rate, change she did. Walter Besant, in one of his articles, says: "In private, her conduct was haughty and severe. Even the king's daughters approached her with fear and trembling, and quitted her presence seldom without tears. She received but few people, visited fewer. It was more difficult to obtain an audience with her than with majesty itself. When she was at Versailles, people, even of the greatest consequence, who desired speech with her, could obtain it only by watching for her egress and ingress, and even then it was of the briefest." What respect the king showed her, St. Simon tells us. (What does he not tell? Every article I have read on Mme. de Maintenon, takes its facts from St. Simon.) "He would have been a hundred times more free with the queen, and with less gallantry. It was a respect the most marked, al-

though in the midst of the court. Their carriages moved along side by side, for she seldom sat in the king's chariot, in which he sat alone, while *she* used a Sedan chair. If the dauphine or the Duchesse de Berry, or the king's daughters were in the suite, they followed or gathered about the conveyances on foot; or if they rode in the carriages with the ladies in waiting, they still remained in the rear. The king frequently walked beside her chair, always uncovered and stooping, when addressing her or listening to her. At the end of the promenade he conducted her as far as the house, took leave of her and continued his walk or ride."

Much as she demanded of the king, she gave him more. We all know that celebrated account from St. Simon of Louis's exactions, and no sacrifice was too great on her part to meet his requirements. She writes to her brother, when she was preparing to follow the king to the army (he always went to the army when there was no danger, and came back when there was, for the great Louis could show the white feather). She says: "I must have mules, cost what they will. Coaches upset and remain stuck in the mud. Mules always reach their destination; you may depend upon them." It is from St. Simon too that we have the account of the daily course of her life. When the court is at Versailles, she goes early to St. Cyr and transacts her business there, answers the immense number of letters she receives, comes back in time to receive the king, entertains him till nine o'clock, takes her light supper, and is put to bed in the presence of the king or any of the ministers who might be with him, they continuing their work as before. When he was not busy she would en-

tertain him, even when tired, vexed, disquieted, ill, assuming the most cheerful tone and smiling air, amusing him by a thousand inventions, witty sayings and cheerful remarks. When he left her room at ten and the curtains were drawn, she would say: "I can only tell you that I am worn out." At Marly she had an easier time. Two arm-chairs were placed, one each side of the fire-place, for herself and the king. The ministers would appear. She would quietly stitch at the tapestry, till the king turned to her with "What thinks your Solidity on this point?" and then she would give her opinion very modestly. But all this had been settled beforehand with the minister. It was like Queen Caroline and Sir Robert Walpole, except that here the lady led and the minister followed. Louis and George were alike in their dread of being governed, and had to be led in the same way.

Let us say all the good we can of Madame de Maintenon: *1st.* Her charities were constant and liberal—fifty or sixty thousand livres a year. St. Cyr was one of her charities. She had been herself a poor girl of a noble family, and she knew what sufferings could come from the proverb, "noblesse oblige." St. Cyr was an asylum for poor young ladies. *2d.* She was never mercenary. She secured herself from want in any reverses by the purchase of Maintenon. She made the place profitable by the establishment of manufactories there. She advised her brother to buy land in Poitou, where the emigrating Huguenots were giving it away, but after she has secured her future and his, she asks for nothing more, and spends liberally the immense sums that Louis lavished upon her. *3rd.* She certainly did not urge the revocation of the

Edict of Nantes; indeed, as far as she dared, she interfered to save the Huguenots from persecution. Louis said to her once: "I fear, Madame, that the mildness with which you would wish the Calvinists to be treated arises from some remaining sympathy with your former religion." This was enough for her, and she said nothing more. It was something for so prudent a person to have drawn such a rebuke upon herself.

At last comes the sad change in Louis and consequently in the court. The royal family were dead; son, grandson, and great-grandson dying by a mysterious disease; the brother was gone; the nephew, Philip of Orléans, was no favorite; the beloved Duc du Maine was despicable, feeble in mind and licentious in character. The treasury was empty, Louis was defeated, and defeated, too, by heretic enemies—by William III., by Eugene, and by Marlboro. Then came the terrible winter of 1709-10, when half France was ruined and depopulated. Louis lost heart. His wife says: "I am obliged to endure his griefs, his silence, his vapors; he often sheds tears which he can not repress, when he feels greatly troubled. Presently a minister comes, bringing him bad news. If my presence is required, I am called; if not, I retire into some corner and pray. Sometimes I hear that all is going wrong; then my heart beats and I can not sleep at night. But God wills it so, as compensation for all the worldly benefits that He has showered upon me." In another letter she says: "Could I but show you the emptiness of the lives of those who live in high positions! Do you not perceive that I am dying of melancholy in a station so for-

tunate that one can scarcely conceive a higher? I have been young and pretty; I have tasted the sweets of pleasure; I have been loved every-where; at a more advanced age, I have spent years in the society of clever people; I have reached honors, and I can assure you that all these states have left behind them only frightful emptiness, anxiety, and fatigue, and a longing to know something else. Why? Because nothing satisfies, and rest can only come when we have given ourselves to God. Then only can we feel that there is nothing more to seek, and that we have reached the only good thing which earth can give us." And this from the wife of the greatest monarch in the world.

Her great consolation, the one pleasure which she had, was the foundation of St. Cyr, which was begun in the very first year of her marriage, indeed it was her wedding present. She remembered what she had suffered in her early years, and she felt the necessity for some provision for the daughters of the poor nobility. She founded a religious school at Reuil. There was such a crowd of scholars that the king gave her Noisy, a dependence of Versailles, when the number of scholars was raised to one hundred, the only condition being that the applicants should be "demoiselles"—ladies of noble birth. Mme. de Maintenon went there every day and reported to the king every thing that could interest him. One day he went to the institution without being expected, and was so much pleased with what he saw, that he determined to enlarge the school, fixing the number at two hundred and fifty. He chose St. Cyr, near Versailles, for the site, and employed Mansard to build a suitable house. It was begun

May 1, 1685, and finished in July, 1686, costing about two hundred and eighty thousand dollars. Here Mme. de Maintenon would go for a retreat when wearied out with her slavery, a slavery which lasted thirty-two years.

In August, 1715, the king sickened. His wife had a room prepared next to his apartment and nursed him for several nights, sometimes for fourteen hours at a stretch; and, after the tenderest farewell, being informed that "her presence was no longer necessary," she retired to St. Cyr. The king rallied, and asked for her. On the 26th she was again on her knees at his bedside while his wounds were being dressed, and Louis begged of her himself "to leave him and not to return, as her presence affected him too much." She stayed, however, till the king told her that he wished to be left alone and to die in peace. She spent almost all the day of the 27th by his bedside. On the 28th, in the evening, she went to St. Cyr, so as to attend her devotions early on the morning of the 29th. On that day she again spent most of the time with the king. On the 30th he became worse, and having called together all the princesses and Mme. de Maintenon to bid him farewell, he ordered *her* to "repair at once to St. Cyr," and faithful to her obedience to him till the last, she left Versailles forever. Remember, she was eighty years old then. On September 1 Louis died, and four years later Mme. de Maintenon followed him to the grave.

We have spoken of the late efforts to find Mme. de Maintenon a woman of genius and virtue. The Edinburgh of July, 1887, says that the very pages of the magazine are witnesses of the gradual change which has come over the minds

of the impartial reviewers of her life and works. In 1814, an article on *Souvenirs and Portraits*, says that Louis XIV.'s connection with Mme. de Maintenon was more fatal to him than any of his earlier and more sensual indulgences, because he became her slave and consented to measures fatal to his kingdom, the extermination of the Protestants, for example. In 1826, comes a review of her letters to Mme. des Ursins, and there she is spoken of as a prosaic, but a superior person. "Her superiority consisting not in rare qualities, but in the possession to a high degree of those which are common to the majority of sensible people." And now, 1887, comes a review of a complete apology for her. She is found to be, "La femme la plus décente et la plus polie en Europe," as Voltaire called her; "amiable and marvellously straight," as Mme. de Sévigné says; "than whom no one possessed more virtue, more cleverness without affectation, more honesty, more piety," as says Count Spanheim, an ambassador from some foreign court, and we must not forget that Louis himself, on his death-bed, told the Regent, Philip of Orléans, that he had never received from Mme. de Maintenon anything but good advice. Her apologist of our times is M. Geoffroy, who publishes her letters, amended and corrected. Unfortunately, we have very few of her letters. All her correspondence with the king, with the Duke of Maine, with Mme. de Montespan, appears to be hopelessly lost. All remaining letters are to personal friends and are private affairs. Probably she destroyed all that could have an historical or political value.

There are three events in Mme. de Maintenon's life which

specially need apology, or rather vindication, if it be possible. These are, first, her taking charge of Mme. de Montespan's children; second, her supplanting that lady in the king's affection, and third, her alleged urging of Louis to the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. M. Geoffroy says of the first, that she was really grateful to Mme. de Montespan for her kindness to her in her poverty; that the care of the children was taken impulsively, but that afterwards conscientious scruples arose, which loyalty to the king alone could relieve. It seems to me more likely, when we remember what she said: "If the children are the king's I will do it willingly," that loyalty was the only motive. We know that Louis's licentiousness was looked at in a different light from that of other people. His amours were like Jupiter's. If every body else excused him because of his greatness, why should Mme. de Maintenon have been before her age? He was her king. When he was only her husband, I feel sure that she would have looked at his infidelities in a very different light, but she took good care that he should have none then. It was in July, 1671, that she took charge of the children, and a strange life she led. The secret of their existence, even of their birth, must be kept. At St. Cyr, years afterward, she tells something of how she lived: "I had to do the work of upholsterers and workmen, and go up ladders, no one being allowed inside the rooms. I did every thing myself, the nurses being forbidden to help, lest their milk might suffer. Sometimes I spent the whole night with one of the children, in a small house outside of Paris, and returned home in the morning by a back door, so as not to be observed. When I

had dressed I drove to the Hôtel d'Albert or Richelieu, that my friends should not perceive any difference in my habits, or even suspect I had a secret to keep. I wasted away, but no one could guess the cause of it." People wondered at the Widow Scarron. By and by, December 20, 1673, the bastards were recognized by the king, and "Mme. Scarron has a fine country-house, with carriage, horses, lackeys; she is modestly but magnificently dressed; is amiable, handsome, good, and somewhat slovenly; a pleasant talker," writes Mme. de Sévigné. And then she learns to love the children. "How stupid," she says, "it is to love with such excess a child which is not mine, the Duc du Maine, of whom I can never dispose, and who will never give me in the future any thing but sorrow, which will kill me?" She has constant struggles: "I sometimes resolve to leave these children to the care of their mother, but I fear to offend God by such abandonment, and then I double my attention to them, which naturally increases my love for them; so you see my condition is one of trouble." Was she right or wrong in accepting such a charge? I suppose women can settle that question better than men, so I leave it to your own hearts to decide.

As to the second charge, her supplanting Mme. de Montespan in the king's affection, I believe the king was tired of his jealous, imperious mistress, and would have left her at any rate. Mme. de Maintenon certainly preached virtue and religion to him, and told him that he was living a sinful life; that his being a king would be no excuse for him in the eyes of God; but so told him Bourdaloue, Bossuet, Fénelon. That pretty book, *Un Sermon sous Louis XIV.*, tells how

these bishops and high servants of God gradually took courage to tell him the truth. Mme. de Maintenon was braver. "I saw the king yesterday; fear not. It strikes me that I spoke to him as a Christian, and as the true friend of Mme. de Montespan." Perhaps her Christian feelings were accentuated by the terrible quarrels between the two women. At Easter, 1675, Louis XIV. and his beautiful mistress separated under the pressure of religious influence. Bourdaloue, Bossuet, and Mme. de Maintenon had won the day. The king went to Flanders, and then began that long correspondence with the governess of his children, which won him at last. But—but, when the king came back from Flanders, the effect of Bourdaloue's sermon had worn off; Mme. de Montespan was recalled, "Et il en advint Mlle. de Blois et M. le Conte de Toulouse." It was in Mme. de Maintenon's house that Mlle. de Blois was born. In two years Louis tired forever of his favorite, and she was dismissed. The charge of her advocacy in the revocation of the Edict of Nantes is too great a subject to be entered upon here. Mme. de Maintenon was a convert to the Catholic Church, and had a convert's zeal. She converted all her family, and she made them rich as well. She converted every body she could get hold of. She says: "I have great pleasure in the conversion of M. de Vaux; Poignette is a good Catholic; M. de Marmende also; M. de Souché abjured two days ago. You can see nobody in the churches but myself, leading some Huguenot." As to the young ladies, she converted them pleasantly. Her cousin, afterwards Mme. de Caylus, daughter of the good Protestant, Mme. de la Villette, says: "Mme. de Maintenon took me to

St. Germain. I wept much, but the next day I found the king's mass so beautiful, that I consented to make myself a Catholic, on condition that I should hear mass every day, that I should never be whipped. This was the only controversy employed and the only abjuration I made." As to the Edict of Nantes, M. Geoffroy says that it was all Louis's doing, and that Mme. de Maintenon never opposed his will when openly declared. But a wife has a great many ways of influencing her husband when she finds it dangerous to "oppose his will!"

VII.

LOUIS XV. AND HIS FAMILY.

[December 8, 1888.]

Louis XV. was only five years old when he came to the throne of France, his reign beginning with all those intrigues between the Regent and the legitimatized princes, of which St. Simon has told us so much. He was lucky in his earliest governess, the Duchesse de Ventadour, a good woman and passionately fond of her charge. For eighteen months she never left the little boy's side, for she seems to have believed with so many others that Louis was not safe under the Regent. Then either the Regent or some other power decided that such an important charge must not be left to a woman, and Mme. de Ventadour had to make room for the Maréchal Duke de Villeroi and for Fleury, Bishop of Fréjus. Such a handsome, stupid child, with lovely brown eyes and long golden ringlets, the people were crazy about him when he was led out on the terrace at Vincennes before them. Unfortunately, he would run into the house, through the windows, at the first chance, and hide himself in a corner. "Look," said Villeroi, showing him the crowd from the win-

dow of the Louvre, “these are your subjects, all these people belong to you, you are their master.” “But they make such a noise,” said the little king, “I am afraid of them.” And he hid himself again in his corner. At the famous bed of justice, when St. Simon had his triumph, when the bastards of Louis XIV. were put again in their proper place, the Regent said from the foot of the throne: “The king wishes the nobles and the Parliament to return; is it not so, your Majesty?” he added, turning to the king. Mme. de Ventadour, who sat on a cushion at the king’s feet, answered for him, as she had done at the assembling of the meeting: “The king has called you together,” she said, “that you might hear his pleasure; now that you have heard it, you may depart.” It was the proudest moment of her life, and she almost fancied herself a queen-mother.

What was the use of taking any trouble to educate such a stupid boy? He did not love any body, did not care for any thing; he hated the theatre, yawned and went to sleep when they took him to the opera, would not go to a ball, would shut himself up a whole evening, making soup. His great favorites were two terrier dogs, who dug up truffles for him. Fleury found the way to please him. He made little games for him, he let him learn by heart a few sentences from the catechism, and that he might have no trouble with his confessions, they were written out for him, and he had nothing to do but to recite them. When he was about ten years old he took a fancy for cards and learned some simple games. His tutors were delighted; they were always ready to play with him. Then he grew tired and threw away his

cards. Such a young king, with the Duke of Orléans as successor to the throne, must marry at once, thought the party opposed to the Regent; moreover, July 31, 1721, the little king fell sick, then all France went wild, the Regency was at its worst, France bankrupt, Philip growing daily more besotted; the Duchesse La Ferté cried out: "The king is poisoned!" and this belief spread at once through Paris. Philip was so afraid of a mob, that he sent all the money of the treasury away from Paris. It was only a fit of indigestion that troubled the young king, but the doctors were frightened, till a young Swiss, Helvetius, had the courage to give him a powerful emetic, which cured him at once. The populace, wild with joy, crowded round the palace to see the king. He hid himself in the secret rooms. There was nothing to be done but to find a wife for him. The Regent chose the Infante of Spain, his cousin, daughter of Philip V., at the same time marrying his own daughter, Mlle. de Beaujolais, to her brother. The little Infante was only six years old, and immediately rose the cry that the Regent chose so young a princess that he might the longer hold his own power and increase the chances of the Orléans family to ascend the throne. As for Louis, when they spoke to him of a little wife, he began to cry. It was to arrange this marriage that St. Simon was sent to Spain, and you can read all his troubles of etiquette in his last volume. The marriage would have been a good one for France; it would have united France and Spain almost under one throne, the favorite wish of Louis XIV. There would have been no more Pyrenees. More than that, if the Infante grew to be as bright a woman as she was

a brilliant child, it would have been a good marriage for Louis. She was only six years old when they brought her to France, so the young princesses of ten or twelve years were brought to play with her. She sat on her chair and looked at them. "Go and play, my little ones," she said. Then she called for leading strings for them, for fear they might fall. She shows wonderful powers of repartee, she wants to play the coquette with the young king, and when he pouts and runs away from her she sighs and says that she is afraid he will never love her; if he does not love her, she does not want to stay in France, where the men and women are so bad that she thinks something must happen to them before long. She did not stay. When the Duke of Orléans died, his successor as minister, Condé, Duke of Bourbon, and his mistress, Mme. de Prie, determined to find the king a wife whom they could rule; they were afraid of the little Infante. And as she was only seven years old, it would be five or six years before she could be married, and during all that time there was the risk of Louis dying, and of the coming to the throne of the hated Orléans family. The Infante was sent back to Spain. It was an insult. The Abbé de Lury, who carried the news of her rejection, was ordered to leave Spain at once. Mlle. de Beaujolais, fiancée of Don Carlos, was returned to France. Spain contracted an alliance with the Emperor, sent troops to the Pyrenees, and almost declared war. I wonder what became of the little Infante?

Next we find in the national archives, a certain paper marked, "a list of the princesses in Europe who are not married, with their names, houses, age and religion." There are

forty-four above twenty-four years old, and consequently not suitable; there are twenty-nine of twelve years and under, who are too young; there are ten, who are of the younger branches of a royal house, or else so poor that they are ineligible, their fathers or brothers having been obliged to serve other princes for their living. There remain, then, only seventeen from whom we can make a choice. The whole list is given, and each princess discussed. The two English princesses, daughters of the Prince of Wales, granddaughters of George II., are Protestant, and so are the princesses of Denmark and Prussia. The house of Portugal is too unhealthy, the Russian princesses come from a barbarous country, Mlle. de Sens has something the matter with her figure, and so on. There remains only Mlle. de Vermandois, sister of Condé. There was a terrible struggle, the opposing party claiming that she was not of a royal house. Condé declared that she was as near a descendant of Louis XIV. as were the Orléans family. Then her character, her health, her temper, were well known and the king had no objection to his cousin. There was another struggle for the daughter of the Prince of Wales,—perhaps she could change her religion. There was this trouble; if the Queen of France was of the house of Hanover, the king would be obliged to send away the Pretender. But the King of England, sounded secretly about his granddaughter, answered that the English constitution forbade a change of religion in an English princess. Mlle. de Vermandois was chosen. Unluckily Mme. de Prie thought she would find out something more about her.

The princess was in a convent at Tours. Mme. had her-

self introduced as a lady bringing letters from her brother. She found the princess charming, but a little haughty,—very spirituelle, however. In the course of the conversation, Mme. de Prie asked her if she had ever heard of her brother's favorite, the Marchioness de Prie. Mlle. de Verman-dois answered that she knew but too well that wicked creature; she often heard her spoken of in the convent; it was terrible for her brother to have near him a person who made him detested by all the world; if *she* went to court, she would counsel him to send away this infamous woman. Mme. de Prie rose and left the parlor, saying, loud enough for the princess to hear her: “Certainly, *you* will never be Queen of France.” The Duke was told that his sister would make herself entirely too powerful with the king.

It was necessary then to seek another princess, one who would not interfere with the ambition of Mme. de Prie. Among the ten princesses rejected on account of their insignificant position, was Marie Leczinska, daughter of the exiled King of Poland, and in the objections to her was the danger that her father and mother would come and live in France. That was bad, but then Marie Leczinska was represented as very amiable, very timid, and likely to be led by any powerful party. Her father, Stanislas, had been living in Alsace, protected by the regent, and with a pension from Charles XII. of Sweden, still so poor that sometimes he had not even bread enough for his breakfast. He had made every effort to marry his daughter, offering her in turn to several French nobles, and even to a colonel of the regiment of the town where he was living. Think of his being met,

while hunting, by a messenger from Condé, telling him that his daughter had been chosen as bride to Louis XV. Stanislas fainted away. When he came to his senses he drove home, went to his daughter's room, saying: "Ah, my little one, let us fall on our knees and thank God." She thought he had been recalled to the throne of Poland, but he told her of her greater fortune. She was to be Queen of France. "I have never desired the throne of Poland again except to secure my daughter, and I shall never think of it again, since this marriage is beyond my wildest desires." In the height of his gratitude he put all his parental power in the hands of Condé, asking that he would give away the bride. First, the doctors had to send a certificate of her health, then a little delay was due to Spain, offended by the return of the Infante. At last, May 25, 1725, Louis announced the marriage. Next came the question of the trousseau, for Marie Leczinska was so poor that she had not even proper underclothing, till Mme. de Prie lent her some chemises. Of course France had to furnish it all, and the marriage dowry also. August 15, the Duke of Orléans, as first prince of the blood, stood proxy for Louis at Strasburg, Mme. de Prie going with him. Then Stanislas gave his daughter his parting advice: "Let the pleasing the king be all your wish, the obeying him all your pleasure." Louis met her at the Moret, and, to the astonishment of all who knew his dislike for women, he kissed her on both cheeks and seemed delighted with his bride.

The Memoirs give page after page to the ceremonies of the marriage. The king fell in love for the first time in his life; to be sure he was not sixteen years old, and Maria Leczinska

was a pretty woman of twenty-two, graceful and amiable, good-humored above every thing, timid before society, but having a certain wit among her friends. She was such a good Christian that she was heard to say that she feared the crown of France, with its temptations, would lose her the crown of heaven. The temptations were not so great as she expected, at least not of the kind*she expected. She was terribly afraid of the king, and that timidity prevented her from holding her own with him. What she was afraid of, nobody knows, for there was nothing in him except the fact of his being King of France. A man, a boy, rather, whom nothing interested or amused except the chase and his dogs, for he gave a great deal more time to his dogs than he did to his wife. D'Argenson says he worked like a dog for them. At the beginnnhg of the year he laid out every thing that was to be done for and by them till the end. He had five or six packs of hounds, and gave more time to their management, their food, their exercise and their hunting times than he did to the army or to the finances of France. His great aim was that the dogs of each pack should have names ending alike, and this required great study and ingenuity. Here are the names of one pack: Fialaux, Faimaux, Fanfaraux, Garçonneaux, Rapidaux, Merveilleaux, Barbaraux, Demenaux, Cerberaux, etc. Well, he was only sixteen. He cared a little, also, for cultivating lettuce and for embroidering tapestry, and he was particular about his invitations to supper. Once M. de Léon was left out, but the fish was said to be so good that the young man came without any invitation! Louis looked at the list. "I invited twelve, and here are thirteen.

I think M. de Léon is the one too many." Léon could say nothing; the king never spoke to him; but ordered the rare fish to be handed all around, but to stop at the guest next to M. de Léon. "The unhappy man," it was said, "had the grace to die of grief for this affront!"

For some time the king was violently in love with his wife; he compared her to Queen Blanche, mother of St. Louis, she was so pious and so beautiful. When any body spoke of another pretty woman, "I find the queen a great deal prettier," he said. The first quarrel came because the queen felt bound by gratitude to Condé and Mme. de Prie, whom Louis detested. The duke complained of ingratitude, and the queen wept. One day she enticed Louis into an interview with Condé, who read him a letter of complaint against his preceptor, Fréjus, Card. Fleury. The king grew impatient. "Have I displeased your Majesty?" said the duke. "Yes." "Have you no kindness for me?" "No." "Has M. de Fréjus your full confidence?" "Yes." He pushed away the duke, and left the room full of anger against his wife. Condé should have taken warning, the king was beginning to feel his power. Not a month afterwards Louis said to Condé, with a more than usually gracious smile: "My cousin, do not make me wait for you at supper." Condé left the king, to be met at the door of his own house by a letter commanding him to retire at once to Chantilly till further notice. Mme. de Prie was sent to Normandy, where she died, Richelieu says, of grief; other writers state that she poisoned herself.

The queen was left with no friend and no counsellor. Mme. de Prie had, at least, been a good friend to her.

Fleury was made prime minister, and he never forgot the queen's efforts against him. He took his revenge by keeping her very poor. She was very charitable, and once gave away all her allowance. Her treasurer asked for some money. Fleury gave one hundred livres. "But, sir, I would give that to my son; this is for the Queen of France." Fleury added fifty, then twenty-five, and at last, for very shame, sent two hundred. Her maids of honor had no clothes fit to appear at court till she wrote to Fleury for them. The birth of her twin daughters, two years after her marriage, did something for her, for Louis was delighted with his babies. Then a few years after came the dauphin. After that, five more daughters. Louis was tired to death of his daughters by this time. When the birth of Madame Louise was announced: "Mme. Septième," said the announcer. "Mme. Denière," answered Louis. I think the queen grew a little tired of so many babies, too. "Always babies, babies, babies," she said once, "and who cares for them when they come?" And, strangely enough, all the court was tired of this orderly reign. The nobles remembered the gayety of the time of La Vallière and Montespan. The people even, accustomed to the gallantry of the Bourbon kings, could not understand a young sovereign without a Gabrielle; and trade would be improved by more gayety at the court. The queen shut herself up more and more with the virtuous and stupid people of the court, with the Duke and Duchess de Luynes; she talked a great deal of the virtues and patience of Marie Thérèse, queen of Louis XIV. Perhaps she divined that she would have the same wrongs to bear.

One day the king, at his supper-table, drank to the health of La Belle Inconnue, and broke his glass after drinking. There was great curiosity to know who the unknown lady was. It was Mme. de Mailly, the oldest of those five sisters de Nesle, who were successively the mistresses of Louis XV. We do not care about them; they were not worth caring about. The best of them was Mme. de Mailly, who really loved the king, in spite of her thirty years, and who was a sort of Louise de la Vallière without her innocence. She never took advantage of her position to ask any favors for herself or for her friends, and she yielded her place to her sisters as humbly as La Vallière yielded to Montespan. The worst of the de Nesle sisters was the Duchess de Châteauroux, who loved somebody else, and who struggled for political power. Marie Leczinska made one bon mot when Mme. de Mailly asked her leave to go to Compiègne. "Mais, Madame, vous êtes bien la maîtresse." After this, the history of the family of Louis is only a history of the struggles of the queen, the dauphin, and the seven daughters against the power of the different mistresses of the king. The queen did not struggle much, but she allowed her daughters to do what they could. As to the dauphin, there is little to say of him, but all that there is to say is good. He was really pious, grieved for his father's immoral life, joined Mme. Adelaide in her efforts to change it, married twice, died young, leaving three sons—Louis XVI., Louis XVIII., Charles X.—all kings, and all dethroned.

Once the virtuous cabal of the court, the queen and her children, the Duke de Luynes, and others believed them-

selves successful. Louis, who had gone to the army, taking with him his whole suite of mistresses, was taken sick at Metz. Hear what President Hénault says about it: "The surname of Bien-Aimé (well beloved), which Louis XV. bears, will not leave posterity in doubt as to its being deserved. This prince, in the year 1744, while hastening from one end of his kingdom to the other, and suspending his conquests in Flanders, that he might fly to the assistance of Alsace, was arrested at Metz by a malady which threatened to cut short his days. At the news of this, Paris, all in terror, seemed a city taken by storm; the churches resounded with supplications and groans; the prayers of priests and people were every moment interrupted by their sobs; and it was from an interest so dear and tender that this surname of Bien-Aimé fashioned itself, a title higher than all the rest which this great prince has earned." His sickness frightened Louis. At first he kept Mme. de Châteauroux by his bedside, and would not see a priest. "It is not time yet. I have a bad headache. I have too much to do. I can not confess yet." But the surgeon says he has only two days to live. He was frightened. "My bouillon, and Father Pérusseau! Quick! Father Pérusseau! Adieu, I am dying; I shall never see you again." But the Father Pérusseau would not confess him unless Mme. de Châteauroux was sent away—sent not only out of the palace, but out of the town. She and her sisters left, and the queen, with the dauphin and her daughters, dared to leave Paris on their way to the king. The queen must have loved him yet. Every time a door opened she trembled lest there should be bad news. When at last she reached Metz, she flew to

Louis' bedside; he was asleep. When he woke he said: "Madame, I ask your pardon for the scandal which I have given you, the trouble and grief of which I have been the cause. Will you pardon me, Madame?" But the dauphin got another reception. The king was very cold. "He is in a great hurry to reign," he said. And he never forgave him for coming.

When the king recovered, when he reached Paris and saw the joy of his people, "What have I done to be so loved?" he said; and for a little while there was happiness in the family. What have I done to be so hated? he might have said in his last illness. The trouble was that he had done nothing. As to his private life, it was no worse than Louis XIV.'s, or than Henry IV.'s, but they had done something as kings. Even the Regent had tried to do good. Alas, it was a very few weeks before Mme. de Châteauroux came back, and after her death came Mme. de Pompadour. Marie Leczinska ceased to struggle. She gave the rest of her life to her children and to her prayers. She had one happiness. Something was done for her father.

The last permanent acquisition of France was Lorraine. We know that she has lost it now, but in 1733, in consideration of Tuscany being given to Francis of Lorraine, betrothed to Marie Thérèse, his province, which had belonged to Germany, was given forever to France, on condition that Stanislas should be duke during his lifetime. Lorraine had been German for eight centuries. Stanislas made a good sovereign, governed his little country well, made Nancy its capital and was happy there. Those of us who have been

to Nancy will remember its pretty gates, put there by Stanislas; the lovely park which he laid out; all the pretty artistic things in the pretty little city, which tell of Stanislas' reign.

We hear a great deal of Louis XV.'s mistresses, and we know something of his wife, poor woman! Perhaps it would be worth our while to hear something of his daughters, Mesdames de France. We know nothing about them except Carlyle's account of their conduct at their father's death-bed, which certainly is very much to their honor: "The princesses alone wait at the loathsome sick-bed, impelled by filial piety. The three princesses, Graille, Chiffe, Coche (Rag, Snip, Pig, as he was wont to name them), are assiduous there, when all have fled. The fourth princess, Loque (Dud), as we guess, is already in the nunnery and can only give her orisons. Poor Graille and sisterhood, they have never known a father; such is the hard bargain grandeur must make. Scarcely at the Débotter (when royalty took off its boots), could they snatch up their enormous hoops, gird the long train round their waists, huddle on their black cloaks of taffeta up to the very chin; and so, in fit appearance of full dress, every evening at six, walk majestically in, receive their royal kiss on the brow, and then walk majestically out again, to embroidery, small scandal and prayers. If the king came some morning, with coffee of his own making, and swallowed it with them hastily, while the dogs were uncoupling for the hunt, it was received as the grace of heaven. Poor, withered, ancient women! In the wild tossings that yet await your fragile existence before it be crushed and broken; as ye fly through hostile countries, over tempestuous seas, are

almost taken by the Turks, and wholly in the revolutionary earthquake, know not your right hand from your left, be this always an assured place in your remembrance, for the act was good and loving." Carlyle has said almost all that has been said of these poor old-maids; but old-maids were young once and had their ambitions and their love stories. Why should we not want to know these good stupid women, as well as we know the mistresses of the most Christian King? M. Honoré Bonhomme has written a book on Louis XV. and his family, in which he gives the history of the daughters, one by one, and makes them people of some little consequence in the court; always enemies of Mme. de Pompadour, and always loving daughters of the queen.

Louis was delighted with his little twins and very proud of them. He wanted to make playthings of them at the court, but Cardinal Fleury, from motives of economy, sent them, not to St. Cyr or to Panthémont, good schools in the neighborhood, but to a convent two hundred miles off, to the Abbaye de Fontevrault, where all the sisters, except Mme. Adelaide, went afterwards, and where they learned to pray, to mortify the flesh, to love God and fear the devil, and where Mme. Louise said that at twelve years old she had not finished her alphabet. At twelve years old the twins were brought back to Versailles, and immediately the king declared the marriage of Madame Ainée (Elizabeth) with Don Philip of Spain. This was a sort of compensation for the affront which had been put upon Spain when the Infante, betrothed to Louis XV., had been sent back by the Regent. The little princess was delighted to be married. To have a husband at twelve

years old! It was as nice as having a new doll; and then the presents and the fêtes; such beautiful clothes, fine lace, embroidered dresses, jewels—what not? The Duke de Luynes says that the linen alone cost one hundred thousand crowns. A charming portrait of her husband was sent to her, and the marriage ceremony took place at once, the Duke of Orléans, the pious duke, son of the Regent, standing as proxy, Mme. Henriette holding up the bride's train seven yards long. Then came the sad parting between the twins and the journey to Spain.

The husband was enchanted with his little bride, and all went well for two years, when Don Philip was called to the wars in Germany, and the husband and wife did not see each other again for eight years. There was one child, Donna Isabelle, afterward the wife of the Emperor of Austria, Joseph II., brother of Marie Antoinette. At the end of the seven years' war, Philip was made Duke of Parma, and he sent for his little wife to join him in his new duchy. But Mme. Infante was in no hurry. She chose to go to Parma by the way of Versailles. She went through France in great pomp; de Luynes gives the route and the numberless attendants. Louis XV. came to meet her at Villeroi, bringing her sister Henriette and the dauphin with him. The child who had left them was a woman now and very handsome. She came for a visit of a few weeks, and found the whole court in a struggle. Mme. de Pompadour's power was just beginning, the queen, the dauphin and the princesses were making a great effort against her. Of course, the elder sister would join them. Madame was too wise—she remained neutral, polite

to all, and Mme. de Pompadour was more than polite to her. She allowed her to have that famous chamber with the secret staircase leading to the king's cabinet, in which the Regent had died. There were many secrets of state, of foreign relations, to be discussed between the king and the eldest daughter, who had been away so long and seen so much of the world, that she called her sisters "the children." At last, after a six months' visit, Mme. quitted Paris to join her husband, from whom she had been so long separated and to whom she was so much attached. Alas! she had heard bad news of him; he had grown stupid and dissipated; he had brought a mistress to Parma with him. And the Duchy of Parma was so poor, the palace in ruins, for the Spanish soldiers during the war had pulled it to pieces, carried off pictures, statues, doors, even the steps of the beautiful marble staircase of Renaissance work. Well, they lived together, quarrelling and poor, for eight years, when Mme. could not stand it any longer, and came back to Versailles, where she caught the small-pox and died, December 1759, thirty-two years old.

Mme. Henriette had died seven years before her; died of a broken heart. *Her* life is just like a sentimental novel. She was of a wonderfully delicate beauty, looking like Ophelia—dreamy, poetic, innocent and stupid—only she wanted to learn, and especially she wanted to be good. The pious Duke of Orléans had a son just like her, then Duke de Chartres, so they fell in love with each other, and the king was very willing that they should be married. Unfortunately Cardinal Fleury was not willing. He was jealous of the

Orléans family, and he determined to marry the young people, each to somebody else. M. d'Orléans was in a great hurry to marry his son, so that he might himself retire from the world. How unhappy the lovers were, especially Mme. Henriette, *only* she had such confidence in the fidelity of the Duke de Chartres. Luckily the cardinal died, and the lovers took courage. Alas! Louis XV. took it into his head to govern by himself, and was too busy to think of them ; they must wait. So would *not* wait the Duke of Orléans ; he had his hair-cloth shirt and his beads all ready ; he wanted to "faire son salut." He found a wonderfully pretty wife for his son, of the great Condé family. "She is beautiful, well formed and has 50,000 crowns income," he said to his son. They were married and Mme. Henriette appeared at the wedding. She was very brave. When she heard that the marriage was decided she sent for her cousin, said to him: "Be happy. That is all I ask of God. Your happiness will give me strength to live." Then she held out her hand, which the Duke de Chartres covered with tears, and they separated. What is very provoking, the Duke and Duchess de Chartres fell violently in love with each other—the Duke especially, who adored his young wife. Mme. Henriette was obliged to be happy, and she did her very best. She occupied herself with her court duties. She was very gracious. "She knew how to say to every one just what was proper. She appeared to desire to please and to be loved ; and she gave very liberally," said De Luynes. She had made her sacrifice and her cousin was happy. But his happiness did not last long. Mme. de Chartres was a true coquette. She

tired of her husband, had plenty of lovers, and he, in despair, threw himself into gambling and dissipation. Henriette heard all this, and her health failed. She had a slow fever; she grew paler and paler, and the king ordered her to put on rouge! She kept up with all her court duties and spent her leisure in prayer. One thing she would *not* do. She would not take care of her health. She began to spit blood, and forbade her sisters to tell her father of it. When they gave her medicine, she took it, but neutralized its effects by drinking plenty of café au lait. Well, it was soon over, the fever grew more violent, a dry cough seized her; she could eat nothing. At last she went to bed and was bled. In three days delirium set in, and she died on February 10, 1752, twenty-four years old. In short, she killed herself, but none the less are we very sorry for her. The blame lies with her lover and with the king.

The next sister, Mme. Adelaide, was a very different person. She was an enfant terrible. In the first place she would not go to the convent. When she was seven years old she went down on her knees to her father, kissed his hand, cried and begged to stay with him. The king cried a little too (tears were easy with him), and he promised to keep her at home. Papa Roi, as she called him, had a hard time with her. One night she got out of bed, dressed, put fourteen louis in her pocket, crept down the stairs, across the gallery and out of the door of the palace of Versailles. One of her maids heard her, ran after her and caught her. She was going to put herself at the head of the army and fight the English; then she would bring the King of England to

her father's feet. As to the nobles, "I shall command the principal of them to come and sleep with me. They will be very much honored, and I shall kill them one after another." Once her dancing-master undertook to teach her a minuet, the "minuet rose." Not at all, she would not take a step till it was called the minuet blue. She stamped and screamed till the dancing-master gave in. But, in spite of her naughty ways, she loved to study, especially music. Beaumarchais was her teacher of the harp, but her favorite instrument was the violin. Then she spoke French, English, Italian, and spoke them all well. At fifteen she began to think of more serious things. Mme. de Pompadour was at the height of her favor, but Adelaide was her father's favorite child, and she declared war against the all-powerful mistress. She led her sister, her mother, the clergy with her. It was useless. Mme. de Pompadour carried off the king to La Muette, the lovely palace which had belonged to the Duchesse de Berry, and there she kept him, safe from the attacks of his family. Voltaire addresses an ode to the Pompadour, who patronized him. May Louis guard his conquests, and may the lady guard hers.

"Soyez tous deux sans ennemis
Et tous deux gardez vos conquêtes."

Adelaide brought the verses to the king. The conquest of Mme. de Pompadour was over the king himself; it was an insult. Louis exiled Voltaire, but he did not send away la Pompadour! Adelaide threatened to go to the Carmelites—Louis laughed, and she did not go. When her sister Henri-

ette died, she became Mme. Première, and immediately took possession of the famous chamber below the king's cabinet. She began to say, "*We* shall do this, *we* shall do that," and Mme. de Pompadour allowed her to talk, knowing that talking was all she could do. She did do something, however. She meddled with every thing. "La Princesse Touche-à-Tout," the court called her. And she seems to have meant well. When troubles came and the king sent his plate to the mint, Mme. Adelaide persuaded her sisters to join her in offering to give up every thing except what was "pure necessity."

In 1764, Mme. de Pompadour died, and Mme. Adelaide was triumphant. Louis reformed, supped with his daughters, making the coffee himself. He would come down the secret staircase, coffee-pot in hand. Mme. Adelaide would ring a bell for Mme. Victoire, and she would ring for Mme. Sophie, who, in her turn, rung for Mme. Louise. Then they had a pleasant evening, and it was then that the king gave them their nicknames—Rag, Snip, Pig, Dud. Adelaide calls herself Mme. Torchon in one of her letters at this time. One night the whole court was roused. The king sent a letter to Choiseul, the minister, to be delivered at once to the Bishop of Orléans. After a long search the bishop was found in bed. He got up in a hurry. Something very important must have happened. The letter was: "Monseigneur, my daughters must have some quince marmalade immediately. Send for it at once. We want it in very little boxes." A courier started at once for Orléans, and the next day the marmalade arrived. Alas! one gets tired even of quince marmalade, and Louis

got tired of this stupidly good life. The queen died, and the king consoled himself with Mme. du Barry. Then began the fall of the court. Mme. de Pompadour was at least a lady. Mme. du Barry introduced the manners and language of the Halles. Mme. Adelaide lost courage. She retired from the court and lived in her own apartments till the king was attacked with small-pox. She adored her father. She called her sisters, Victoire and Sophie, and they shut themselves in the king's room, sat by his bed, under his curtains, night and day till he died. The disease was terrible; there was no hope. Every one fled except the princesses and the doctors. One courtier caught the disease only from looking through the door for a few minutes, and died of it. An English quack professed to be able to cure the small-pox. Mme. Adelaide sent for him and offered him 100,000 crowns for his secret. It was too late; the king died in great suffering May 10, 1774. Mme. du Barry had fled long before. When it was a question of embalming the body, the doctors pronounced it impossible. One of the courtiers cried out that it must be done. Not to do it would be unheard of. "Well, M. le Duc," said the physician, "I will do it; but you, as first gentleman of the chamber, must be present and receive the king's heart in a box of gold. I have the honor to tell you that neither you nor I, nor any one present, will be alive a week afterwards." The duke did not insist. All three of the princesses caught the small-pox, but they recovered. Then Mme. Adelaide began to try to influence her nephew, Louis XVI.; and then came the Revolution. The rest of her life belongs to that time.

Next among the daughters came Mme. Victoire, the prettiest of the family. She and the two younger sisters had been brought up at Fontevrault, and they all came to the court ignorant, awkward—Mme. Victoire, pretty as she was, the most awkward of all. She set herself to become graceful, to make courtesies, to be agreeable, and she succeeded. She loved good eating, and made an excellent cook for those little suppers where the king made the coffee. In all serious things she followed Mme. Adelaide so completely that they seemed like one person. After her father's death, the two went by the same name, the aunts of the king, the Mesdames. She, too, has her revolutionary history.

Little as there is to say of Mme. Victoire, there is still less of Mme. Sophie, who was utterly stupid. Nothing made her talk but a thunder-storm, of which she was terribly afraid. To keep people beside her during the storm she would say any thing, flatter, plead. Marie Antoinette draws the character of the sisters: "My Aunt Adelaide intimidates me a little; happily, I am a favorite with my Aunt Victoire, who is more simple. For the Aunt Sophie, she is, at the bottom, I am sure, a good soul, but she always looks as if she had fallen from the clouds. She will be sometimes whole months without opening her mouth, and I have not yet seen her full face —she never looks directly at any one." Luckily, Mme. Sophie died before the troubles came, and Marie Antoinette, who watched by her bedside, had the reward of seeing her turn her face toward her and of hearing her murmur prayers for all the royal family.

There remains only Mme. Louise, who was an entirely

different person, something like La Grande Mademoiselle, in miniature, for she was very small. But she had Mlle.'s love of manly sports, her vivacity, her pride. She was as restless, too. One day, impatient—a little thing made her impatient—because her nurse did not come and dress her, the little princess, she was only four years old, got up to dress herself, slipped on the bed, and fell out of the window. She was a little hump-backed ever afterward. The accident did not hurt her health, nor hinder her from being a most imprudent follower of the chase. She would ride the wildest horses; once she was thrown, but she insisted on mounting again, whipped her horse well, and rode him back to Versailles in triumph. Would such a young princess like to be led by her sister Adelaide? She didn't like it, and there are plenty of stories about their quarrels. Mme. Louise was the prettier, far the more fascinating. She did not care for politics; she wanted to play a great rôle socially. She was full of all sorts of frolics, very generous to her attendants, but very haughty towards them sometimes. She was the youngest of the princesses, and came to the court only when it was on the verge of an abyss, at the beginning of the revolution. Had she remained in public life she would probably have met a bad fate. She would have been a princess to the last. Happily, the deaths in her family frightened her. First, her sisters, Mesdames Infante and Henriette, then the dauphin and the dauphiness, then the queen, her mother, then the coming of the Du Barry. She determined to devote herself to God for the conversion of the king. “*Moi, Carmelite, et le roi tout à Dieu.*” She acted with her usual impetuosity.

One evening she left Versailles, appeared at the Carmelites, and told them she had come forever. She lived there eighteen years, and died before the worst of the Revolution, in 1787. In her last delirium, her hunting days came back to her, her last words being: "To Paradise, quick, at full gallop." Has the account of these six sisters seemed of little importance? They were all good women, as the times went, and they had their influence on their father, and through him on the history of the age. It was something then not to be a bad woman.

In 1786, Mesdames, the king's aunts, Adelaide and Victoire, lived in the pretty palace of Bellevue, built and furnished by Mme. de Pompadour. Here Mesdames would invite Marie Antoinette and Mme. Elizabeth, and here they would discuss the revolution. It was here that they heard of the terrible mob in Versailles, October, 1789, and, loyal to the king, the two hastened to his side. They were with the royal family all that terrible night, and the next morning Mme. Adelaide said to La Fayette: "I owe you more than life; I owe you that of the king, of my poor nephew." When the king went to Paris, Mesdames went back to Bellevue and stayed faithful through every thing till the Assembly passed and the king signed the decree of the civil constitution of the clergy, reducing the priests to the condition of public officers. This was too much for these Catholic ladies. They had seen the abolition of titles, the destruction of the nobility, but now their religion was touched. They would leave, they would go to Rome, to counsel, to encourage, to strengthen the pope. There were terrible rumors; the aunts

were going to carry away the dauphin, hid in the bottom of their carriage, they would substitute another child in his place, who would be presented to the people as the true dauphin. Address after address was sent to the Assembly. The women of the Halles crowded round the deputies. France would be ruined if these two old ladies took away the dauphin and their riches. Then Mirabeau rose: "The family of the king can not be taken away. A great nation has become his family." Louis sent a letter to the president asking that his aunts might have the freedom given to every native of France, that of going where he pleases. Was Louis quite sincere? Did he not know the object of their journey? The next morning the papers came out with their badinage: "Two princesses, sedentary by position, by age and by taste, suddenly find themselves possessed by a mania for travelling, for seeing the world. This is singular, but it is possible. People say they are going to kiss the pope's slipper. This is drole, but it is edifying. Thirty-two sections, and all good citizens, put themselves between these ladies and Rome. This is very simple. Mesdames, and above all Mme. Adelaide, wish to avail themselves of the rights of men; this is natural. They are not going, they say, with intentions opposed to the revolution. This is possible, but difficult to believe. These fair travellers take in their train eighty persons; that is good. But they take also twelve million francs; that is bad. They have need of a change of air; that is customary. But the change disquiets their creditors; that is customary also. They burn with a wish to travel (the desire of a woman is a fire which devours); that is

natural. We burn to retain them; that is natural also. Mesdames declare that they are free to go wherever seems good to them; that is just." After all this fuss the poor ladies get off, though they were arrested twice on their way through France. Once they ran a real danger. The crowd around their carriage shouted, "à la lanterne," but their guards forced them through. At Turin Mme. Adelaide wrote to the Prince of Condé that they were safe; but Savoy was afraid of sheltering French emigrés; they must leave. At Rome they were safe, and there they stayed through the terrors of the Revolution, the horrors of the death of the king, the queen and Mme. Elizabeth. But in 1797, when General Bonaparte advanced upon Rome they had to fly again, first to Naples, where the Caserta was given them for a refuge. The French troops advanced. The King of Naples gave them a vessel, and they started for the port, but their vessel did not wait for them, and the poor old ladies had to travel over the Apennines, sometimes on foot, where the snow blocked their carriage, for it was in December and very cold. At the coast, they found two poor little boats, into which the princesses and their suite crowded. There was scarcely room to turn, and there they were, thirty-one days without undressing, with nothing to eat but salted fish and sailors' biscuit, threatened by pirates, by French vessels. At last they reached Trieste. They were safe but the journey was too much for them. Mme. Victoire died two weeks after their arrival. Mme. Adelaide lingered for nine months. She was sixty-eight and her sister sixty-six years old.



VIII.

THE PURITAN MINISTER.

[December 24, 1881.]

What a solemn thing was Sunday in New England in the seventeenth century, and what a solemn preparation was made for it. After three o'clock on Saturday afternoon no secular work was done that could possibly be avoided. Saturday evening brought the preparatory lecture and Sunday morning is still as the night until the drum (in Cambridge), the bell (in Salem), or the horn (in Haverhill) calls every body to the meeting-house. The congregation comes, not in coaches, like the Virginia planters, with their footmen and outriders, but on horseback, the wife behind the husband. There must be no trotting, the horse must not be tied too close to the meeting-house door, there must be no gossiping on the porch. Every one takes his allotted seat—the seating is done over again every New Year's Day—the old men near the pulpit, the young men by the door, the magistrates' wives on the one side, the schoolmaster's wife next. Every mother has a little wooden cage by her side to hold the youngest child, too

scared to cry. On the high stool in the broad aisle sits some penitent man or woman—a wanton gospeller or worse. The sexton walks up the aisle, the minister follows, black cloak, black skull-cap, black gloves, open at the thumb and finger to turn the leaves of his sermon. Then the service begins. “People do not sneeze or cough here in public assemblies so much as in England,” Mr. Higginson quotes. If you interrupt the minister, or declare you get no good from his preaching, you are fined and whipped, but you must go to church. If you stay at home for a month you are put in the stocks—the wooden cage. But after the sermon there was a chance for you—you could ask questions of the elders, not of the minister. Then comes a little excitement—a baptism, the announcement of a marriage, or some magistrate (Samuel Sewell, perhaps,) puts up prayers for his sins. After that the contributions, the psalm singing, the benediction. Then the minister walks out, bowing gravely on each side; then the congregation follows, except such as have come from such a distance that they bring their dinner and eat it in the church—pork and beans, of course cold. But our lesson is the Puritan minister, not his congregation. Sunday was his gala day, but what a life of work was his. Mr. Cotton preached twice on Sunday, twice on Thursday, on Wednesday morning and on Saturday afternoon, six sermons a week; then he had a daily lecture at his house. The Rev. Jonathan Moody wrote four thousand sermons. The minister must also set aside a time for private prayer—Monday for his family, Tuesday for his enemies, Wednesday for the churches, Thursday for other societies, Friday for persons afflicted, and Sat-

urday for his own soul. He must have private fasts and public fasts, occasional sermons, meetings to open with prayer—what not. One thing he did not have to do—to attend weddings or funerals. For more than one hundred years after the settlement of New England, neither wedding nor funeral was a religious ceremony—the magistrates married people. George Bellingham married himself. At funerals there must be no prayer, no service. The bell would ring, and the friends walked two and two to the grave, but nothing was said; nothing must be allowed which savored of the Romish or the English church. The New England people eat salt fish on Saturday because the Catholics eat fish on Friday. “Doctor,” says King James to a Puritan minister, “do you go barefooted because the Papists wear shoes and stockings?” But though there was no religious service for either wedding or funeral, the minister improved the opportunity by preaching an appropriate sermon on the next Sabbath.

The wedding sermon gave a chance for their grim jokes, which come so strangely from the lips of these Calvinist divines. Here are some that I have heard a hundred times, because they are in the family, I suppose. Richard Cranch and John Adams courted the two daughters of the Rev. Wm. Smith, of Quincy—Mary and Abigail. There was an objection to John Adams, I believe, because he fought shy of Parson Smith’s hospitalities. When Mary was married her father preached from this text: “Mary hath chosen the better part, which can not be taken away from her.” Then came Abigail’s wedding, and she offered this text: “John came neither eating nor drinking, and ye say he hath a devil.” Mr.

Higginson says no sermon was preached from it, but I always heard that there was.

It was a hard life that these men led, yet what power they had. It was something to be a clergyman in New England in those days, and every mother prayed that at least one of her sons might reach that high station. Their political influence was great; none but church members could vote, and the minister controlled the church members. They controlled the courts. It was the minister who banished the Quakers, who condemned the witches, who passed sentence on heresies. Then they could marry whom they pleased. It was an honor to a young Puritan maiden to be sought by a clergyman. Cotton Mather quotes the Jewish phrase for a model woman: "One who deserved to marry a priest." I notice the clergy all got married, except, indeed, the Rev. Mr. Hooker, and Hawthorne tells us what was the matter with him. And what conscientious people they were; what courage, what zeal they had! Mr. Higginson says: "There was such an absolute righteousness among them, that to this day every man of New England descent lives partly on the fund of virtuous habits they accumulated." They were kindly and humble, too. "Sir," says some one to the Rev. Mr. Wilson, "I'll tell you a great thing; here's a mighty body of people, and there's not seven of them all but loves Mr. Wilson." "Sir!" he replied, "I'll tell you as good a thing; here's a mighty body of people, and there's not one of them all but Mr. Wilson loves him." Some young men undertook to play a trick on Mr. Cotton. One of them cried in his ear, "Cotton, thou art an old fool!" "I know it, I know it, the

Lord make both thee and me wiser." All this, or most of it, is to be found in an essay on the Puritan minister, by Thomas Wentworth Higginson, in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and he finishes the article with a noble quotation from his ancestor, the Rev. John Higginson: "If any man among us make religion as twelve, and the world as thirteen, let such a man know he hath neither the spirit of a true New England man, nor yet of a sincere Christian."

"Two of the ablest thinkers whom America has yet produced," says Leslie Stephen, "were born in New England at the beginning of the eighteenth century. The theorists who would trace all our characteristics to inheritance from some remote ancestor, might see in Jonathan Edwards and Benjamin Franklin normal representatives of the two types from which the genuine Yankee is derived. Though blended in various proportions, and though one may exist almost to the exclusion of the other, an element of shrewd mother-wit, and an element of transcendental enthusiasm are to be detected in all who boast a descent from the Pilgrim Fathers. Franklin, born in 1706, represents in its fullest development the more earthly side of this compound. A thoroughbred utilitarian, full of sagacity, and carrying into all regions of thought that strange ingenuity which makes an American the handiest of all human beings—Franklin is best embodied in his own Poor Richard. Honesty is the best policy; many a little makes a

mickle; the second vice is lying; the first is running in debt; and—

Get what you can, and what you get, hold;
'Tis the stone that will turn all your lead into gold.

These, and a string of similar maxims, are the pith of Franklin's message to the world. Franklin succeeded, however, as we know, in snatching lightning from the heavens and the sceptre from tyrants, and had his reward in the shape of much contemporary homage from French philosophers and lasting renown among his countrymen. Meanwhile, Jonathan Edwards, his senior by three years, had the fate common to men who are unfitted for the struggles of daily life, and whose philosophy does not harmonize with the dominant current of the time. Edwards, however, is interesting, just because he is a connecting link between two widely different phases of thought. He connects the expiring Calvinism of the old Puritan theocracy with what is called the transcendentalism embodied in the writings of Emerson and other leaders of Young America. His life, in striking contrast to that of his more celebrated contemporary, ran its course far away from the main elements of European activity. With the exception of a brief stay in New York, he lived almost exclusively in the interior of what was then the thinly settled colony of Massachusetts. His father was for nearly sixty years minister of a church in Connecticut, and his mother's father, the "celebrated Soloman Stoddard," for about an equal time minister of a church at Northampton. Young Jonathan, brought up at the feet of these venerable men, after the strictest sect of the Puritans, was sent to Yale at the

age of twelve, took his B. A. degree at the age of seventeen, and two years after became a preacher at New York. Thence he returned to a tutorship at Yale, but in his twenty-fourth year was ordained as colleague of his grandfather Stoddard, and spent at Northampton the next twenty-three years of his life. It may be added that he married early a wife of congenial temper, and had eleven children. One of his daughters—it is an odd combination—was the mother of Aaron Burr, the duelist, who killed Hamilton, and afterwards became the prototype of all Southern secessionists. The external facts, however, of Edwards' life are of little interest; that lies in his spiritual development. From his childhood, he tells us, his mind had been full of objections to the doctrine of God's sovereignty. It appeared to him to be a "horrible doctrine that God should choose whom He would and reject whom He pleased, leaving them eternally to perish, and be tormented eternally in hell." The whole history of his intellectual development is involved in the process by which he became gradually reconciled to this appalling dogma. He succeeded in working out for himself a satisfactory answer to the problem by which he had been perplexed. His cavils ceased as his reason strengthened. God's absolute sovereignty and justice seemed to him to be as clear as any thing he saw with his eyes: "at least," he adds, "it is so at times." Stephen gives an account of his strengthening in the severest Calvinistic dogmas, which is interesting, but too long for us. The best point of it all is his honesty. While he talks of his wickedness being perfectly ineffable, "and of his heart being an abyss infinitely deeper than hell," he knows the danger of

using such phrases mechanically. He says: "When you call yourself the worst of men, be careful that you do not think highly of yourself just because you think so meanly. And if you reply, 'No, I have not a high opinion of my humility; it seems to me I am as proud as the devil;' ask again, whether on this very account that you think yourself as proud as the devil, you do not think yourself to be very humble?" Stephen goes on to say: "That is a characteristic bit of subtilizing, and it indicates the danger of all this excessive introspection; Edwards would not have accepted the moral that the best plan is to think as little about yourself as possible; for, from his point of view, this constant cross-examination of all your feelings, this dissection of emotion down to its finest and most intricate convolutions, was of the very essence of religion."

Very interesting is the account of a revival in Northampton during Edwards' ministry there. "The event which most powerfully influenced Edwards' mind during his life at Northampton was one of those strange spiritual storms which then, as now, swept periodically across the churches. Protestants generally call them revivals; in Catholic countries they impel pilgrims to some devotional shrine. Edwards and his contemporaries described such a phenomenon as "a remarkable outpouring of God's Holy Spirit." He has carefully described the symptoms of one such commotion, in which he was main agent; and two or three later treatises, discussing some of the problems suggested by the scenes he witnessed, testify to the profoundness of the impression upon his mind. In fact, Edwards' whole philosophical system was

being put to a practical test by these events. Was the excitement, as modern observers would say, due to a mere moral epidemic, or was it actually produced by the direct interposition in human affairs of the Almighty Ruler? Unhesitatingly recognizing the hand of the God, the very thought of whom crushed him into self-annihilation, Edwards is unconsciously troubled by the strange contrast between the effect and the stupendous cause assigned for it. There is something almost pathetic in his eagerness to magnify the proportions of the event. But the limited area of the disturbance, perhaps, raised less difficulty than the equivocal nature of many of the manifestations. In Edwards' imagination, Satan was always on the watch to produce an imitation, and, it would seem, a curiously accurate imitation of the Divine impulses, and Edwards felt the vital importance of distinguishing between the two classes of supernatural agency, so different in their source, and yet so thoroughly similar in their effects. He gives examples of religious awakenings such as we have all heard. The strangest of these that Stephen quotes is the case of "Phœbe Bartlett, who had just passed her fourth birthday in April, 1735. This infant, of more than Yankee precocity, was converted by her brother, who had just gone through the same process at the age of eleven. She took to secret prayer four or five times a day, and would never suffer herself to be interrupted. Her experiences are given at great length, including a refusal to eat plums, 'because it was a sin,' . . . and her request to her father to replace a cow that a poor man had lost. She took great delight in 'private religious meetings,' and was specially edified by the sermons of Mr.

Edwards, for whom she professed, as he records, with, perhaps, some pardonable complacency, the warmest affection. But she was tormented by the fear of hell-fire, and her relatives and pastor appear to have done their best to stimulate this fear, . . . though Edwards remarks, incidentally, that many people had considered as intolerable the conduct of the ministers in frightening poor innocent little children with talk of hell-fire and eternal damnation." The revival gradually spent its force. In Edwards' phraseology: "It began to be very sensible that the Spirit of God was gradually withdrawing from us, and after this time Satan seemed to be set more loose, and raged in a dreadful manner." He gives several examples of Satan's influence: "Satan persuaded a highly respectable citizen to cut his throat, others saw visions and had fancied inspirations, and there are hints of grosser outrages on morality, but finally Northampton settled down into its normal tranquillity." Some years afterward Edwards quarreled with his people. He maintained that converted persons alone should be admitted to the Lord's Supper. The practice had been different at Northampton, and, after some years' dispute, there was an ecclesiastical council, and Edwards was dismissed by his congregation by a vote of two hundred to twenty. He went to a mission for Indians, at Stockbridge, in the remotest corner of Massachusetts. Who could have been more unfitted for such a place than the logical Calvinist? He remarks pathetically "on the very poor prospect open to the Housatonic Indians, if their salvation depended on their study of the evidences of Christianity." And, indeed, a sermon in the Housatonic language, if

Edwards ever acquired that tongue, upon predestination, the difference between the Arminian and the Calvinistic schemes, liberty of indifference, and other such doctrines, would hardly be an improving performance. Here he wrote his famous treatise on the Freedom of the Will, and the reputation it brought him made him President of New Jersey College in 1757, only to die of small-pox in the following March.

Stephen goes on with a critical analysis of Edwards' works, which we do not want. Edwards' great sermon was on God's anger towards sinners, where his terrible subject made him more eloquent even than usually: "Sinners shall slide in due time," is the text. Here is one very famous sentence: "The God that holds you over the pit of hell, much as one holds a spider or some other loathsome insect over the fire, abhors you and is dreadfully provoked; He looks upon you as worthy of nothing else but to be cast into the fire; . . . you are ten thousand times as abominable in His eyes as the most hateful and venomous serpent is in ours. . . . You, when damned, will know certainly that you must wear out long ages, millions and millions of ages, in wrestling and conflicting with the Almighty merciless vengeance; and then, when you have so done, when so many ages have been spent by you in this manner, you will know that all is but a point to what remains." "Nor could his hearers fancy that, as respectable New England Puritans, they had no personal interest in the question. 'It would be awful,' he says, 'if we could point out one definite person in this congregation as certain to endure such torments. But, alas! instead of one, how many is it likely will

remember this discourse in hell? It would be a wonder if some that are now present should not be in hell in a very short time, before this year is out. And it would be no wonder if some persons that now sit here in some seats of this meeting-house in health, quiet and secure, should be there before to-morrow morning! ”

Yet, indeed, nobody was under more thorough self-control than this clear-headed New England divine and metaphysician. He had from his childhood the clearest perception of logical truth, the quickest eye for logical failures, and wit at will to hold up to ridicule those who made mistakes in their reasonings. At ten years of age he hears read in school what we should call “a composition,” in which his school-mate advances the opinion that the soul is material and stays with the body till the resurrection. Whether such subjects for composition were chosen by these young Puritans, or whether the school-teachers gave them out, is uncertain. Probably both teachers and scholars reflected the times as we do now, and thought, talked and wrote on those subjects which they heard discussed around them. Edwards answered his school-mate in a playful letter (playful for the times, I mean). He begins very deferentially, promising to believe the doctrine if his few objections are answered. “First, I would know whether this material soul keeps with the body in the coffin; and if so, whether it might not be convenient to build a repository for it. In order to which, I would know what shape it is of; whether round, triangular, or four-square, or whether it is a number of long, fine strings reaching from the head to the foot; and whether it does not

live a very discontented life. I am afraid when the coffin gives way the earth will fall in and crush it. But, if it should choose to live above ground, and hover about the grave, how big is it; whether it covers all the body or is assigned to the head, or breast, or how? If it covers all the body, what it does when another body is laid upon it; whether the first gives way and, if so, where is the place of retreat. . . . But, above all, I am concerned to know what they do when a burying-place has been filled up twenty, thirty or a hundred times. If they are a top of one another, the uppermost will be so far off that it can take no care of the body. The undergoing so much hardship and being deprived of the body at last will make them ill-tempered." This is childish, certainly, but it was written by a child of ten.

Before he was eighteen he puts in his note-book a few sentences on the same subject, where the idea is still carried out. "Our common way of conceiving of what is spiritual is very gross and shadowy and corporeal, with dimensions and figure and so forth. If we would get a right notion of what is spiritual, we must think of thought, or inclination, or delight. How large is that thing in the mind which they call thought? Is love square or round? Is the surface of hatred rough or smooth? Is joy an inch or a foot in diameter? These are spiritual things; and why should we then form such a ridiculous idea of spirits as to think them so long, so thick or so wide, or to think there is a necessity of their being square or round or some other certain figure." In later years he gives the testimony of his mature understanding as to the true nature of spirit: "Those beings which have knowledge and

consciousness are the only proper and real and substantial beings; inasmuch as the being of other things is only by these. From hence we may see the gross mistake of those who think material things the most substantial beings, and spirits more like a shadow, whereas *spirits only are properly substance.*"

I have almost nothing to say of his great work, his essay on the will, or, to give its title accurately: "A careful and strict inquiry into the modern prevailing notion that freedom of the will is supposed to be essential to moral agency." We shall none of us read it, yet it is still undoubtedly the great bulwark of Calvinistic theology. Let us have the notices of the book, from Allibone, to show us how it is regarded by great thinkers: "I consider Jonathan Edwards the greatest of the sons of men. He ranks with the brightest luminaries of the Christian Church, not excluding any country or any age since the apostolic."—Robert Hall. Sir James Mackintosh says: "The Inquiry into the Will is a most profound and acute disquisition. The English Calvinists have produced nothing to put in competition with it. Its author, in a metaphysical age, would have been deemed as much the boast of America as his great countryman, Franklin," and so on. Dr. Jamison says: "His work on the Freedom of the Will is universally acknowledged to be one of the greatest efforts of human intellect." The work itself is a mystery to me; not that I claim to have read it properly, but even were I to do my best, I am not competent to say whether in Mr. Edwards' opinion the will is free or is not. Don't misunderstand me. What I say seems flippant, and yet there

is nothing of that feeling in my heart. I look with reverence upon a book, the work of so great a mind on so important a subject, and I wish some one competent would tell us something about it. In Sparks' American Biography is a life of Edwards, by Samuel Miller, and it is very interesting. What strikes me most is his good luck in having such a charming wife, who cared for his bodily health, which was feeble; for his fortunes, which were small, but by her wonderful management quite equal to his wants, who brought up eleven children on those small means, who filled all the requirements of a minister's wife, even to the counselling the women coming to her husband for spiritual advice, and doing it so well that they were satisfied with talking with her instead of with Mr. Edwards. Then at his death, which was very sudden, from small-pox by inoculation, she shows a beautiful submission. She was at Stockbridge waiting to remove to Princeton when the news came. She writes to her daughter, Mrs. Burr:

“My very dear child—What shall I say? A holy and a good God has covered us with a dark cloud! Oh, that we may kiss the rod and lay our hands on our mouths! The Lord has done it. He has made me adore his goodness, that we had him so long. But my God lives and he has my heart. Oh, what a legacy my husband and your father has left us. We are all given to God, and there I am and love to be. Your affectionate mother,

SARAH EDWARDS.”

Sixteen days after Mr. Edwards' death his daughter, Mrs. Burr, followed him, probably also from the effect of the inoculation. She left two children, the famous Aaron Burr

and a daughter. Mrs. Edwards left Stockbridge the next September for Princeton, intending to bring back her two orphan grandchildren, and bring them up in her own family. She died only a few days after her arrival.

There was a Puritan minister who, by a singular incongruity, is chiefly known to us as a tory and a wit. This was Mather Byles, a grandson of the great Mather family; a man of great talent, brought up in Boston by a Puritan mother and father, and yet a devoted loyalist and an inveterate joker. His loyalty was open and avowed, and though he never introduced politics into the pulpit, his congregation dismissed him in 1776. Every thing that happened to him was the occasion of a joke. When he was solemnly asked by his congregation why he did not preach politics, his answer was: "I have thrown up four breastworks, behind which I have intrenched myself, neither of which can be forced. In the first place, I do not understand politics; in the second place, you all do, every man and mother's son of you; in the third place, you have politics all the week—pray let one day out of seven be devoted to religion; and in the fourth place, I am engaged in a work of infinitely greater importance. Give me any subject to preach upon of more consequence than the truths I bring to you and I will preach it next Sabbath." But he had to go. The next year, 1777, he was denounced in town-meeting as an enemy to his country, and was afterwards tried before a special court. The charges were that he prayed for the king; that he remained in Boston during the siege, and that he received visits from the British officers. The sentence was that he and his fam-

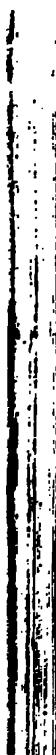
ily should be sent to England, but afterwards it was commuted to imprisonment in his own house. When the guard was standing before his door, some one said : "What is that?" "Oh, that's an *observe-a-tory*." Once he persuaded the sentinel to go on an errand for him, the old doctor shouldering the musket and keeping guard over himseif. The sentinel was removed, replaced and again dismissed. "You see," says Mr. Byles, "I have been guarded, regarded and disregarded."

His house stood for a long time in Boston, occupied by his two daughters, who died in 1835 and 1837. They were unflinching in their loyalty to the day of their death. When William IV. came to the throne one of the sisters wrote him a congratulatory letter, assuring him that the family of Dr. Byles never had renounced and never would renounce their allegiance to the British crown. The house was full of lovely old furniture and curiosities, and the two nice old-maids lived upon the recollections of those old days when they knew General Howe, Lord Percy and other British officers. They would tell complacently of their having walked arm in arm with these distinguished men on Boston Common. They would never sell their house nor have it altered ; and when it became necessary, in the progress of public improvements, that part of it should be removed, they regarded it as nothing less than sacrilege, which they could oppose only with unavailing remonstrances. The elder sister felt the shock so deeply that there is some reason to believe it hastened her departure from the world. "That," said the survivor, "is one of the consequences of living in a Republic.. Had we

been living under a king, he would have cared nothing about our little property, and we should have enjoyed it in our own way as long as we lived. But there is one comfort,—that there is not a creature in the States that will be any better for what we shall leave behind us." And she was true to her word, for all the estate passed into the possession of relatives in the Provinces.

We do a sort of injustice to Mr. Byles' character as a minister when we record only his pulpit jokes, which seem to us irreverent. We must remember that he was a great and eloquent preacher, fully devoted to his work. Remembering that, we may give the jokes. He turns his hour-glass with "Now, we'll take another glass." Once Mr. Thomas Prince was to preach for him. The time for service came, but Mr. Prince was not there. Sermon time, no Mr. Prince. Mr. Byles opened his Bible, told of his disappointment, but said rather than let the congregation go without a word of exhortation, he would address them on an appropriate passage, 146th Psalm, 3d verse: "Put not your trust in Princes." The Rev. Samuel J. May, of Syracuse, gives from his father, the account of the meeting of Mr. Byles and his congregation when they returned to the city after the siege. The church had been used as a barrack by the British, and the elders were to meet their minister there to show cause why he should be dismissed. Mr. May, a boy of seventeen, went out of curiosity. There was nothing on the floor of the church but a stove and the pulpit. The elders had betaken themselves to the gallery. The church door opened and Dr. Byles in full canonicals, flowing robe, bands, bush-wig in full

powder, three-cornered hat, walked in and mounted the pulpit. He hung up his hat, sat down. In a few minutes he turned to the gallery: "If you have any thing to communicate, say on." One of the deacons opened a manuscript and began to read in a feeble voice: "The Church of Christ, in Hollis street—" "Louder," said the doctor, in his deep voice. "The Church of Christ, in Hollis street—" "Louder." The squeaking voice began again. "Louder," cried the doctor, "Louder, I say." The deacon screamed out three or four charges. "They are false," shouted the doctor, "and the Church of Christ in Hollis street knows they are false." Then he seized his hat, clapped it on his head and marched out of the church, refusing ever to enter it again. One of the stories is of a deep mud-hole opposite his house, of which he had often complained. At last the *chaise* of two selectmen stuck fast there. Dr. Byles came out, made them a respectful bow, with "Gentlemen, I have often complained to you of this nuisance, without any notice being taken of it, and I am very glad to see you *stirring in the matter now*." On the famous dark day, 1780, a lady frightened, sent to Dr. Byles asking if he thought the last day had really come. "Give my compliments to your mistress, and tell her I am as much in the dark as she is."



IX.

OHIO.

[April 29, 1882.]

In our day, when a New Yorker or a Bostonian starts on a journey to the far West, we Cincinnatians are very much mortified to find him always choosing the Chicago route and leaving our city "out in the cold." This is no new thing; two hundred years ago, when emigrants and adventurers from the St. Lawrence and the settlements of New France began to push their way to the Mississippi and the great West, they went by the lakes, crossed from Lake Michigan to the Wabash over the very place where Chicago now stands, and went down the Wabash to the Ohio and the Mississippi. The whole river, from the source of the Wabash to the entrance of the Ohio into the Mississippi, was called the Ouabashée—the Ohio, above the Wabash, was almost entirely unknown. Indeed it was a wilderness, and had been so since 1653. In that year those Romans of the New World, as somebody calls them, the Iroquois, the Five Nations, whose very name was a terror to the other Indian tribes, had swept down upon the Delawares and Shawnees, the gentle tribes who lived in the Ohio

Valley, and had fairly exterminated them. The Iroquois kept possession of their conquest, not that they settled it, they kept it for their hunting-grounds, the Ohio river making for them an easy route by which their canoes could reach any point, and from which they could easily send warriors into the interior to punish any daring Indian tribe which should make a settlement in the valley claimed by the Iroquois. Whilst the Five Nations claimed our country by the right of conquest and possession, the French and English claimed it in theory; and when early adventurers from both nations began to push themselves into the Ohio Valley, the claims of the Indians were of course disregarded. The Iroquois, wisest of Indian nations, understood this well. "Where are the Indian lands," asks one of their chiefs, "when the French claim all on the north side of the Ohio and the English all on the south of it?"

That the French claimed all north of the Ohio was, even in those early days, a matter of deep anxiety to the far-seeing among the settlers on the coast of the Atlantic. You remember, in our lesson on Virginia, the wonderful expedition of Alex. Spottswood, Governor of Virginia, who, in 1710, led his Knights of the Golden Horse Shoe over the Allegheny Mountains and took possession of the country. I don't know that he gained any thing by that romantic expedition, but when he returned to his home at Spottsylvania he did a much wiser thing: he addressed a memorial to the English Government, in which he exposed the French scheme of military occupation, foretold their purpose of limiting the English colonies to the Atlantic coast, and recommended forts and

settlements on the Ohio. Nobody listened to his memorial, but forty years after, some one in the House of Parliament called attention to it with bitter regret that it had not been adopted.

Nothing was done by the mother country or by the colonial governments, but private individuals went into the Ohio Valley at the risk of their lives, trading with the Indians. Amongst them the most celebrated was one Conrad Weiser, who, in 1748, penetrated to the Indian village of Logstown, on the Ohio, a few miles below Wheeling. He kept a journal, in the fashion of the day, but the chief point in his journal is the religion of the Indians. I am afraid he thinks it better than the Christian religion, certainly on the point of faith. The Indians told him that "God fed every thing which had life, even the rattlesnake itself, though it was a bad creature; and that God would also provide for them, because they always cast their care upon Him; but that, contrary to this, the Europeans always carried bread with them." The histories are full of the adventures of these private traders and their intercourse with the Indians, but all Indian stories are alike—alike stupid, unless they are alike horrid. All that the traders did was to awaken the English to the danger of losing the North-west, of being shut in by the Alleghenies and of surrendering to the French the whole country between the Ohio and the Mississippi; in fact, the whole Mississippi Valley. Weiser had been sent out to conciliate the Indians and to undo the work of the French. He brought back such favorable reports that some of the leading Virginia gentlemen, among them Lawrence and Augustine

Washington, formed what is called the "Old Ohio Company" (1748), petitioning the king for a grant beyond the mountains. Half a million acres were given to the company, always provided they should settle one hundred families there within seven years, and build a fort to protect them.

But the French were not blind all this while. The Governor of Canada, the Marquis of Galisonnière, writes home immediately to the French court, warning them that English traders were on the Ohio, English settlers claiming land there. The answer came at once, an order to the Governor, a declaration from Louis XV., that whatever nation took possession of the mouth of a river, that nation thereby laid claim to all the land on each side that river up to its very source. (This was La Salle's claim also.) With this came a parcel of leaden plates, to that effect, with blanks for the name of the river and the date of the possession. Galisonnière was to see that one of these plates was buried at the mouth of every river emptying into the Ohio. The governor chose Captain Celeron de Brienville to command the expedition, gave him the lead plates and a force of about three hundred men. Celeron forced his way down to the Ohio, made his camp on the Beautiful River at an ancient Indian village, and then wrote three letters to the Governor of Pennsylvania, telling of his mission, and warning him to prohibit all English trading on the Ohio. These he sent by some traders already near him, warning them not to return. Then Celeron divided his leaden plates, giving half to his lieutenant, Jean Coeur, to be buried in the upper Ohio Valley, while he himself took care of the lower valley. One of the Indian guides stole a plate

from Jean Coeur and carried it at once to Governor Clinton, in New York. The others were duly buried. Only two of these plates have been found, those at the mouth of the Muskingum and of the Great Kanawha. If you like you may dig at the mouth of the Licking, the Big and Little Miami, Deercreek, Millcreek, anywhere, perhaps you will find one. The Muskingum plate was found in 1798, after a great freshet in the river, by some Marietta boys who were bathing there. They poked it out of the bank by the help of a pole, took it home, and began to melt it to make bullets. Luckily, Mr. Paul Fearing heard of the plate and rescued it from the boys. This plate is at Worcester, Mass. In 1846, one hundred years after its burial, the Kanawha plate was found—like that at Marietta, by a boy; this is perfect, eleven inches by seven, with deep cut letters, evidently cut by a graver, except the date, August 18, 1749, and the name of the river, which are scratched with a penknife. The name of the engraver is on the back of the plate, Paul le Brosse.

If the French buried their plates so deep that only two have been found during one hundred and forty years, I don't see what good it did to bury them at all. Their next step was far more sensible, that was to build forts at every important point—At Presque Isle (Erie), Fort de Boeuf (Waterford, Pa.) and Fort Venango (Franklin, Pa.) There was a certain English trader, one Stephen Coffin, taken prisoner and kept among the French for four years, who steals off at last and tells the English in Virginia of the forts, their strength in guns and men. He had helped to build them and knew well enough what they were. Then began the

struggle. The Ohio Company were active at once. First they sent out Mr. Christopher Gist to examine the country, make friends with the Indians, mark the valuable lands, and above all to spy out the plans of the French. Gist keeps a journal, of course, and, as he is the first American or Englishman known to have stepped on Cincinnati ground, we care a little about him. He makes a treaty with the Indians at Logstown, and on Christmas day calls them all together and reads them the English Church service, which so delights them that they promise never to listen to a Catholic service again. I don't think they experience much of a change of heart, for in the afternoon they amuse themselves with killing a prisoner, a woman, that they had taken from the Twightwees. They take her out of the town, loosen her bonds, then run after her, catch her and cut her head off. Mr. Gist buries her the next day. He goes on with his journey till he comes to the White Woman river, a branch of the Muskingum, where he finds the white woman from whom it is named, Mrs. Mary Harris, who was stolen from New England when ten years old by some French Indians. She is fifty now, and has an Indian husband and children, but she tells Gist that she remembers New England and how very religious every body was there; she wonders how any white men can be so wicked as the traders she sees in Ohio.

Gist's next stopping place is Chillicothe, then a great Indian town, and here he found a wonderful festival. He says: "On the evening that I arrived a chief made proclamation that all the marriages of the tribe were dissolved, and during the next three days the women might again choose hus-

bands." The three days were spent in feasting and dancing—men and women apart—the women singing a song, of which the chorus was: "I am not afraid of my husband; I will choose what man I please." On the third evening, the men danced in a long string, the women standing still. As the favorite man passed each woman stepped into the dance, seizing him by his blanket, till all were chosen." Gist's next stopping place was a few miles up the Big Miami, at a town of the Twightwees, a town of four hundred inhabitants, within ten miles of Cincinnati, now lost as completely as Troy, unless, indeed, it be our neighbor, Piqua. He stays there several days, then goes down the Miami and examines Cincinnati, or what was afterwards Cincinnati. He says of it: "Land very rich; variety of timber; abundance of game; Ohio abounds in fish; the Indians smoke the pipe of peace." Gist and his companion, Montour, make a treaty of alliance between the Indians and the English, in spite of several French agents who are on the spot giving presents and bribes to the Twightwee king. From Cincinnati he goes by the river to the falls at Louisville, thence home through North Carolina.

His report was so encouraging that the Ohio Company immediately sent out settlers and traders to take possession of their land. Two of these traders established themselves at Dayton. Immediately the French demanded them of the Twightwees, and on their refusal the place was attacked, fourteen Indians killed, the traders carried into Canada, and report came back that they had been burned. I don't suppose they were burned; the French in Canada were not sav-

ages; but, out of that little skirmish, where a few Indians were killed and two unimportant Virginia tradesmen were taken prisoners, grew the great Seven Years' War, which set all Europe on fire, made England an empire instead of a little island kingdom, drove the French from Asia and from America, and changed entirely the balance of power among the European nations. France and England were in profound peace, but such an outrage as this could not be passed over in silence. Gov. Dinwiddie, of Virginia, wrote of it to the English Government. Commissioners were sent to Paris to demand redress, and were answered by an assertion of the French claims to the whole Ohio and Mississippi Valley, and of their intention to maintain them at the point of the sword. They were ready, moreover, for active operation, while the English were entirely unprepared. The line of forts which was to stretch from Lake Erie to the mouth of the Ohio was planned, the points at which the forts were to be erected were already settled, three forts, Presque Isle, Le Boeuf and Venango already built.

The next point, and the most important in the whole chain, was the fort at the forks of the Ohio. Dinwiddie, who had his orders from England, determined to act at once. His first step—for no war was yet declared—was to send a messenger to the French posts asking their designs, and at the same time gathering all possible information as to their strength. The messenger was ready to his hand—George Washington, then twenty-two years old, young enough, indeed, but such a grave and dignified young man. Lawrence Washington was just dead, dying of the consumption which

had driven him, with George at his side, to Havana, to the Barbadoes, the Bermudas, and thence home to Mt. Vernon to die. George was made his executor and the guardian of his infant daughter, and in those long days of sickness in the West Indies had heard all Lawrence Washington's plans for the Ohio Company. He knew the Indian ways, had traveled among them with Lord Fairfax, had spent weeks in the border land of Spottsylvania; had the physical strength and the moral energy necessary, the courage to cope with the Indians and the sagacity to negotiate with the French. By his letter of instructions, he was to go first to Logstown, meet the Indians, get an escort from them, and seek out the French commander-in-chief. To him he was to give his credentials and Dinwiddie's letter, ask an answer in the name of the King of England, and wait for it only one week.

He took with him a regular free-lance, a Dugald Dalgetty sort of person, one Jacob Van Braam, who had served with Lawrence Washington, and was now a hanger-on at Mt. Vernon. On the Cumberland they met Christopher Gist, who gladly turned back with them as interpreter. They pushed on to Logstown. There was no trouble with the Indians; they were ready enough to welcome the English, for the French encroachments had been so rapid as to frighten them. The Half-King, the great chief of the Shawnees, was ready to go with Washington to Fort Venango—ready to support him in all his demands upon the French. At Venango they found the redoubtable Capt. Joncaire, the veteran trader and intriguer of the border. Joncaire was cunning, but not so

cunning as old Van Braam, who plied him with wine till, says Washington, "he dosed himself so plentifully with it, that it soon banished the restraint which appeared at first in his conversation. He told me that the French were determined to get possession of the Ohio, and by God they would do it, for though the English could raise two men to their one, yet they were so dilatory that nothing would come of their plans. The river had belonged to the French ever since La Salle's discovery, and now they would take possession of it." Washington's journal is worth reading, were it only to see how wonderfully prudent is this young man of twenty-two. He had need of prudence. "I can not say that ever in my life I suffered so much anxiety as I did in this affair. I saw that every stratagem which the most fruitful brain could invent was practised to win the Indians to their interest."

At last, however, the Chevalier de St. Pierre gave him the sealed reply to Gov. Dinwiddie's letter, and he started on his homeward journey. It was December; there was a heavy snow that froze as it fell; the pack-horses were jaded out; there was nothing for it but to leave them behind and go on afoot. Leaving every body else behind, Washington and Gist started on their dangerous journey. We have read about that journey in our school histories; we have seen pictures of Washington crossing the ice, but I don't think we know much what it meant. They were shot at by their Indian guide; Washington was swept under the ice on the Allegheny; they were taken prisoners by the Indian Queen Aliquippa, and only ransomed themselves by a bottle of rum, "milk" they called it for euphony, and to save the feelings of the queen.

At last they reached Mr. Gist's little settlement on the Monongahela, and Washington was provided with horse and guide to the capital.

The news that he brought back roused the whole colony, and not Virginia only, but New York and Pennsylvania. The aim of both French and English was to seize and fortify the forks of the Ohio. The English were first there, but with a poor little band of forty-one men under a mere boy, Ensign Ward. The men were working away, hungry, cold, but, as they thought, far away from any enemies. There were a few Indian scouts around, but every thing quiet in the forests. Quiet indeed; there were keen eyes watching them, measuring the low entrenchment that they were throwing up, and there were the swift feet of Indian runners to carry the story to the French. On April 17, Ensign Ward was startled by the appearance of sixty flat-boats and three hundred canoes on the Allegheny. It was the French commandant Contrecoeur. He sent in his summons to Ward: "Sir, nothing can surprise me more than to see you attempt a settlement upon the lands of the king, my master; for it is incontestable that all the lands along the Beautiful River belong to his most Christian Majesty." The summons was for an immediate surrender. Ward could do nothing, he could only march out, asking the lives of his men. In his report, he says Contrecoeur invited him to supper, but he had no appetite for it. Contrecoeur would have had as little could he have foreseen the end of that war, of which this was the first encounter.

The French finished the fortifications begun by the English, named the place Ft. Du Quesne and held it from 1754 to

1758. In those years was Braddock's defeat, a thing we know so well that we need not dwell upon it, but there is one little story presented by Mr. Craig, which shows on how trifling a pivot turns the whole fate of armies. The news of the approach of Braddock's disciplined army was brought to the French commandant. Fort Du Quesne was only a stockade and could not stand against field pieces, even for an hour. There was no thought of resistance, the commander making preparations for a surrender, when Captain Beaujeu, a young Frenchman, proposed to take a party of Indians and meet Braddock upon his march. The Indians refused to go; the case was hopeless. Beaujeu told them he would go alone, or with such French volunteers as he could obtain. This shamed them and the little body, 200 French and 600 Indians, went out to meet Braddock's 9,000 disciplined troops. We all know the result. Beaujeu fell at the first fire and his friend Dumas took the command and gained the victory. George Warrington was there; not Pendennis Warrington, but his grandfather, George Esmund Warrington, and we have his account in the *Virginians*.. We have also the account of another eye-witness, Captain James Smith. Mr. Clarke says his book has the most exact account of the manners and customs of the Ohio Indians ever given. Indeed Captain Smith had reason to know them well, having been in their hands for five years.

Who was it that in 1759 gained Fort Du Quesne and with it the whole North-west Territory for the English and gave into English hands the whole State of Ohio? The man who built the first house on Ohio ground, a Moravian mis-

sionary, Christian Frederick Post, as earnest a religious enthusiast, as strong a believer in special Providence, and as brave a man as any Puritan of New England. In 1758 Pitt was Prime Minister in England and the seven years war which so far had been entirely favorable to the French, changed its aspect everywhere. In one of Lord Chesterfield's letters to George Selwyn, or one of his friends, he says: "The French are masters in America to do what they please. We are no longer a nation. I never yet saw so dreadful a prospect." Pitt changed all this. He sent Clive to India, Wolfe to Canada and Forbes to the North-west Territory. Forbes' army was well disciplined and led by a brave man, but Braddock's defeat had taught the English that disciplined soldiers could do nothing so long as the French had the Indians on their side. Some one must go among them and make the effort to draw them over. It was no easy matter to find a true and trustworthy man, whose courage, skill, ability, knowledge and physical power would fit him for such a mission. He was to pass through a wilderness filled with doubtful friends into a country filled with open enemies. The whole French interest would be against him, and the Indians of the Ohio were little to be trusted. Every stream on his way had been dyed with blood; every hillside had sung with the death-yell and grown red in the light of burning huts. The man who was at last chosen was a Moravian, who had lived among the savages seventeen years and married among them; his name, Christian Frederick Post. Of his journey, sufferings and doings, his own journals are the evidence, though Heckewelder says that those

parts which redounded most to his own credit he omitted in printing. Forbes sent this man before him to tell the Indians that he was coming, and engage them to be his friends. "I will go," says Post, "though I should lose my life." He came in sight of Fort Venango, held by the French. "I prayed the Lord to blind them, as he did the enemies of Lot and Elisha, that I might pass unknown. I slept that night within half-gunshot of the fort. The next morning I hunted for my horse within ten yards of it. The Lord had heard my prayer and I passed unknown." His whole journey is thus put under the special care of the Lord, and when he returns successful he says: "The Lord has preserved me through all the dangers and difficulties that I have ever been under, and I now live, not for myself, but for Him."

Post had gained the Indians and made the way clear for General Forbes. His expedition, 9,000 strong, advanced from Philadelphia. Forbes was dying of consumption, but he insisted on his right to the command, and made the whole journey, a journey of four months, on a litter, carried by his men. Even with all that Post had done to make the Indians friendly, there was a defeat of the advance guard, a body of Highlanders under Major Grant, on the very first attack upon Fort Du Quesne.

The men retreated and urged the giving up of the expedition. Forbes swore a furious oath; he would sleep in the fort or in a worse place that very next night, and pushed his army on. On their march they came to the slain of the day before. The Indians (or the French) had set poles along the road, on each of which was the head of a Highlander and his

kilt. The story is told in the Pennsylvania Gazette (and nowhere else, says Mr. Craig). The provincials under Washington, being in front, obtained the first view of this horrible spectacle, but they passed along, without any manifestation of their violent wrath. But as soon as the Highlanders came in sight of the remains of their countrymen, a slight buzz was heard in their ranks, which rapidly swelled and grew louder and louder. Exasperated, not only by the barbarous outrages upon the persons of their unfortunate fellow-soldiers, but maddened by the insult which was conveyed by the exhibition of their kilts, which they well understood, as both French and Indians nicknamed them the petticoat warriors, their wrath knew no bounds. Directly a rapid and violent tramping was heard and immediately the whole corps of the Highlanders rushed forward with their muskets abandoned and broadswords drawn, foaming with rage and resembling, as Captain Craighead coarsely expressed it, "mad boars engaged in battle," swearing vengeance and extermination upon the French troops who had permitted such outrages. The whole army moved forward after the Highlanders. Suddenly a tremendous explosion was heard from the westward on which Forbes swore that the French magazine was blown up, either by accident or design. The "Head of Iron," as the Indians called Forbes, was right. The French commandant had been told by the Indians that the English army was numerous as the trees in the woods. Post had so won over the Ohio Indians that not one would join the troops at Fort Du Quesne, and in despair the commandant blew up the fort. When the English arrived the French were taking to their

boats. Then began the building of Fort Pitt, which secured Ohio to the English, and which cost the British Government £60,000. Don't forget that we owe it all to Post. Colonel Forbes' army was as open to an Indian attack as General Brad-dock's. Here is the story in a little poetry of the time:

"The Head of Iron, from his couch,
Gave courage and command,
Which Washington, Bouquet and Grant,
Repeated to the band.
Till hark ! the Highlanders began,
With their chieftain's word to swell,
To-night I shall sup and drain my cup,
In Fort Du Quesne—or Hell.
But the man of prayer and not of boast,
Had spoken first in Frederick Post."

Ohio was saved for the English and the treaty of Paris, 1763, which closed the Seven Years' War, made the Mississipi the boundary between the French and English pos-sessions in America.

Now that we have gained Ohio, we are ready to settle it. Who built the first house in Ohio? Christian Frederick Post, the Moravian. The house was in Stark county, on the bank of the Muskingum river, built in 1761, but not lived in till Fort Du Quesne fell and Post's business for the government was finished. When he began his house the Indians asked him why he took possession of their lands. "I must have something to live upon, while I am teaching you the Word of God." Whereat the Indians gave him fifty steps in every direction. Here he built and settled, and here he brought

his Indian wife, and here he spent the rest of his life in converting the savages to the Moravian faith. You see that Ohio, too, has a religious origin. Had we time to go into the history of the Moravian missionaries, their settlements in Ohio, their earnest efforts for the Indians, their sufferings, etc., we should begin to have as great a reverence for them as we have for the early Puritans, but we must leave them and their heroic work to go to the people who came to Ohio for a home.

Ohio certainly wasn't a nice place to come to, especially for women. The Indians were too close. We have our heroines, however. Here is Elizabeth Zane, shut up, with all the inhabitants of the settlements round, in Fort Henry. The Indians surrounded the fort and the supply of gunpowder was exhausted. There was a keg of powder at her brother's house, sixty yards from the fort, but who would go and get it? Miss Zane came forward and volunteered. Her death would be no loss to the garrison, if she were killed. The gate of the fort was opened and Miss Zane passed out. The Indians gazed in wonderment, so astonished that they let her go safely to the house. When she came out with the keg of powder in her arms the Indians understood what she was doing and a volley of shot was poured upon her. As our Puritan fathers would say a special Providence protected her; not a bullet struck her or her precious burden. If you are interested in the history of the settlement of Ohio, between the year 1763, when, by the treaty of Utrecht, the French ceded it to the English, and the year 1783, when, by the treaty of Paris, the

English acknowledged our independence and made the Mississippi our western boundary, you must seek it in the stories of the Indian wars—Bouquet's Expedition against the Indians, Crawford's Captivity, a hundred Indian stories; interesting and horrible, but all alike. I could make your blood run cold by reading to you the account of Colonel Crawford's death. Was the country where such things might happen a country to which men would bring their wives and children; where they would think of making a home? A few frontier men, willing to hold their lives in their hands, forced their way into the forests, built their houses on the banks of the streams, and hunted and farmed with their guns within reach. There were women heroic enough to go with their husbands and brave the terrible frontier life. What that was, we find in a little book, *Notes on Western Life from 1763 to 1783, Inclusive*, by Dr. Joseph Doddridge, who came over the Pennsylvania mountains in 1773, when he was eleven years old. The little party stopped at a tavern in Bedford, Pa., where the little fellow saw his first cups and saucers.

Dr. Doddridge does not give his own adventures except in this case. He takes certain subjects—first, the weather, of which he says the summers were much cooler than now (1826), the mornings being sometimes uncomfortably cold. The forest trees and the wild grass prevented the heating of the earth, and the dew upon them made the air damp. But frost and snow set in earlier—frost the 22d September, and plenty of snow in October. Then came the Indian summer, which the settlers dreaded, for it brought the Indians upon

them, after they had considered that the winter had made them safe. The real winter was frightfully cold. February brought the powwowing days—an open spell—March and April cold again—in one year forty frosts after the first of April. Spring never really began till after the 10th of May. He is frightened when in the summer of 1824 the thermometer goes up to 100°, and prophesies that in fifty years we shall all be burnt up, and the West be one great desert of Sahara. His chapter on dress is amusing. The men's hunting-dress was picturesque, with its cape and colored fringes, its belt with tomahawk and scalping-knife, its moccasins trimmed with fur. But the women? "A linsey petticoat and a bed-gown; a small, homemade kerchief at the neck; bare feet in warm weather, coarse shoes in cold, and on their heads the sun-bonnet—ugly thing—and worn all day long." Still these young women found husbands, and two chapters are devoted to the wedding and the house-warming. The whole neighborhood went to the wedding, which was always before noon. The guests came in procession, double file. When within a mile of the house, the procession stopped, to give time for a race for the whisky-bottle. Two young men ran the distance to the bride's house, where her father stood at the door with a bottle of whisky held up to view. The first comer seized it and bore it back to the procession in triumph. The groom had the first drink, and then it was passed along the line till it was emptied. Next came the marriage, then dinner, then dancing. The first dance was a square four, where it was jigged off; that is, the couple separated, and instead of a waltz went off two by two in a jig. If either lady or gentle-

man grew tired they cut out, that is, left the dance, the place being supplied by some one else, chosen by the remaining partner. At 9 o'clock the bride was stolen away by the bridesmaids and put to bed in the attic. Then the young men carried off the bridegroom. Late in the night, a deputation carried whisky, beef, pork, cabbage, bread, etc., to the young couple. They were obliged to eat and drink, and the young men and women standing round drank health to them. Not very delicate toasts were given, but, after all, it was no worse than the old English customs:

"When bluff King Hal the curtain drew,
And Catharine's hand the stocking threw."

The house-warming was as much of a festival as the wedding. The neighbors fairly built the house for them. On the day before the frolic, all materials were brought, the ground prepared, and sometimes the foundation laid. Early in the morning came the raising. Four corner men were appointed to join the logs and to give directions. Many hands work fast, and by night the log-cabin was completed. The third day the furniture was made; three-legged stools and solid tables were made from the trunks of trees. The bedstead was fastened to the logs at the side; forked branches of trees held shelves, or were the pegs for the clothing; slabs of stone were put in the chimney. When all was finished, every body brought something to eat, and they danced all night, if the Indians did not interrupt them and force them to fly to the block-house. Every considerable settlement had a block-house. Dr. Doddridge tells how the family were wakened

at night by a tap at the door or window, a neighbor would say that the Indians were coming. The men seized their guns, the women took the children, snatched up those articles of clothing and provisions which could be found in the dark (they dared not light a candle), the baby was smothered in blankets, lest it should cry—to the younger children it was only necessary to say “Indian”—the flight was made with the silence of death. By the morning the whole settlement was in the block-house, and when they got in they seemed to have a very good time. The doctor says: “The ladies of the present day will suppose that our women were frightened half to death with the near prospect of such an attack of the Indians. On the contrary, I do not know that I ever saw a merrier set of women in my life. They went on with their work of carrying water and cutting bullet patches for the men, apparently without the least emotion of fear, and, I believe, were pleased with the crack of the guns in the morning.”

Well, after all these heroic efforts to secure the North-west to England, and through England to the United States, after the French and Indian wars, after the Revolution, after all that fighting, we fell upon a new danger, that of diplomacy. At the Treaty of Paris, in 1783, when England acknowledged our independence, she seriously proposed to give us—*us Ohio people*—to France or to Spain. And that we were not turned into French or Spaniards we owe to Colonel George Rogers Clark, who, it seems, was as great a man as Washington himself. How many of us ever heard of him? You will find the whole account of the treaty of Paris in John Adams'

diary, and very interesting it is. For us are these facts. The chief question between England and the United States, after the acknowledgment of our independence, was the settlement of our boundaries. England would give as little as possible. A secret message came to England from Spain that if she could keep the North-west out of the hands of the Americans a compromise could be effected afterwards; that country could be set off to France, Spain, or England in consideration of something else, some point yielded by the power that gained this great territory. Then came the diplomatic struggle. Each party was to keep what they had possession of at the end of the war. Spain sent in her claim. In 1781 a detachment of sixty-five Spaniards had seized Ft. St. Joseph at the head of the Illinois, had spread the Spanish flag and taken possession of the whole river and its tributaries in the name of the King of Spain. But the fort was abandoned within a month. France put up no claim; she only insisted that it belonged to the English under the treaty of 1763. The great struggle was between England and the United States. Adams, Franklin, and Jay contended that the North-west had been as much taken from England by Clark's expeditions as Virginia had been freed by the surrender at Yorktown. The facts were before the world, and Lord Shelburne yielded. But what would have been the judgment of the British Government, beset by France and Spain, and anxious to yield as little as possible to America, if Clark's campaign had never been made?

Geo. Rogers Clark was a Virginian, born in 1752, brought up a land surveyor, like Washington. He had settled in

Kentucky—West Virginia it was then—the dark and bloody ground. The Indians who poured down upon Kentucky and made the whole country one battle-field were supplied with arms and provisions by the English forts at Detroit, Vincennes and Kaskaskia. Clark, then only twenty-five years old (in 1777), sent spies to make himself sure of the fact; then he went at once to Richmond, laid the matter before Patrick Henry, and offered to conduct an army into the North-west Territory to destroy these forts, to seize the country for the United States, and to give permanent safety to the border population. Patrick Henry entered into the plan earnestly, gave Clark seven companies of infantry, with right to raise volunteers in any part of Virginia; in short, every aid that the Governor of Virginia could give. Clark brought his small force together at Louisville, 1778, and the campaign of the Illinois began. Kaskaskia fell first, on the 4th of July, and there, but for Clark's overstrained gallantry, the papers containing all the plans of the English would have fallen into his hands. Mme. Rocheblave, the wife of the commander, was sick in bed, so she said, and Clark forbade any entrance into her chamber. She was not sick; she was burning the papers.

The next point was Vincennes, but what a journey to reach it! Colonel Clark has written a charming letter to George Mason, of Gunston Hall, Virginia, telling of the whole campaign; a letter so brave and so modest that, if you will read it, you will be proud of our western Washington. We can have that wonderful march: "First I conducted myself as though I was sure of taking Vincennes,

and ordered my officers to observe the same rule. In a day or two all seemed to believe it. . . . The ladies of Kaskaskia began to be spirited and interest themselves in the expedition, which had great effect on the young men. . . . But we set out on a forlorn hope, indeed, for our whole party consisted of only a little upwards of 200. I can not account for it, but I still had inward assurance of success and never could doubt it, though I had some secret check. We had a route before us of 240 miles in length, through, I suppose, one of the most beautiful countries in the world, but at this time flowing with water, and exceeding bad marching. My greatest care was to drill the men as much as possible in order to keep up their spirits." In Mr. Perkins' annals it is said that he did this by putting a comical Irish drummer on his drum, which floated on the water, and making him sing comic songs, but Clark does not mention it. Here is his story with a difference: "In the evening of the 17th we got to the low lands of the river Umbara (Embarras), which we found deep in water. . . . From the spot we now lay on it was about ten miles to Vincennes and every foot of the way put together that was not three feet and upwards under water would not have made the length of two miles and a half, and not a morsel of provision (yet at this moment I would have bound myself seven years as a slave to have had 500 more troops). If I was sensible you would let no person see this revelation, I would give you a detail of our suffering for four days in crossing these waters, and the manner it was done, as I am sure you would credit it, but it is too incredible for any person to believe except those that are as well ac-

quainted with me as you are. . . . But to our inexpressible joy, on the evening of the 23d, we got safe on *terra firma*, within half a league of the fort, covered by a small grove of trees, had a full view of the wished-for spot. . . . A thousand ideas flashed into my head at this moment. . . . I resolved to appear as daring as possible." He sends word to Hamilton, the English commandant, that he must deliver up the fort and he put up so many tents that Hamilton believed he had a thousand men. At first the commandant refused, then began the siege, which is wonderfully told. In two days the fort surrenders—an unconditional surrender—not with honors of war, because the garrison had incited the Indians to massacre, by paying for white scalps. Hamilton was sent to Richmond under parole, seventy-nine prisoners, stores worth \$50,000, were taken, and the whole boundary, up to the Mississippi, from that day remained peaceably in the hands of the Americans, Virginia claiming her territory and giving a vote of thanks to Clark for his bravery and discretion.

In Paris in 1783, when the commissioners from England, France, Spain, America met, it was John Adams who brought forward the campaign of the Illinois and Clark's seizure of Kaskaskia and Vincennes as a proof that the North-west Territory was as much a conquest of the United States as Boston after the evacuation of the British, as the State of New York after Burgoyne's defeat, as Yorktown after Cornwallis's surrender. Clark gained one other great victory for us, just here on our own ground. The Kentuckians had been defeated by the English and Indians at Blue Licks, just below us, Boone losing a son there. When the news of the

defeat reached Clark, he called for volunteers. In September, 1782, a thousand mounted riflemen under Clark, were on the Ohio, opposite the mouth of the Licking, Colonel William Lytle among them. Clark led them at once up the Big Miami 130 miles. November 10th, they reached the Shawnee Indian town, burned it to the ground, then went on to Laramie Creek, the British trading-town, and destroyed that likewise, most of the inhabitants escaping to the woods. This was the last serious fight of the Revolution. Clark lived till 1818. You may see his grave at Louisville, Locust Grove Cemetery. Let us pay our debt of gratitude to him.

X.

CINCINNATI.

[May 6, 1882.]

Shall we begin at the very beginning? Then we must begin with the Mound Builders—not the Mound Builders in general, but the Mound Builders who chose to build in Fourth street, Cincinnati. If we undertook the history of the Mound Builders it would carry us far and wide, for their works are found in Texas, through the Gulf States to Florida, thence northwardly, east of the Allegheny Mountains into Carolina; and they cover the great valley between the Allegheny Mountains and the western borders of the Mississippi. They are found up the Mississippi as far as Wisconsin and Minnesota, and a few have been found, separated by intervals of many hundred miles, on the Upper Missouri and its affluents. The whole account of the prehistoric remains in Cincinnati proper, is to be found in Mr. Clarke's pamphlet. Colonel Winthrop Sargent gives the first written account of them, September 8, 1794, describing a mound opened at the corner of Third and Main streets; but Dr. Daniel Drake notices the works fully in his Cincinnati in 1815. The Cincinnati

works were part of a great system of defence stretching through the Ohio Valley, with fortifications, signal mounds, showing a widely-spread and yet well-connected nation. The central Cincinnati work was a large circle (an embankment), stretching from Fourth street to Fifth street, from Race street to Walnut street, with a moat, a great eastern gateway; and a branch running down to Colonel Sargent's mound. Another great circle, near Sycamore and Broadway, could be traced. • There were two great conical mounds between Vine and Elm streets, on Twelfth street, another at Plum and Liberty streets; and another, the largest, at Fifth and Mound streets; and in this was found the wonderful Cincinnati tablet. Of course the Cincinnati mounds have all disappeared before the march of improvement, but wonderful things were taken out of them when they were demolished—porphyry, jasper, crystal, iron, cannel coal—all these substances used to make implements of war or peace, "finished as in a turning lathe," carved to represent animals, human bones in plenty, and a little mound pottery. Of course there is a distinctive theory about these Mound Builders, into which Mr. Force goes. Will you have his conclusion of the whole matter? They are not so old after all, he says: "The present state of information leads to the conclusion that the Mound Builders were tribes of American Indians of the same race with the tribes now living; that they reached a state of advancement about equal to that of the Pueblo Indians; that they were flourishing about a thousand years ago, and earlier and later; and that, at least in the tribes near the Gulf of Mexico, were

preserved some of their customs and some of their lineage till after the discovery of America by Columbus."

Who lived in Cincinnati after the Mound Builders? Mr. E. D. Mansfield, excellent authority, says, in his Personal Recollections, that this is the site of an old Indian town. If so, those inhabitants have left no record, such as is to be seen at Chillicothe, Piqua, and other places. They are gone even more completely than the Mound Builders. We know how the Iroquois swept the Ohio Valley of its inhabitants, and how they kept it for their hunting-fields. They would hardly have permitted a town of another tribe on the very banks of the great river which was their pathway, and they built no towns of their own here. I do not believe anybody *lived* in Cincinnati from the Mound Builders in Charlemagne's time till just about one hundred years ago. Of course the French hunters and explorers may have passed here, may have built fires on the landing, and perhaps spent a night here, but Geo. Rogers Clark, in 1780, made it the rendezvous of his army, which was to invade the Miami Valley and attack the Indians then on the Ohio opposite the Licking. He himself crossed the river August 1, 1780, and built two block-houses here. Mr. Thomas Vickroy, one of the soldiers, tells about these block-houses: "I was at the building of them. Then, as General Clark had appointed me commissary of the campaign, he gave the military stores into my hands, and gave me orders to maintain the post for fourteen days. He left with me Captain Johnson and about twenty or thirty men who were sick and lame." When Clark returned, I suppose

the block-houses were abandoned, and, in that case, they would soon be destroyed by the Indians.

General Clark put up another block-house here in 1782 for the same purpose, that of holding his stores and sheltering his wounded and sick soldiers. You will find the account of it in the American Pioneer, written by Mr. John McCaddon, who helped to build it; and there, too, you can read the sad story of Captain McCracken, who, shot in the arm at Piqua, was put on a litter by his men and carried to the block-house. His wound mortified, and he died on the litter as they were going down Key's Hill (Mt. Auburn). He was buried near the block-house, and breast-works were thrown over his grave to keep the Indians from digging him up and scalping him—the first man buried in Cincinnati. It seems he had a dream that he was going to die, and asked some of his comrades to meet near his grave fifty years after and celebrate his memory. So they did, in 1832, what were left of them.

Mr. Henry A. Ford, in the History of Hamilton County, says: "The father of General William Lytle, Colonel Lytle, came down the Ohio in 1780, bringing with him the largest fleet of boats and the most numerous band of emigrants that had yet arrived in the West." There are other settlers who float down the Ohio, seeking a home, some landing at Cincinnati, to examine the country, but none of any importance are spoken of from 1780 to 1788, when the real settlement of the Miami country began. Benjamin Stites, of Redstone, Pa., seems to have been the first proposer of the Miami Purchase. In 1787, he went down the Ohio on a trading expedition. The Indians stole his goods and ran away with them

to the Indian towns in the Miami Valley, and Stites, not a man to be baffled, built a raft and followed them. The Indians were safe in old Chillicothe before Stites overtook them, and he had nothing to do but look at the lovely country around him. How beautiful it was then we can hardly realize. At any rate Captain Stites fell in love with it, determined to close up his trading business, go to New Jersey, his native State, raise a colony and settle here. He went to Ironton and there met the man whom Mr. Cist calls "The William Penn of the West, the Columbus of the Woods." That sounds a little grandiloquent, but nothing can express what we owe to John Cleves Symmes, of Trenton, N. J.; born in 1742 on Long Island, teacher, land surveyor, colonel in the Revolutionary War, fighting at Saratoga, Lieutenant-governor of New Jersey, judge of its supreme court, member of Congress afterward. Of all his titles, that of judge seems to cling to him, probably because February 19, 1788, he was elected by Congress one of the judges of the North-west Territory. Captain Stites applied to him, asking for a memorial to Congress, that lands on the Miami might be secured to the colonists on terms similar to those made to the Ohio Company. Judge Symmes wanted to see the lands first. His journey was probably in the summer of 1787, for in August of that year he sends in his memorial for land: "Beginning at the mouth of the Great Miami, thence running up the Ohio to the mouth of the Little Miami, thence up the main stream of the Little Miami as far north as the Ohio Company's land, thence west to the Great Miami and down that river to the Ohio." You may read page after

page of the troubles Judge Symmes had before the Miami Purchase was secured; of the wranglings in Congress, of the efforts to change his boundaries, to shake his title, troubles which ended only with his life. At first, however, he was very confident of the success of his memorial, so confident that he advertised the lands, offering them for sale, the deeds to be given when Congress should confirm the purchase, the price, eighty-six cents per acre till November, 1790; after that, \$1.00. Every purchaser to settle within two years. Judge Symmes reserved to himself the point east of the mouth of the Great Miami. This was to be the future city. Captain Stites took the point west of the mouth of the Little Miami (Columbia). In his opinion *this* would be the city, and Matthias Denman, Robert Patterson and John Filson took the land opposite the Licking. This would be the city, they thought, and they thought rightly. What did these last purchasers get, and what did they give for it? Their section lay between Liberty street on the north, the Ohio river on the south, from the Mt. Auburn water works to the foot of Broadway on the east, and Central avenue (nearly) on the west, 740 acres at $66\frac{2}{3}$ cents per acre—\$493.33. But they paid for it in continental money at par—about \$125 in United States money.

Now the settling began. Judge Symmes and Stites were in New Jersey in the spring of 1788, trying to arrange matters with Congress, but in the early summer Stites started; in July Judge Symmes, with fourteen wagons and sixty persons on horseback; the rendezvous was to be at Limestone, Ky.—Maysville—and there he found a numerous gathering,

Stites's party, the Patterson and Denman men, and many an adventurer who was ready to attach himself to such a powerful immigration. They waited at Limestone for the soldiers promised them from Fort Harmar. Major Stites left first for the Miamis, November 25, 1788, with the surveyors, a sergeant and eighteen men. They reached Columbia and erected two block-houses. Next, a party of settlers for the Great Miami went, but they had to put back on account of the ice. December 24th Patterson started with his party for the land opposite the Licking. When did they reach Cincinnati? For a great many years the Pioneer Society celebrated December 26th as the day of the founding of the city, but lately people incline to December 28, 1788. Two days would be a short time to come from Maysville to Cincinnati, with the river full of ice.

Judge Symmes remained at Limestone till January; he even went to housekeeping there, thinking he would be kept till spring, waiting for troops from Ft. Harmar and provisions from Pittsburg. But in January there came a great freshet, sweeping away the ice, and there came also messengers from Stites, that the Indians were at the mouth of the Miami waiting for him to make a treaty. He started January 29, 1789. At Columbia he found a great flood, and all the settlers driven into the block-houses, some even living in boats. Patterson's settlement was safe, but the mouth of the Great Miami was under water. Judge Symmes was forced to land at North Bend at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, February 2, 1789, greatly to his disappointment. He had brought with him soldiers from Ft. Harmar under Captain Karsey, for

whom his first work was to make an encampment, to wit: two forked sticks set upright, a pole across them, and boards leaning against the pole; quite enough for western soldiers. Then came an interview with the Indians under their chief, Captain Blackbeard. Symmes lays down the flag with the thirteen stripes, telling them that they had that many masters among the white men, and then shows his seal with the eagle bearing a branch of peace in one hand and a bundle of arrows for war in the other. But the Indian shook his head. He didn't see any signs of peace about the eagle. She was flying; if she meant peace she should fold her wings. As for the branch, he thought that was a large whip. Symmes says it took a long time to persuade Captain Blackbeard that he was mistaken. After the treaty with the Indians came the laying out of his city, and here Judge Symmes hesitates—strangely enough, it seems to us—between the banks of the Ohio and the banks of the Great Miami, and decides in favor of the Miami. He gives his reasons. The Ohio has so many towns on its banks that there will always be competition for the river trade, but the Miami has none, and he don't believe it will ever have many—he was right enough there—so Symmes' city will command the whole Miami trade. His words are: "From this Egypt on the Miami, in a very few years, will be poured down its stream to the Ohio the products of the country from two hundred miles above the mouth of the Great Miami, which may be principally collected at a trading town, low down on the banks of that river; here no rival city or town can divide the trade of that river." So Symmes City was laid out, looking lovely on

paper, reaching from the Ohio to the Miami, with streets lying due north and south, crossed by others east and west, with a large common or park to the east, and outlying lots for suburbs.

Symmes City never was built, but three settlements were made by his party—the North Bend village, one at South Bend, which at one time rose to the dignity of thirty houses, and another three miles below North Bend, Sugar Camp settlement. These, with Columbia under Stites, and the settlement opposite the Licking under Patterson's party, were ready for new settlers. Of course there was rivalry. The questions for new immigrants were, first, which was at present the *safest* place; secondly, which place promised best for the future. The *safest* place was where the troops from Ft. Harmar were placed, and here comes a little bit of romance. Judge Symmes' influence would bring the troops to North Bend; indeed, Captain Kearsey had come from Limestone with Symmes' party, expecting to find "Old Fort" at the mouth of the Great Miami ready for their reception. The fort was under water, and Captain Kearsey had no materials with which to build another. He left a few soldiers with Symmes, and took the rest of his men to Louisville. Judge Symmes wrote to the commander at Louisville, asking for troops, and Ensign Luce was sent to him with seventeen or eighteen soldiers. He had authority to build his fort just where he pleased, and he pleased to build it wherever the pretty wife of one of the settlers pleased to live. She was just then at North Bend, but when Ensign Luce's attentions became marked her husband carried her to Patterson's settle-

ment, and Luce followed her, in spite of Judge Symmes' remonstrances.

If this story be true, the first block-house, a temporary fort, was built some where in this city, perhaps on the site of Fort Washington, but we are not certain. Judge Burnet, who seems to be the authority for the story, finishes it with an eloquent climax: "This cause, apparently trivial in itself, was attended with results of incalculable importance. It settled the question whether North Bend or Cincinnati was to be the great commercial town of the Miami country. . . . The incomparable beauty of a Spartan dame, produced a ten years' war, which terminated in the destruction of Troy; and the irresistible charms of another female, transferred the commercial emporium of Ohio from the place where it had been commenced, to the place where it now is. If this captivating American Helen had continued at the Bend, the garrison would have been erected there; population, capital, business, would have centered there and *there* would have been the Queen City of the West." And now Mr. Clarke and others, learned in Ohio history, tell me there is not a word of truth in the whole story. It would seem natural that Judge Symmes' influence should keep the soldiers at his settlement. This change was one of Judge Symmes' annoyances and disappointments; annoyances which shortened his life. You may read them in all the records. His titles were disputed, his sales of the lots were found fault with, his friends deserted him, and in 1811 his house at North Bend was burnt down by an angry man to whom he had refused an office, and with the house went the certificates of the

original proprietors of Cincinnati, upon which he had given his deeds, and that loss we feel yet. Judge Symmes died four years afterwards.

And now, like Ensign Luce, we must follow the pretty wife of the settler to Cincinnati. Denman and Patterson had joined Judge Symmes in 1787 and visited their purchase, and there they had met John Filson, a schoolmaster in Lexington, the friend of Imlay. There they drew up their articles of agreement, Denman holding from Judge Symmes and Patterson and Filson buying of him, and now Filson named the place Losantiville, and Losantiville it was called from August, 1788, to January, 1790. After settling their articles of agreement they divided into two parties, one to explore the river bank, the other to cross the country to the Great Miami, both parties to meet at the mouth of the Great Miami. Filson was with the land party, and unaccountably he wandered off into the woods. He never came back and the men, frightened, went back to Losantiville, where the other party joined them and returned to Limestone, where Israel Ludlow took Filson's place, his brother, who had been with the party, resigning all claims.

On December 28th (we will have it so) the first party of immigrants landed at Losantiville, twenty-six men, Ludlow and Patterson leading them. Denman had gone back to New Jersey. Ludlow was a surveyor, and whilst the other men were building, hunting and fishing, he laid out the town. He surveyed from the river to Seventh street, from Broadway to Central avenue. Within these boundaries were the donation lots. Outside, at the north, there were out-lots from

Seventh to Liberty. On Ludlow's plat the streets are named as they are now, except the boundary streets, which were Northern (Seventh), Eastern (Broadway), and Western Row (Central avenue). On the same day that Ludlow's plat is recorded, is also recorded one by Joel Williams, assignee of Matthias Denman. On this plat the streets parallel with the river were Water, Front, Columbia, Hill, High, Bird, Gano, and the crossing streets were Sycamore, Main, Cider (Walnut), Jefferson (Vine), Beech (Race), Elm, Filson (Plum). The lots were given out January 7, 1789, by the proprietors represented by Ludlow, they agreeing to give a deed as soon as Judge Symmes could obtain *his* deed from Congress, the lot-holders to settle at once, to plant one acre and to build a house a story and a half high, with a brick, stone or clay chimney, within two years. The distribution was settled by lottery. The Historical Society has the original record—thirty-one out-lots and thirty in-lots. After these donation lots people could buy. The best lots were on the river. Israel Ludlow's bill for surveying was \$100, and he was offered in payment four out-lots and the square between Vine and Elm, Second and Third streets, through which Pearl street now runs. He preferred 120 acres seven miles from the city, out at Cumminsville. Now the families begin to come. They come slowly, and the first child was not born till March 17, 1790—William Moody, son of a baker from Marietta, born in a log-cabin at the south-east corner of Fourth and Main streets. After all, we are not very old. One life takes in the whole history of Cincinnati. Mr. Moody died in Barr street in 1879, eighty-nine years old.

Of course his claim to being the first child is disputed. Dr. Drake says it was David Cummins, from whom Cummins-ville is named, born on the site of the Burnet House. Others say Miss Kitchell, afterwards Mrs. Kennedy, and Judge Carter says Major Daniel Gano. At any rate the first marriage was in 1790, Daniel Shoemaker and Alice Ross, and the first law suit was a suit for divorce.

Since we have given up the love story of Ensign Luce, we must believe that the Losantiville settlers got no block-house or fort till our old friend Major Doughty arrived from Fort Harmar, August 16, 1789. He spent three days reconnoitring the bank of the Ohio between the Miamis, and at last decided that the best place for a fort was at Losantiville, on what is now Third street, between Broadway and Ludlow, south side, fifteen acres, which, of course, was made a government reservation. The flag-staff was just where Third street bends, near Ludlow street. It was built, not out of the green logs which were generally used for block-houses, but of well-seasoned timber, brought down on the flat-boats; and because it was so much better than any other fort on the Ohio, General Harmar called it Ft. Washington. Of course, there were smaller fortifications, erected by the settlers themselves, called stations, all about the country; one, Ludlow's Station, Cummins-ville, is now within the limits of Cincinnati.

Now we must name the city; and here come more doubts, more uncertainties. Who changed the name from Losantiville to Cincinnati? Judge Symmes claims the honor. On January 2, 1790, Governor St. Clair reached Losantiville and

sent for Judge Symmes from North Bend. "January 3, the governor issued a proclamation, calling the county Hamilton county, after Alexander Hamilton, and I naming the town Cincinnati." Judge Symmes, in a letter, June 19, 1791, tells what trouble he had with the spelling of the word: "Having mentioned Cincinnata, I beg, sir, you will inquire of the literati in Jersey whether Cincinnati or Cincinnata be most proper. The design *I had* in giving that name to the place was in honor of the Order of Cincinnati and to denote *the chief place of their residence*; and so far as my little acquaintance with cases and genders extends, I think the name of a town should terminate in the feminine gender where it is not perfectly neuter. Cincinnati is the title of the order of knighthood, and can not, I think, be the place where the knights of the order do dwell. I have frequent combats in this country on this subject, because most men spell it with ti, when I always do with ta. Please to set me right if I am wrong." In spite of this letter, history gives the naming of the town to Governor St. Clair. Then the Ludlow family claim the name for Israel Ludlow. Judge Burnet's Notes say: "Ludlow made a new plan of the town, differing in many respects from Filson's, particularly as to the public square, the commons and the names of the streets. The whimsical name which had been adopted for the town to be laid out under the first contract was repudiated, and Cincinnati selected as the name under the new contract." I must say I think Cincinnati as a name a little whimsical. Do you know that there are eight Cincinnatis in the United States? Arkansas,

Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Missouri, Nebraska, and Texas have each their Cincinnati, and New York has a Cincinnatus.

Well, Cincinnati is named and settled, and we Cincinnatians think that then, at least, it was a lovely place. Let us hear how it struck early travelers who visited it. The earliest who describes the place is Andrew Ellicott, in 1796, who says: "It is situated on a fine high bank, and, for the time it has been building, is a very respectable place." Every early visitor speaks of the lovely hills. So late as 1830, James Stuart says: "A fine range of wooded hills surrounds Cincinnati. On the side towards the east, more beautiful hills can not be conceived. The river and the trees about it are magnificent." Even in 1837, Captain Marryatt says: "Look up and down the streets which way you will, your eye reposes on verdure and forest-trees in the distance."

Fifty-five years ago (1826) came to Cincinnati the famous Mrs. Trollope. Her fellow-countrymen stand up for her; one traveler says: "The bazaar she built is a large Greco-Moresco-Gothic-Chinese-looking building. . . . How far her volumes present a just picture of American society, it is not for me to decide, but her claims to the gratitude of the Cincinnatians are undoubtedly very great. Her architectural talent has beautified their city; her literary powers have given it celebrity. For nearly twenty years Cincinnati had gradually been increasing in opulence and enjoying a vulgar and obscure prosperity. Corn had grown and hogs had fattened, men had built houses and women borne children, but in all the higher senses of urban existence, Cincinnati was a non-entity. It was 'unknown, unhonored, and unsung.' Ears

polite had never heard of it. There was not a glimmering of a chance that it would be mentioned twice in a twelve-month, even on the Liverpool Exchange. But Mrs. Trollope came, and a zone of light has ever since encircled Cincinnati. Its inhabitants are no longer a race unknown to fame. Their manners, habits, virtues, tastes, vices, and pursuits are familiar to all the world; but, strange to say, the market-place of Cincinnati is yet unadorned by the statue of this great benefactress of the city. Has gratitude utterly departed from the earth?"

Next to Mrs. Trollope's bazaar, the Observatory claims the attention of travelers. The Hon. Miss Amelia Murray is driven up Mt. Adams by Prof. Mitchel, in 1846. "By the very edge of descents, which it makes me now giddy to think of," she says. When she got to the Observatory, Mr. Mitchel explained things to her "very kindly, but I did not understand him." Next to the buildings come the pigs. Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley was here in 1849, and says: "It must be confessed that Cincinnati, the pride of La Belle Rivière, is, in fact, what its nickname, Porkopolis, implies—The Empire City of Pigs, . . . but it is fortunate that they condescendingly allow human beings to share that truly magnificent location with them." Then Russell, in 1851, after praising streets, trees, houses: "Those streets, however, have been long noted for their filthiness, and are still overrun with hungry pigs that feed upon the offal that is thrown out of doors. These brutes act the part of scavengers, and, belonging to none, those who choose may catch and kill. The most of them, however, are lean and hungry-looking, so do not tempt

even the Irishmen, who abound in the city, to reduce their numbers. Nothing shows more strikingly the absence of an indigent class in the West than the existence of this herd of stray pigs which infest the streets of Cincinnati."

These early travelers do not encourage us to expect much from the growth of Cincinnati. Cuming, in 1808, says: "Cincinnati occupies more ground and seems to contain *nearly* as many houses as Lexington, Ky. Some of the new brick houses are of three stories with flat roofs, and there is one of five stories now building. Mr. Jacob Burnet, an eminent lawyer, has a handsome brick house, beautifully situated, just outside the west end of the town." In 1817, we are far enough along to have schools, but it breaks my heart to read what Mr. Fearon says of the school-master: "I visited a poor, half-starved civil school-master; he has two miserable rooms, for which he pays 22s. 6d. per month. The number of scholars, both male and female, is twenty-eight; the terms for all branches, 13s. 6d. per quarter; he complains of great difficulty in getting paid, and also of the untameable insubordination of his scholars. . . . Does this town offer substantial inducements to settlers? I think not. It has advanced rapidly, but can not continue to do so." In 1818, a Mr. Evans, of New Hampshire, threatens us with entire destruction: "The river encroaches on its banks. . . . Marietta and Cincinnati are probably candidates for speedy ruin. I should not be surprised to hear that the very next freshet has produced such a result."

So much for places, now for people. First comes, of course, Judge John Cleves Symmes. We have plenty of his

letters, but very few of them refer to his private life or to his family. For genealogy, Mr. Vinton says: "It is, without doubt, an old Saxon family, and the name may have been borrowed from the second son of the patriarch Jacob; Sims meaning simply, son of Simon." That may be or may not be; the truth is, the first Symmes dates from 1390. His two daughters were the children of his first wife, but there is a difference of thirteen years between their ages. Maria Symmes (Mrs. Short) goes to Kentucky directly after her marriage, and passes out of early Cincinnati history. Her father says, in a letter, May 22, 1791, to Colonel Henry, brother of his second wife: "Poor, dear Maria, she seems to be lost to us all, and buried at Lexington in a circle of strangers. She would not come here with me, nor is she willing yet to come; the fear of the Indians deters her. And yet there is not the least danger. As to her health, it is very poor. She is very infirm and weakly. She trembles for my safety, lest the Indians should kill me." Anna (Mrs. Harrison), 1775, was left in the care of her mother's family while she was a girl. Her grandmother seems to have been well fitted to bring up a young girl. She was very religious, a disciple of Whitefield. And Mrs. Harrison is equally a Christian, not a Methodist, but a Presbyterian. When nineteen years old she came West with her father, when he married Mrs. Halsey, reaching North Bend, January 1, 1795. Then she goes to Kentucky to Mrs. Short's, and there meeting Major Harrison, she is married to him the next November. All the rest of her life, except when her husband was Governor

of the North-west Territory, she lived in Cincinnati and at North Bend.

When Israel Ludlow brought his bride, Miss Charlotte Chambers, to Fort Washington, she wrote home to her mother to tell of her first callers: "Major Ziegler said to me, 'Our ladies are not gay, but they are extremely affectionate, one to another,' and I believe he spoke truth. Perfect harmony and good-will appear to exist in all their intercourse, and I feel already attached to them. Mrs. John Cleves Symmes, lately Miss Livingston, of New York, and Mrs. W. H. Harrison, daughter of Judge Symmes, visited me in company. I was pleased with both ladies. Mrs. Symmes is a fine looking woman with much dignity of manner, and is said to possess superior mental abilities. Mrs. Harrison is delicate in her person, and her manners indicate sweetness of disposition and goodness of heart. *One* seems to demand our admiration and the *other* to solicit our affection." The third Mrs. Symmes (Miss Livingston), is accused of finding the hardships of the West too great for her, and of going back to New York. How great these hardships were we may guess from Judge Symmes' letters. His first six weeks at North Bend were spent in what you may call a lean-to, a few boards resting against a ridge-pole, one end closed, the other left open to let out the smoke, and that when the cold was intense. His family were with him.

Of one of our pioneer women there is no lack of notices. This is Mrs. Israel Ludlow. Her grandson, Lewis Garrard, has collected her letters, and very pretty letters they are. Miss Charlotte Chambers was wonderfully pretty, and

she moves in good society. She goes to Philadelphia. In November, 1796, she marries Israel Ludlow, who offered himself to her in a summer-house. She writes to her mother: “I often transport myself in fancy to you and the lovely garden where I passed so many hours of exquisite pleasure. The green-brier, the hawthorn, the honey-suckle, the bank of grapevine, but more than all, the silent enchantment of the sheltered summer-house! *There* I first heard the avowed preference of my beloved Ludlow. The time, the fragrance that breathed from all around, and the seclusion banished the idea from our minds that we were strangers! He expressed his admiration of the place, the transition to admiration of one who listened with such pleased attention was natural. Never did I visit that spot afterwards without a recurrence of the sentiments forever associated with it. They overcome me even now when I visit it in imagination.” Here is another satisfactory paragraph: “I assure you, my dear mother, the happiness I had anticipated in wedded life has been more than realized. I was so fearful of the bitterness of disappointment consequent on anticipating too much perfection in the human character, that I approached the subject with subdued and moderate anticipations, but my husband’s generous affection and admirable character have secured my gratitude and love.” In her journal (of course she keeps one) she says: “The 10th November, 1796, we were united, Mr. Ludlow being, in my opinion, the perfection of manly loveliness. Dr. King performed the marriage ceremony. A few hours after I said to the Doctor: ‘When my Sister Belle married, you neglected to impose a promise of

obedience, but from Mr. Dunlap you exacted one of indulgence. To-day you have bound me to obey and submit and Mr. Ludlow has only received an injunction to love and protect. Will you explain this inconsistency? 'There is no inconsistency, my dear daughter,' he answered; 'on these occasions I always study character.'"

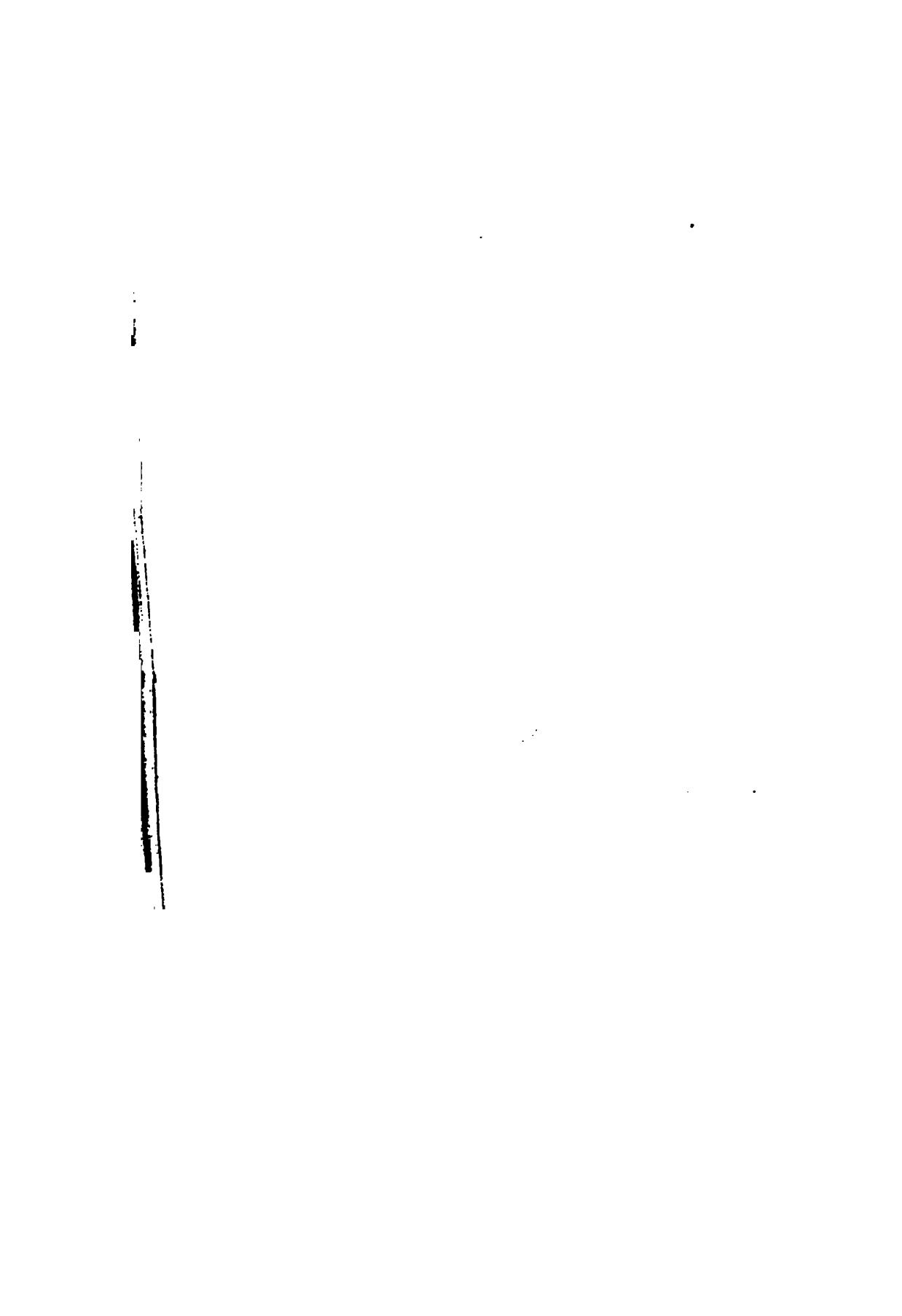
They move to Ludlow Station, and Mr. Ludlow goes out on surveying parties among the Indians. Her letters are full of her anxiety. "My dear Ludlow, the anxiety I feel on your account can admit of no mitigation until I receive from your own hand an assurance of your safety. The idea that I have beheld you perhaps for the last time tortures me and defies all exertion to overcome it." To her sister she says of the parting: "Three times he left me to mount his horse, and as often returned, unable to leave me in my wretchedness." He was often away. "Have we not, my dear Charlotte," he says, "many happy years to spend together? Let us not render them gloomy by repinings. The absence of a few months may procure advantages to the country and to ourselves that, if now neglected, no succeeding period can retrieve." They did not live long together, Israel Ludlow dying in February, 1806. "On Tuesday morning, Mr. Ludlow rose in his usual health, and on Saturday he left me for eternity. Oh, he is dead, my mother! He is gone from me forever! . . . I experienced every kind attention from my friends, Mrs. Gano, Mrs. Findlay, Mrs. Ziegler, Mrs. Stone, and Mrs. Allison. They were as sisters to me. Write to me, dear mother, words of consolation and advice." She was left with three children, and one son, Israel, was

born four months after his father's death. She says: "Often has the face of this unconscious babe been wet with tears, as I sat tracing the lineaments of his father in every feature." Israel Ludlow was a good man. "Charlotte, don't forget the poor in my absence!" he said once, coming back after he had said good-bye, on one of his surveying excursions. Of his son, James C., we know that he was one of the earliest and most active abolitionists, and Ludlow Station was a station for the underground railroad for many years. Mrs. Whiteman has told me how often she has known her father to be called from his meals on some mysterious errand; it was to help some runaway slave. The children would know that night that the fugitive was hidden somewhere on the premises, but by the morning he was gone, and with him would go food, clothing, money to help him on his way. Mrs. Ludlow has a severe and mysterious sickness. All her family were gathered around her bed to bid her farewell. She was dying—when suddenly Dr. Allison walked into the room. He had a dream that night at his office in Peach Grove, mounted his horse and rode the six or seven miles in the dark to Ludlow Station just in time to save his friend. Of course, you all guess that Mrs. Ludlow married again after her beloved Ludlow's death—married the Rev. David Riske.

Among the interesting pioneers of Cincinnati is Dr. Wm. Goforth, who came to the West with Stites and his cousin, General John Stites Gano. He did not follow them to Columbia till 1799, though his father, Judge Goforth, lived there. In 1800 he came to Cincinnati, taking the Peach Grove House,

Dr. Allison going to the country. He had very winning manners, and was wonderfully precise in his dress, powdering his hair every morning and always carrying his gold-headed cane. It was he who introduced vaccination to us, he dug up Big Bone Lick, he hunted for gold with a divining rod, he clarified ginseng, and in 1807 he went to Louisiana, thinking it would turn out a paradise, only to come back in 1816 to die of a fever contracted in the South.

THE END.







OCKEN

SEP 25 1986

